FOREST AND STREAM.

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AUDUBON BIRD PLATES.

THE most famous bird pictures in the world are those by America's great artist-ornithologist, John James Audubon. Devoted as he was to the study of birds, Audubon was first of all an artist—ardent, sensitive, poetic—and it was this artistic temperament, united to the painstaking fidelity of the naturalist, which made his paintings of birds far surpass any others ever painted. The great work in which the plates are contained is now so extremely rare that, although we have all heard much of these Audubon pictures, few of us have had the privilege of seeing them. It is with decided satisfaction then that the FOREST AND STREAM announces that a series of half-tone reproductions of selected Audubon bird plates will be given in forthcoming issues. The plates have been photographed especially for this purpose from a copy of the original double elephant folio edition of this work, 1827–1835, in the possession of a member of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and the results will be seen during the next few months by our readers.

The birds chosen for the illustrations include several species of ducks—including the beautiful plate of the canvasback—two species of grouse and several of the waders. The first of the series of reproductions will be the Black Duck in our next number, Sept. 26.

BIRDS AND THE FARM AND GARDEN.

IN response to a demand for Miss Florence A. Merriam's paper, "How Birds Affect the Farm and Garden," we have reprinted it in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and it is now for sale at this office. Price, 5 cents per copy, postpaid; with special prices to individuals or bird protection societies who may wish it in quantities for distribution.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE National Forestry Commission reached San Francisco last week after a two months' exploration of the Government forests in the Yellowstone Park, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The observations have been much impeded by the widespread forest fires in the Northwest. Prof. William H. Brewer, of the Commission, said to a press reporter: "I have been constantly surprised during this trip to notice the wanton destruction of the great forests. I also noticed the inroads among the redwoods, those great forest giants, that ought to be preserved as a heritage for future generations."

In these days of political turmoil and ill-considered speech we hear much loose talk about the East and the West as two sections with diverse aims and opposed interests. If we could induce the authors of such talk to take down their guns, pack their grips and go shooting, the Eastern contingent on Western prairie chicken grounds and duck sloughs, and the Westerners in Eastern quail grounds and ruffed grouse covers, each enjoying all that a shooting excursion usually embraces in the way of personal intercourse, we should have accomplished about all that was required to convert them to the faith that they were to look upon one another as friends rather than enemies. The better the people of the country actually know one another, the less prone are the residents of one quarter to regard their fellows elsewhere with jealousy or mistrust. A good way to get acquainted is to go shooting together. Your sportsman tourist is a true cosmopolite. He has broadened his horizon. He is the true citizen of the country. Sectional strife can never be fostered in his soul. You may tell him that the East and the West are opposed in spirit and interest, but you shall not persuade him to accept the doctrine. He knows better.

The European sparrow supply in the towns of this country has been affected in an enormous degree by the development of electric motor and cable car systems. The local abundance of a species depends largely upon its food supply; we always take into account the crops of mast in prognosticating the amount of game to count on. So too the more game, the more varmints to prey upon it. In India when game harborages are established it has been found that if shooting is forbidden for a term of years in such preserves, the tigers and leopards and wild dogs and other beasts of prey multiply in such force that their ravages upon the game come in time to defeat the purpose of the harborage. The tremendous increase of the European sparrow in American towns was due largely to the abundant food supply afforded by the offal in the streets. Now that the trolley lines and cable system have so generally superseded the horse cars, and hundreds of thousands of horses have been banished from city streets, the sparrow's food supply has been restricted in a corresponding degree, and the bird itself has diminished in like ratio. Another anti-sparrow agency in New York is the reformed street cleaning department. There was a time when the sparrows had the street filth pretty much to themselves; but nowadays there is a man with a broom on every block waging war continuously on dirt and so on the sparrow simultaneously. It may be that while the local sparrow supply has decreased in the towns, the total stock remains as great as it was before; for the sparrows may have deserted the towns only to descend upon the country; so that the farmer may wail that under the new system he not only loses a market for his horses, but has to feed the sparrows too. Such a condition of things, it appears, might well have a place in the political platforms.

Great is Texas, and her native game resources are magnificent. In proportion to these gifts of nature is the responsibility of Texas citizens to conserve the supply and to maintain this wealth of furred and feathered creatures. As we all know, game protection has had practically no place whatever in the economy of Texas. Game interests have been left to look out for themselves, and the result has been in Texas what it always is everywhere else. But a change is promised; action has been taken which gives reasonable ground for confidence that the great commonwealth of the Southwest will take her place among the States which have come to appreciate and maintain their resources of field and forest.

A convention representing the sportsmen of different sections of Texas was held in Waco Sept. 5 and resulted in the formation of the Texas Game Protective Association. The name has a business ring. The convention was marked for its business character; delegates showed themselves to be alive to the desperate condition of game interests and to be earnest in adopting measures to remedy that condition. In the nature of things, a first meeting can be little more than preparatory; it affords an opportunity of meeting one another, taking measure of strength, and planning for united effort. All this was done at Waco, and well done. A permanent organization was instituted, a series of amendments was adopted as a basis for the new law, and a committee was named to report at a future meeting. It is hoped that the proposed measures may be won at the next Legislature. Texas should have a non-export game law and a law embodying the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank forbidding the sale of game at all times. This system is already extensively in force in other States; it is the best game protection we can have, and the best is not too good for Texas.

The man who devised the phrase "As sure as shooting" knew nothing about shooting, which is one of the least sure things in the world; and he certainly never could have had any experience with shooting club affairs. The uncertainties of shooting are illustrated in the fortunes of the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club, of Chesapeake Bay. The club's property was formerly one of the most renowned duck shooting grounds of that famous region, but the wildfowling was seriously impaired in 1893, when a flood destroyed the wild celery beds. In 1894 the preserve was overwhelmed by the great tidal wave, and 800 of its pheasants met an untimely fate. Now we have to record a third serious disaster, the destruction of 3,000 of the club's pheasants by poison miscreants. As President Janney tells us in another column, this is by no means a private calamity confined to the members, for this pheasantry was designed to stock the State of Maryland with the game, and the wrong which has been done is a public injury to the citizens of Maryland. The Bowley's Quarter Club will have the sympathy of sportsmen everywhere.

A proposition to license sportsmen's guides is under discussion in Maine. Those who advocate the system argue that licenses will commit the guides to better observance of the game laws and will insure a higher degree of skill in the craft of guiding. We have not seen any definite explanation of the way in which the license system is to secure these ends. That the guide is an influential agent for or against the law is universally recognized. If the guides of Maine should band together and stand by one another in a compact to keep the game and fish law scrupulously, and to compel the sportsmen under their conduct to respect the law, everyone knows that the problem of game protection in Maine would be solved. There would be an end of sneaking into the woods in midsummer and killing game to rot on the bank. There would be an end of wholesale summer butchery by the Zieglers, if the Zieglers could no longer buy up the guides body and soul to do their lawless bidding. The close season would mean something; it would mean close season. The guides hold the key of the situation; if they say that the law shall mean in actual practice precisely what its terms imply, it will mean it, and in the depths of the woods.

Another reason given for the license system is found in the dangerous nature of the guide's occupation as a canoeman. Travel by canoe, it is pointed out, is full of peril; and when one intrusts himself to the care of his guide he should have some means of assuring himself that he is in safe hands. The license would give such assurance, possession of it being based on the proved qualifications of its holder.

Along with the licensing of guides would naturally go licensing of sportsmen, and this proposition comes up every now and then in Maine. Whatever may be the result of these discussions, they are interesting because of the evidence afforded by them that it is in Maine no longer a question as to whether game shall be protected, but as to how it may be protected most efficiently. When the discussion has reached that point the interests at stake are in the end certain to be well cared for.

We believe that a practicable and expeditious solution of the guide problem may be found in a voluntary combination of the guides themselves, following the example of the guides of the Adirondacks. The Maine guides might form an organization, pledging themselves to a standard of conduct quite as excellent as any that could be prescribed by law, agreeing one with another as members of the association strictly to observe the law and to compel its observance by sportsmen in their charge. Such an association would be a power in the State; it would do more for game protection in a year than all the wardens in ten.

At the coming election in New York an amendment to the Constitution will be voted upon empowering the Forest Commission to exchange plots of State land which are outside the borders of the State Park in the Adirondacks for other pieces of land which are included within the park lines, or to sell the outlying plots and purchase others within the park area. In support of this proposition it is urged that many of the isolated tracts of land outside of the park are not without value to the State, but cannot readily be protected by the forest guardians, whereas the consolidation of lands within the park limits would extend the State's holdings where they could be properly cared for. The State Comptroller has made an order that the cancellation of State tax sales in Hamilton county made by former Comptroller Wemple was void and that the sales are therefore in full force. This means that some 200,000 acres of Adirondack lands will be restored to the State, if the order shall be sustained by the courts.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MARKED MINK SKIN.

SIXTY years ago there lived in a quiet New England hamlet a hatter named Job Wilbur, an honest and industrious man who by economy and close attention to his business managed to gain a comfortable livelihood for himself and family.

He was a Quaker, and there being a goodly number of that persuasion in the neighborhood, he had the advantage of their patronage in the manufacture of the broad-brimmed hats which were an indispensable part of the apparel of the male members of that sect. There was no change in their fashion, and a new hat was only bought when the old one was worn out; but the orders were sure to come, though they came slowly, and as Friend Wilbur's conscience was quite easy on the score of filling the more frequent orders of the world's people as changes in the style of headgear demanded, the trade was good enough to warrant him in teaching his son Abel the mysteries of the craft.

Abel's school days were confined to the winter months, but he was studious and made such good use of his limited opportunities that he won the open praise of his teachers and the secret envy of some of his schoolmates. Among these were the four Thurstan boys, who were less apt or less diligent scholars than he. Their father was the great man of the village, keeper of the principal store and owner of several farms which had come into his possession by foreclosure of mortgages, and it was galling to the pride of the rich man's sons to be outdone in any respect by the son of the humble Quaker hatter. They snubbed and slighted Abel upon every occasion, and at last began to insinuate doubts of his honesty.

The hatter's shop afforded a ready market for furs, and most of the boys of the neighborhood as well as its professional hunters and trappers availed themselves of this means of adding to their pocket money, and trapped muskrats and mink along the little river that turned the village mills, and in the small lake of which it was the outlet.

Though they stood in less need of it, the young Thurstons were as forward as any to avail themselves of this source of profit and pastime, and though they had more means to buy traps and more leisure to tend them, yet Abel was their most successful rival in this pursuit. At length they hinted suspicions that he robbed their traps, but found little credence, for though Abel was too diffident to be a general favorite, there were few who could believe that one who had been so carefully trained by such honest parents could be so dishonest.

His case was under discussion by the village gossips at the store one evening, when Abel quietly entered. A sudden hush fell upon the company until he had done his errand and retired, a silence that he did not fail to notice.

"The devil's allers nighest when you're talkin' about him," remarked one as the door closed behind the boy.

"Wal," said old Peter Carter, an oracle among them, "you can't make me b'lieve 'at a boy 'at looks so honest an' come o' sech honest folks 'll tech tu take what don't b'long tu him," and Peter knocked the ashes from his T. D. pipe with an emphatic tap upon the stove hearth.

"The's a black sheep in most every flock," said the first, whose speech was mostly in proverbs.

"I don' care if the' is," answered Peter.

"You can't allers tell how fur a twud 'll jump by his looks," said the proverbial philosopher.

"Wal, you can cal'late putty nigh, if you've studied twuds," said the other.

"I tell you he's a sneak and a thief," Tom, the eldest of the Thurstan boys, declared emphatically, as he came from behind the counter with both hands full of raisins. "Everybody 'll know it 'fore long. Have some raisins, Mr. Carter? Have some, Cyrus? Have some, anybody?"

"No, thank ye," said Peter. "I guess if your father come in an' ketched us a-chankin' raisins, he'd think we'd be'n a-helpin' ourselves."

"Pooh! he wouldn't care," Tom scoffed; but he quietly pocketed his remaining handful when his father just then entered with Squire Tilden, the first selectman of the town, and it was noticed that Tom's beneficiaries munched their portion very unobtrusively.

"The' must be some fire where there's so much smoke," the philosopher resumed.

"I'll b'lieve he's up tu sech tricks when I see it," said Peter.

"Yes, seein's is b'lievin'," Cyrus remarked, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

After transacting some business with Mr. Thurstan, Squire Tilden went out, and was quickly followed by Tom, who overtook him at a little distance from the store.

"Mr. Tilden," he said in a low voice, "will you help me ketch a thief?"

"What's that? a thief!" The Squire stopped and looked at the boy's eager face, fully revealed in the bright November moonlight.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "somebody steals mushrats an' mink out o' my traps. I know who it is well enough, but nob'dy 'll believe it. There's a mink in one o' my traps now, not twenty rod below the saw mill, an' I want you to go with me an' mark it so't you'll know the skin when you see it. It won't take more'n ten minutes; will you, Mr. Tilden?"

"Why, yes, Tom, I'd do e'enamost anything for your father's son. But there's more'n that, Tom. I've heard some talk about this matter, and I'm sure you're on the wrong track. Abel wouldn't ever rob a trap."

"That's what everybody says, but you wait and see," and Tom led the way down the river bank. "If he hain't got it a'ready, there's a nice prime mink in my trap here."

Sure enough, in front of a disordered "cubby house" built under the shelving bank lay a large mink, quite dead after a brave struggle for life and liberty, which was evidenced by the torn earth and displaced sticks of the miniature shanty in which the bait had been placed and the trap set at its door.

"Now you mark it so you'll know it, an' I won't look," said Tom, turning his back on his companion and whistling softly to himself as he looked upstream. The broken current crept unseen in the black shadows of the banks, and sparkled in the moonbeams that were shot upon it through the fringe of naked trees. He could see up to the mill and the noisy dam, spilling from the entire brink its nightly overflow in a broad sheet of misty silver; but his thoughts were not of the beauty of the scene before him.

Squire Tilden laid one ear of the mink upon a stick and nicked it with his knife, then replaced the animal in the position he had found it.

"All right," he said, "now let's be off," and Tom's whistle became loud enough to be heard above the rush of the rapids and the roar of the dam.

"You've marked it so you'll know it, Squire?" and assent was nodded. "Now if you'll go into old Wilbur's shop in two or three days, I'll warrant you'll find it there."

"Like enough," said the Squire, "but it don't follow that Abel brought it there. Job buys a good many skins of a good many folks." And they parted on the street, each going his way.

Two days later Job Wilbur and his son were at work in the shop, the father whipping a broad-brimmed hat with a rattan to raise the nap for finishing, which, in the case of this particular hat, was to be done with especial care, for it was for Friend Palmer, who sat at the head of the meeting on first and fifth days. Abel stood at the hurl or hatter's table "flicking" a fluffy bat of fur with a bow-string twanged with a wooden pin. Further back were the furnace kettle and bench where unformed hats were "planked" or rolled like sheets of pie crust, with a rolling pin, and the dyeing vat with its wheel, on which the blocked hats were placed to be submerged in the dye by its revolutions.

The dingy walls were a museum of natural history, hung with the coats of various fur-bearers, the rounded skins of beavers just as they came from the stretchers of Indian trappers in Canadian wilds, the attenuated pelts of otters, furry coats and plumy tails of foxes, bundles of mitten-like muskrat skins, a dusky display of mink skins and one great tawny hide of a panther hanging from ceiling to floor.

In the front window an array of hats was disposed around an ancient and dilapidated stuffed beaver. It was faded and moth-eaten, its broad, scaly tail shriveled and shrunken like a dried fish skin.

Presently Squire Tilden entered and accosted Job with a mingled air of determination and shamefacedness.

"Well, Job," said he, "have you got any prime mink skins on hand? I've a notion to have a nice muff made for Miss Tilden, a Christmas present."

"Christmas presents are a vanity," said Job Wilbur, "but I've got three or four nice mink. There's one in partic'lar that my son just caught, is a remarkable nice one. Abel, thee show Jonathan Tilden them mink skins, will thee?"

Abel left his work and brought over the skins, all turned fur side out but one, which was still on its stretcher.

"This is the largest and the tail is the handsomest," the Squire said, picking it up; "I'd like to see the fur side."

So Abel took it off and turned it and submitted it to the Squire's critical examination. The worthy magistrate heaved a sigh of pained surprise when by touch and sight he recognized the mark he had made in the ear of Tom Thurstan's mink.

"Where did you get this?"

"I caught it in one of my traps," Abel answered.

"Where, what place?"

"In a hollow log at the upper end of the mill pond," Abel replied, embarrassed at such close questioning.

"Abel Wilbur," said the Squire in his deepest magisterial tone. "I saw the mink in one of Tom Thurstan's traps last Tuesday night and I put that mark on the ear with my own hands. Oh, Abel, I'm sorry, I'm sorry enough."

Poor Abel staggered as if he had been struck a crushing blow. "I don't understand it. There's a mistake somewhere," he gasped. "It's awful."

"What is it? What does it all mean?" asked the father in great anxiety.

"It means that your son has taken what don't b'long to him, Job," said the Squire, solemnly. "I couldn't have b'lieved it if I hadn't seen this mink in Thomas Thurstan's trap with my own eyes and marked it myself. There's the mark on the left ear."

"I don't think my son would do such a thing," said Job. "How is it, Abel? Surely thee can explain it."

"I don't know, father, I don't know. It's all a mistake. The mink was in my trap. What shall I do?"

"If you'd own it all up, I should think better of you, Abel."

"I cannot own to what I never did," said Abel, firmly. "I don't know how it happened, and that is all I can say."

So in sorrow and indignation the Squire went forth, presently meeting Tom Thurstan, whose suspicions he was compelled to admit had been verified. Before the close of the day the story was known throughout the village, and at the evening meeting of the gossips at the store it was the all-absorbing topic of conversation.

"It's a long rhud 'at hain't got no turn," Cyrus Barker said. "A wolf in sheep's clothin' 'll show his fur some time or 'nother. What ye think about it now, Peter, hey?"

Peter could only shake his head and say, "I wouldn't ha' b'lieved it. An' I do' know 's I du b'lieve it now."

But there were few who were so lenient, and many were willing to accept the fact of Abel's guilt. Though he suffered no legal prosecution, he was under a social ban that was almost as humiliating and hard to bear as a penal sentence.

His own family believed in his innocence, but elsewhere he was met by coldness, distrust or open contempt. At length he went abroad only as necessity compelled, and when the winter school opened he did not attend it, but worked steadily in his father's shop.

Sometimes when a stock of hats accumulated Abel took them to a distance to peddle out, but even then he found his evil name followed him.

So the cloud continued to shadow his life till he had grown to manhood. Coming home from a long extended peddling trip, he was told that Tom Thurstan was lying ill of a fatal malady and had sent an urgent request for Abel to visit him.

Wondering much at the cause of it, and with little inclination to comply with it, he nevertheless did so.

He found Tom but a shadow of his former stalwart figure. His face bore a remorseful, haunted expression, in strange contrast to his wonted bold and defiant mien. He had but time to give Abel an eager welcome when Squire Tilden came in, evidently an expected visitor.

"I'm awful glad you've both come, for I've got something to tell you that I couldn't die in peace till I did tell you." Tom spoke rapidly, as if afraid his strength would not hold out. "I needn't tell you I used to hate you, Abel. I always made that plain enough. I told stories about your robbing my traps, but I couldn't prove 'em, and I made up my mind I would. You remember the night I got you to go and mark the mink, Mr. Tilden? Then my brother Perley took it out of the trap as soon as we left it, and he and I put it into one of Abel's traps. That's all there is to tell. You know the rest. It always troubled me a good deal to think I did such a mean thing, but never as it has since I was sick. Write it down just as I have told you, Mr. Tilden, and I'll sign it, and then you must show it to everybody—everybody."

The Squire did as he was desired, and Tom signed his name to the confession.

"Now can you forgive me, Abe? I've done all I can do to right the wrong I done you."

After a brief but careful self-examination Abel answered, "It has been a grievous burden to bear, Thomas; but I can truly say I do forgive thee and bear thee no ill feeling. I wish thee might get well."

Tom shook his head. "I can't say I want to now. I can die in peace. Good-bye, Abel."

"Farewell, Thomas; I thank thee for what thee has done."

The young men took each other's hand in a kindly and grateful clasp, and the visitors departed in solemn silence.

Squire Tilden lost no time in making public the confession, and then each member of the community strove to outdo every other in making amends to Abel for all the scorn and condemnation that had been heaped upon him.

"It's allers the way," said Cyrus Barker, "if you give a dog a bad name everybody's ready to fling a stone at him, an' we've all hed a shy at Abel."

"I tol' ye I never b'lieved he stole that 'ere mink," Peter Carter protested.

"Wal, seein 's b'lievin'," Cyrus said, "but feelin 's the naked truth, an' that's a fact. I s'pose you felt 'at he wa'n't guilty, an' the rest on us didn't, was the way on't."

Abel Wilbur became respected and prosperous in the community where he had been almost an outcast, and afterward removed to Philadelphia, where for years he lived an honored member and revered preacher in the Society of Friends.

This story was told me by a relative of his nearly as I have related it, with the exception of a change in the names of the chief actors. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vermont.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

I.—The Galapagos.

THE Galapagos Islands are so called from the land turtle or elephant tortoise found there. They are quite a large group, lying on the equator, and ranging from 89 to 92 W. L. I visited them several times in 1860, '61, '62. I propose to give a few extracts from the log kept at that time.

July 1, 1860.—Becalmed off Redondo Rock; two boats gone fishing. North Head looms well up off to the S.E. Wish I could get ashore.

Boats got back at 4 P. M. Have had good luck, mostly yellow-tails; they had a few that looked like the Grand Bank cod.

Hoisted in boats, took in light sails, stood off and on all night.

July 2.—This morning we found we were well in under North Head. Wind to west'rd and light. Made all sail and ran down past Cape Berkeley, into the narrows between Albermarle and Narborough. Came to at 8 P. M. in Tagos Cove, Albermarle Island.

This is a beautiful place from the ship. It may not look so well after we get ashore. It appears to be well wooded with patches of green sward and many black and brown rocks showing their heads above the foliage. I can see some clean white beach that I want to get my foot on. There is one point abreast of our anchorage where the rock comes clear to the water and ends in a high bluff which looks like the mouth of a cave.

July 3.—Here we are at anchor and all hands busy. We are to get wood and terrapin and have a run ashore. We are all glad of that, for we haven't put foot on solid ground for months. Part of the crew are breaking out casks in order to make stowage for wood. Part are getting ready to cut wood, while others are getting ready for terrapin hunting. Some of our crew have been here before and they are giving instructions as to the outfit.

The terrapin are found on the table-land, two and sometimes as far as five miles from the beach. As there are no roads and no carts, they are brought down on men's backs.

The terrapin will weigh from 40 to 100lbs., and to pack one two miles over a rough trail in very hot weather is no boy's play. The outfit for the work consists of two canvas straps and a few fathoms of spun yarn. The straps are about 2in. wide by 2ft. in length. They are doubled and well stitched with sail twine, with a large hole or grommet worked in each end.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: First find your terrapin and turn him over on his back; then get a round stone about the size of a cocoanut or larger; sit down flat with your feet against the terrapin's shell; get a good grip of one of his feet and pull. He is very strong, and it will take lots of muscle and hanging on to get his leg out straight; but it will come at last, and then with your toe tuck in the round stone to the socket behind his leg. Make fast one end of one of your straps to his foot with several turns of spun yarn. Serve the other three legs the same way, having your straps fast to right and left legs and crossing in front. Now you are all ready to shoulder your load. If you have any little fixing of clothing, etc., to do, do it before you pick up your load; you can't do it afterward.

Set up your terrapin against a rock, head up, and as high as your convenience will allow. Get down in front, back to your load, slip your arms through the straps, having them cross on your breast; then get on your feet, and there you are with your living knapsack, all ready for a tramp to the beach.

It's not hard work at first, but before you get to the

beach the terrapin of 40lbs. that you started with weighs a ton. You start off brave as a lion; the load is not heavy; the straps are wide, and the terrapin doesn't make any fuss about it. But the load grows heavy fast; the straps are not so easy as they were; the day is hot, the way dirty, the perspiration runs down into your eyes, and you get a pebble into your shoe, but you don't dare to stoop down to get it out, for you know if you ever do get down with that load you can never get up again. The terrapin's shell that you thought so smooth now seems to be as full of lumps as a bag of scrap iron, and every lump has found a particularly tender place on your back. The terrapin that has been riding along so quietly begins to get restless. He draws up one foot, then another, then all of them; and with every move he makes you think those straps are going to cut you through. You try to change the position a little, but every move makes matters all the worse. Finally, in desperation, you grit your teeth and plod along, vowing that if you do reach the beach alive you will never try it again. But you do, all the same. For terrapin are glorious eating; the bones cracked and made into soup are away and beyond green turtle, and the liver—well, if I could tell you how good that was I would, but I know of no words that will express it. Terrapin liver, fried in terrapin fat, has a crisp nutty flavor that is unequaled by any food that I have ever eaten.

July 4.—The nation's holiday, and as we fly the American flag we'd celebrate. After breakfast all hands go in the boats for a sail and run on the beach. We run down the coast a mile or so and land on a pretty little white beach. Some strip and go in for a swim; some look for shell, while the older and more sedate of the party are taking in the general outline of the country. We find something entirely different from what we have seen at home. Trees, shrubs and flowers (the last few) are very different from our home surroundings. The camphor tree is quite plenty, but very small. The cactus family is well represented, and all the specimens are of very large size, some as high as 20ft., with spikes 6in. long.

We start an iguana some 4ft. long, a disreputable-looking animal, built like an alligator, with a cross-cut saw growing out of his back. We make a rush for him, but he is too smart for us.

Now we find the nesting of thousands of birds, pelicans, gulls, cormorants, etc. These are not at all afraid of us and keep on their nests or at feeding their young. We did not make a very close inspection, for on getting near the nests we found that the odor from decaying fish and excrement was insufferable.

On returning to the boats we find a large seal. We surround and kill him with clubs and stones, and then wonder why we did it, as he is of no earthly use. We get back to the ship at sunset, tired and hungry, and so ends our Fourth at Albermarle.

July 5.—Up bright and early and hard at work. A small party starts for terrapin, the rest prepare to get wood.

These islands, though very rocky, are well wooded, but the trees are small, scarcely ever over 1ft. through. The islands are all of volcanic origin and are very uneven. All have one or more high peaks, which really are extinct craters, near the center of the land. There are ridges of lava radiating from each peak like the spokes of a wheel, and reaching nearly to the shore. Between the ridges are stretches of grass sward or green woods. Some of these spaces remind one of a New England meadow, with the green grass bounded by the ridges of lava like a stone wall.

This description will apply to about a mile from the beach. Above that there is very little grass or shrubbery, mostly a jumble of lava clinkers, ashes and rock, with here and there stunted shrubs or cactus.

Everywhere it is very dry, and I have been told that rain never falls here. I saw no fresh water on Albermarle, and very little anywhere. And on Chatham Island I found a small pond of very shallow and very warm water on top of the hill. I have been told that there is a small stream on the south side of Chatham, but have never seen it. Charles Island, south of Albermarle, was once a penal colony of Peru. When I was there in '61 there were two runaway sailors; they said there was no one else on the island. The fact that these men lived there and that there were cattle there would argue plenty of fresh water.

The islands consist of Albermarle, about seventy miles long by twenty-five wide; it lies north and south, with five high peaks, the highest 3,700ft. high. Narborough, about ten miles diameter; one large peak 3,720ft. high. Indefatigable, ten miles diameter, one large peak. James, ten miles long, five miles wide, range of small peaks. Charles, seven miles diameter, several small peaks. Chatham, nine miles long, four miles wide, several small peaks. Hood's, four miles long, two miles wide, one large peak, several small ones. Barrington, three miles long, a bluff to the water's edge. Duncan, Jervis, Bindloe, Tower, Abingdon, Wenam and Culpepper are all small. Besides the above there are many large rocks, the chief of which is Redondo, about twelve miles northwest from Albermarle, and a very striking object, rising from the water like a chimney to the height of 85ft.

We spent some very happy days in Albermarle and did some very hard work, but we were all young and full of vim, and hardy from our simple life at sea.

It seems, to look back at it all, like a grand play day.

Those days were not without mishaps either. Poor Gus slipped and ran a cactus spike into his leg. It entered just above the knee and ranged up for some 3in., and ½in. under the skin. It was my first surgical operation, cutting the spike out, but I made a good job of it. Poor Gus! I saw him go over the side several years later with two round shot lashed to his feet.

Francisco fell on a hatchet he was carrying and nearly cut his breast bone through.

John fell into a crevice in the rocks and had to hold on by his eyelids while a man went for a rope to pull him out.

But barring such trifling incidents as the above we had a good time. We got all the wood we could stow away; we got over a hundred terrapin, which made us many a good dinner. We had all the running and climbing we wanted and drove the scurvy out of our bones, for a while at least.

Still when on July 15 we took our anchor and stood to the west'rd it was with glad hearts. We were tired of shore and glad to feel the old familiar roll once more.

TARPON.

Natural History.

DR. GOODE AND HIS WORK.

From the Washington Evening Star.

DR. GOODE'S administration of the Smithsonian Institution was so thorough and scrupulously honest that it has always been said that that department was above suspicion of wrongdoing, and the idea of investigating it had never been suggested. He was a man whose upright life was known to every one who came under his influence, and he had the reputation of having a personal acquaintance with every employee of the institution without exception. He was scrupulously intent on carrying out the design of the founder of the institution as expressed in his will, and always reminded those associated with him that the Smithsonian Institution was for the dissemination of knowledge among men.

His purpose in carrying out this intention now and then brought him at variance with scientists who wanted to make use of exhibits for their own purposes of study to the exclusion of the public; but Dr. Goode never failed to insist that no use should be made of any portion of the exhibits under his charge which in the least interfered with the public having continual access to them.

He was careful about the use of public property for any private purpose, and it was said at the museum that no employee was permitted to use a sheet of paper belonging to the Government for the purpose of writing a private letter. Combined with his ability as a classifier and scientist Dr. Goode was endowed with a practical business ability, which greatly assisted him in successfully conducting the work of the institution.

One of his most pronounced traits of character was his accuracy and the immense care he took in order that every publication by the institution should be absolutely faultless. It was this intense desire to be faultless in his work that impelled him onward and caused him to work so incessantly as to greatly endanger his health. He was familiar with the work in every department under him, and frequently surprised his associates by his knowledge of their work and his suggestions for improving it.

Dr. Goode was a deeply religious man, and his life was as pure as that of a child. No one was known to have ever indulged in any talk in his presence that could not with the utmost propriety have taken place in the presence of ladies.

One of his most pronounced traits of character was his readiness to help fellow scientists, and it is said that at least 100 scientists throughout the world were under constant obligation to him. He helped many of these men to do their work and forwarded to them any information that came to his hand which he knew bore on particular lines of work pursued by them. He took a great interest in young men, and always had time to counsel the aspirant for scientific attainments. He was accessible at all times, and his temperament was so buoyant and friendly that no one was ever able to long be at odds with him when he might differ with them on some subject of administration of the institution.

BIRDS IN CENTRAL IOWA.

VINTON, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Summer birds appeared in this vicinity as follows:

March 4—Mourning dove.
March 9—Meadow lark, song sparrows, a large flock of brown birds, and two bluebirds.
March 25—Killdeer.
March 29—Mourning dove, yellowhammer, northern butcherbird and pigeon hawk.
April 10—Kingbird.
April 15—Brown thrush.
April 25—Baltimore oriole.
May 2—Catbird.
May 3—Redheaded woodpecker.
May 5—Yellowbirds.
May 10—Cuckoo.

I doubt that the mourning dove of March 4 was a new arrival. It may have wintered here. I saw one the last day of December.

Blackbirds are usually among the very first arrivals, and remain the latest in the fall, there always being small flocks after the first snows. And, unlike the blackbirds of New England, I have never known them to pull up corn. I have watched them when I have been planting corn, and have not seen them pick up a kernel. A small flock can almost always be seen following a plow and picking up the insects that are uncovered. A short time ago I saw something in FOREST AND STREAM about a flock of blackbirds that stayed here through the winter. In this flock there were ten birds, but during the fore part of January there was a hard storm, after which the flock showed up with two birds missing. During warm spells of weather they would be gone for a day or two.

Feb. 17 was a thawing day, and I suppose that my blackbirds started on one of their pleasure trips, for I could not remember of seeing them that day; but, alas! the next day they were caught in a hard northwest wind, with the air full of snow and the weather at zero. They showed up that day with one bird missing, and there is no doubt but that the poor fellow became numb with cold and dropped out of the flock, while the others, being unable to give assistance, hurried on through the cold storm to their winter quarters. But do you think that they forgot their lost companion? Feb. 26 the weather rapidly grew warm, the thermometer showing 62° above. Geese and ducks were flying over, and the blackbirds went away. But on Feb. 29 they came back, fetching with them the missing one that they had left in the cold storm eleven days before. And I cannot understand why that was not about the same kind of instinct that men would have used under like conditions. I did not see these birds after March 6, and I believe they are at their old breeding places far away to the north. I will watch for them next fall.

Last summer I saw the only hummingbird that I remember having seen in Iowa, and I have lived here for thirteen years.

I have seen three bluebirds this season, but the song birds seem to be more numerous than usual. The meadow larks, like those in Nebraska, do not go through with their song, as does the New England lark.

There is also in New England a brown bird that has a sweet and extended song. We have the same bird here and it begins the song all right, and goes along lovely until it gets to the middle of the song, when it stops short. What is the matter with these birds? Is the air too rarified? The whippoorwills stay in the timber along the river; they seldom come on to the prairie. I have only heard four away from the river.

I learn that crows do not winter in northern Michigan or Wisconsin. They winter with us in flocks of thousands. I have never known them to roost in the heavy timber along the river, but always in the small groves out on the prairies. I do not understand why they do so, unless it is more damp and cold near the river. Every morning they go to the river to drink and feed on the carcasses usually found at such places, but in the latter part of the afternoon begin to string out to their roosting place.

Butcherbirds stay with us all winter, and that together with their handsome plumage is all the good that can be said of them.

They build their nests and generally keep away from the buildings, yet I have seen them chasing down song birds that were flying for their lives from tree to tree, with horror shown in their movements and panting with exhaustion, and every spring I think that I will kill every one near my place. Even in the night time I have heard their cry for blood coming from the hedges by the roadside.

Bluejays stay with us through the winter. There also is a bird that stays here summer and winter whose note is the same as that of the phœbe, excepting the note of the former is a clear pewee, while the note of the latter is tremulous.

The catbirds are great berry thieves, while the blackbirds, after they have flocked together in the fall, destroy some apples, and the bluejays are guilty of doing the same. The bluejays have a reputation for destroying the eggs of other birds, but they build in my yard every year, and there are always other birds that build and raise their young within a few feet of them.

I have just read in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM what Mr. A. K. Fisher says about the food of the barn owl. Now all research into the habits of birds is to be commended, and for one I am thankful for any knowledge imparted or advice given; but if one feels that he knows best how to serve his own interests he should be allowed to act without being subjected to the insolent comments of people who are as unlit and unable to give good advice as to rural matters as an Australian kangaroo is able to jump into heaven.

Farmers are told that they murder their friends by killing hawks and owls, for it has been learned that hawks and owls mostly live on meadow mice, song birds and domestic chickens. They do some good by catching meadow mice, but how much? I believe there is not a 160 acre farm in this country on which the meadow mice destroy enough grass to amount to more than one forkful of hay, which in the East would be worth 10 cents and here 2½ cents. Sometimes the mice get into the stacks of corn if the latter is left standing long, and in one field might eat half a quart of corn, which in New England would be worth 1 cent and in Iowa ½ cent. I would not lose one song bird or chicken for all the mice the hawks and owls have killed on my place during the last ten years. I do not kill meadow mice, for I think they are harmless; neither do I kill owls; but I have made few shots that have given me the satisfaction that I have taken in knocking down a hawk that was flying away with a peeping chicken in its talons. When I find a hawk on my place I will kill it if I can for the deviltry it is bent on doing, and when I find one elsewhere I will try to kill it for the deviltry it has done, and no one need lose any sleep by figuring out how much my loss will be.

The only good owls do me is to look wise in the daytime and cry in the nighttime, and that is not objectionable, for there are few sounds that come to my ear either in daylight or darkness that are not pleasant to hear. The song of birds and the buzz of insects; the rattle of the tree toad and the chorus of the crickets; the midnight hoot of the owl from the wooded shores of the secluded lake and the cry of the eagle in the sunlit sky; the croak of the bullhead, the bullfrog, and the bellow of the bull; the bark of the squirrel, the baying of the hound and the howl of the wolf in the lonely woods; the boom of the partridge, the gun, the settling ice, and the electric current in the troubled clouds; the whistle of the woodchuck, the wail of the loon and the laugh of the crane circling dimly in the distant sky; the splash of the alighting duck, the feeding fish and the beaver startled by the campfire's glare; the breaking of the ocean waves on the shore, and the soughing of the wind in the mountain forests: from meadow and hillside, from valley and mountain, from sunlit plain and woodland shade—few indeed are the sounds that I do not love to hear, and of such I can now recall but three: the hiss of the hidden snake, the rasping call of the red-headed woodpecker and the outlandish squall of the wooden-headed opera singer; and although there are notes of the former bird that are not unpleasant, I have never yet listened with pleasure or comfort while the latter was giving tongue.

I do not like hawks very well. I was once changing my camp from Bancroft, Idaho, to Bear Lake, a distance of sixty miles. Soon after leaving Bancroft I saw a hawk sitting on a snow guard by the railroad track. I handed the lines to my wife and taking my shotgun jumped out of the wagon. I went up to a snow guard that was between me and the one that the hawk was on, and looking under it I saw that the hawk was getting restless, so I laid down and quickly pushed the gun ahead; my position and the lay of the ground preventing me from putting the gun to my shoulder, I glanced quickly along the barrels and let her go. Eheu! but how she went, somehow both barrels at once. The old gun jumped clear from the ground and came right back at me, she whacked me on the shoulder, then glanced up and gave it to me again on the bridge of my nose; then she shook herself around in the air until she lost the firing pin from the left barrel and dropped back to the ground.

I went around and picked up the hawk, and then went back and got the gun, which had not yet got through smoking at the mouth. I laid the hawk down by the side of the wagon, and that hawk was as dead as any dead hawk that you ever saw. Then I tried to make my wife believe that I was not hurt. Then wondering how any two feathers on that hawk could be together, and not seeing any wound on it, I took hold of its leg with my left hand and raised it up so that I could more closely look at

it; but just then its other foot came back to life, and reaching up took me around the thumb, one claw going through the root of the nail. I dropped the gun out of my right hand and began to pull on its claws, but the hawk's other foot came to life, and it took all the attention of my right hand to take care of that foot; and there I was, holding one of its legs with my right hand and the hawk clinging to the thumb on my other hand, the blood running from my thumb and nose, and I jumping up and down like a sandhill crane Oh! how I did want to let go of that hawk; but I couldn't let go. I wished it back on the snow guard and to several other places both above and below the earth—but I couldn't let go.

I don't know how I did get away from it, for after the curtain dropped no one could tell me and I could not remember, but all the time Mr. J. N. Hayden, who was going to Bear Lake with me, sat in the wagon laughing like a sixteen-year-old girl. I used to call him Old Ike after that. My wife tied a rag around my thumb and fixed up my nose, and we drove to Soda Springs. That evening, after copying the "day book on to the ledger," I saw that I had lost the firing pin from the left barrel of the gun and a generous patch of hide from the right barrel of my nose and had accumulated a lame shoulder, an extremely sore and painful thumb, and as elegant a thunder cloud around my eye as ever graced the features of a Chicago alderman. I have picked up quite a few little things by experience, some of which I still cling to, others I let drop mighty sudden, while still others I have wanted to let drop awful bad and couldn't. All of which has taught me that when knocking around in a strange part of the country to keep an eye on my nose and be just a little shy as to what I poke my fingers into. But how can this be made to jibe with birds in central Iowa?

In looking over the above I see that it might be supposed that Mr. A. K. Fisher had said something that offended me, but such is not the case.

Since writing the above I have seen the picture of the European starling in FOREST AND STREAM of July 25. The blackbirds that stayed with me last winter were marked the same, the top of their heads were brown. Were they the European starling and did not know about going South in the winter? As the warm days of spring came I thought I would kill a pair of them and have them mounted; but they having sung for me all winter, and seeming to be so glad that spring had come, I did not have the heart to do so. Long may they live. MOUNT TOM.

[The blackbirds were perhaps rusty grackles. They were probably not starlings.]

BIRD NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

SCOTCH LAKE, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bobolink arrives here (46° N., 67° W.) the latter part of May. I cannot give the exact date, as the individuals which came under notice for a number of years were migrating and some miles from the lowlands, where they live in summer. They do not stay far from the river, but on the islands and intervales are abundant.

They nest from June 10 until the last of July. By Aug. 1 the males have nearly all moulted and have the appearance of females. By this time they have congregated in goodly-sized flocks and it is difficult to distinguish the adult birds from the first hatched young.

By Aug. 15 they are on the southward journey. At this time they visit grain fields on the highlands and are then seen where at other times of the year a bobolink is unknown. As to the bobolinks getting scarcer here, have only heard one man mention it. He said that for a good number of years the bobolinks had bred in a field near his house, but that the last two years there had only been an occasional straggler there.

These last two summers have been very dry, and is it not possible that it may have been too dry for the birds, and they have been forced to the lowlands, where there is an abundance of water. This is the sort of country they seem to prefer.

Their worst enemies here are hawks. The marsh harrier feeds on them. They are not molested by man. Sportsmen seem to think that they are small game—in fact, do not consider them as game.

I will also add a few notes on the snowbunting (*Plectrophenax nivalis*). In Mr. Chapman's book, entitled "Birds of Eastern North America," there is the sentence: "The snowflake is strictly a ground bird, never perching on a tree, though it often does so on a house or fence."

Now in this locality it is not uncommon to see them fly up from where they have been feeding and alight on trees near by. I have also noticed them perched on trees not near to their feeding ground. They are expert fly-catchers. In the early spring when the snow begins to get soft there is a fly called here the sap fly that is in certain places very abundant, and it is on these insects that they feed. They run swiftly along, catching these insects on the snow or on the bare ground.

WILLIE H. MOORE.

Deer and Lilypads.

TOWNSHIP NO. 2, Me., Aug. 21.—I have noticed in former numbers of your paper articles to the effect that deer do not eat lilypads. Yesterday I paddled about six miles down stream and saw two fawns, five bucks and nine does. One of the does was snow white. They were on the bogs and along the edges of the stream feeding. The wind was toward me, and by keeping in line with bushes I was able to approach within a few feet (a canoe length in one instance). One of the fawns was feeding in the water and had a pad hanging from his mouth.

I watched a doe for some time. She was standing among the pads and would bury her head in the water up to the ears, bringing up each time a mouthful of stems. I have often seen deer feeding in this manner, but never until yesterday tried to find out what they were feeding on. W. L. S.

Birds as Farmers' Friends.

BROWNSVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From this end of the vineyard we send over greeting as well as thanks for the many good things in our journal, chiefest being the series of articles by Florence A. Merriam. I have read aloud to my family and made them a text for a series of lectures to my younger friends, and deem them of inestimable value to the bird interest in all our country and the farmers as well. May she continue the good work and reap from it the reward so justly deserved. For some years I observed the food and feeding habits of the birds she mentions, only a few of which I am not familiar with, and found them all insect destroyers, all of benefit to mankind, and while reading her last was watching a family of Baltimore orioles as they fed on the caterpillars infesting my cedar trees. We have had fewer birds this year than I ever saw and more insects, a striking contrast to the year 1895. Have not seen a bluebird this year, and after extensive inquiry only heard reliably of one pair in the county. BENJ. C. MILES.

Nature at Home.

OKANOGAN County, Wash.—While after cattle a few days ago I saw four young calves running, and one was bleating. Two coyotes were trying to catch one of them; and had the little fellows not kept together they would probably have done so. As soon as the calf hollered the band of cattle which were near by took after the coyotes and ran them away. I watched the performance until it closed.

A short distance beyond was a small pond of not more than three acres, in which were two broods of teal. The young could not fly, yet they could swim faster than my dog Dick, who thought it great fun following them. While returning from Oroville Saturday I noticed Dick acting rather suspicious. I kept a close lookout when I got near the place, but the team shied off and began snorting. I pulled them to a stand and looked very carefully for quite a while, but the horses did not want to stand. Finally I saw quite a big rattler coiled up in the grass. I took a shot at it with my .22 and cut it nearly in two. This one was the highest on the mountain of any I have ever seen. LEW WILMOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

Our readers are invited to send us for these columns notes of the game supply, shooting resorts, and their experience in the field.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

CHICKEN SHOOTING.

THE glorious weather of September. The vast ocean of prairie, dotted with a few islands of yellow stubble and green corn. The movements of the dog, as with high head and waving tail he breasts the grass; throws his nose up in the wind, stops just a moment, then with slow and careful walk goes forward just a little way; stops, slowly turns his head to make sure the guns are coming; then, when the guns are come, he moves with stealthy steps and straight extended tail. Slowly; slower; slower still. He stops. The sportsman holds his breath, and feels his heart beat with excitement. A moment's waiting. Then with sudden beating of strong wings and cackling *tuk! uk! uk! uk!* the big bird bursts from the grass and is off. Steady now; throw the gun to the shoulder, exactly in the right position; cover the bird quickly. Now, just an instant to make sure. The explosion, the recoil, the little cloud of floating feathers, the thump of the dead bird striking the ground and bouncing clear above the grass. See it?

O. H. HAMPTON.

SOUTH DAKOTA PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 9.—I had a pleasant little surprise the other day: I ran across an old-time acquaintance I had begun to believe was no more, no less a personage than my old friend the prairie chicken. For a couple of years or more I have searched for him in vain throughout the length and breadth of the land that he once called home, but with the exception of a few discouraged representatives of his once numerous family I saw little to convince me that he had not joined the great majority.

Once in a while I would hear that he had been seen in certain localities and would journey considerable distances to renew our old acquaintance, but only in the end to meet with disappointment, so that this year when George wrote me that a man had told him a fairy tale about somebody else hearing of another man who knew where our pinnated friend was to be found, I just wrote back "you're another." But as George with his usual faith in mankind insisted that it must be so, and that he felt sure that we would find our feathered friend cavorting around in his old-time sporty way, seeking whom he might devour, I concluded to go along. This time the scene of his depredations was in central South Dakota, and with much misgiving on my part I packed my gun and corduroys for the trip of 300 miles or more.

George met me at Sioux City, and together we traveled for the best part of the next day, arriving at our destination hot, tired and exceedingly dry and dusty. It was the eve of the open season. We were told by every sportsman in town (and that means every one able to bear arms) that the birds were exceedingly plentiful, but that as some of the boys had been shooting for three weeks, we might find it a little hard picking. We also heard the welcome news that over 3,000 chickens had been killed before the season opened. This was not calculated to arouse much enthusiasm, but we are used to hearing this, and as long as we were there we determined to investigate a little anyhow. Accordingly the next morning we started out and found our first birds at precisely 6 P. M., and got the large number of six. That's all we had to show for our first day. The next morning, however, we started at 2 A. M. and did not put the dogs out until we were about twenty-five miles from town, and it was not long before we knew that we had gotten beyond the range of the "sooners."

The country we hunted over was a wide valley, every acre of which was under cultivation and settled by a class of foreigners, who neither hunted or owned a dog or gun. Best of all, they did not care a rap how much we hunted. This may sound very pleasant to lots of the brethren who, like ourselves, have been all too familiar with the pretty little signs that read, "No hunting allowed." It was a truly ideal state of affairs, and every field with one lone exception contained one or more coveys of birds.

The only drawback was the ever-present Russian thistle, South Dakota's never-failing crop and a torture to man and beast. The poor dogs suffered horribly, and notwithstanding the fact that we put thick boots on them came in at night with their willing legs badly lacerated. And as for George and me, our muscles ached for many a day from forcing our way through the luxuriant growth of those fiendish prickly pests. But we found chickens galore, and that is what we went there for.

I don't like to state just how many birds we got; somebody would probably jump up and call us game hogs, etc. But I will say this much, we got in our four days' hunt all we wanted to send, a nice mess, to each of our friends and acquaintances, and we could have killed four times as many if we had been so inclined.

This to be or not to be a game hog is a curious question anyhow. If some of us Western hunters tell about killing forty or fifty birds in a day, when perhaps we could have killed three times as many had we wanted to, some Eastern brother is sure to rap us over the knuckles and say all sorts of unpleasant things about us. Yet this same sportsman, when writing about his own outings, tells us about tramping all day and seeing six or seven birds, and winds up stating that he killed five or six of them, and may be all that he saw. Now, we never have any trouble in disposing of our game, and could give away more and also kill lots more if we wanted to; but we generally quit when there are plenty more to kill. So, as I said before, this game hog question is a funny thing anyhow.

Since Mr. Hough's experience with the bears, I don't believe it is good policy to state the location of this chicken country. Still, if some right good fellow comes along and would like to know all about it, you can give him my address and I will tell him just where it is and how to reach it. He doesn't want to wait too long or the chickens will all be in the cornfields, and corn is about 12 to 15ft. high in this year of plenty. W. R. HALL.

NEWS FROM THE CHICKEN FIELDS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 3.—The season on prairie chickens has but just opened for Minnesota, but already enough actual information is at hand to make it positive that there are more chickens in Minnesota this year than at any time for the past ten years. Various causes are assigned for this sudden and mysterious abundance of the prairie fowl, and climatic reasons have a high place in those given. The year of 1896 has been favorable for breeding, not too wet and not too dry. The lakes of the State, some of which have been quite dry, have had more water in them, and so have the sloughs. Chickens must have water, but not too much water, to hold them on a country. It is thought also that the game laws have been better observed of late, and that this has produced good results. It is also possible that the last few years' rush of travel to the Dakotas has left Minnesota with a chance to rest. From this time on the State enters into the second stage of the chicken situation. The old days of wild prairie and abundant birds are gone forever. The cornfields take the place of grass, and the habits of the birds change very much. The shooter must labor among fences and irate farmers, and hunt far and wide over large wheat fields and cornfields. His bag will not often approach those of the old days, and soon, if not now, he must learn to be content with a dozen birds to the gun where once he could have killed fifty.

In these later days of chicken shooting the birds become rapidly wilder and more alert than in the old days. A friend who once lived at Morris in this State says that he has known chickens when much hunted to change their habits entirely, feeding almost altogether at night upon the stubbles, and living during the day in sloughs grown up with heavy weeds, out of which it was next to impossible to start them, as they would run instead of flying. Any chicken hunter can say that this is precisely the safest way for a bird to escape.

In many villages about the railroads the game laws have been well enforced this year, and the birds have been watched closely by local shooters of the better class. It would seem that a better sentiment obtains than was the case a few years ago, although, of course, there will always be some men who will shoot ahead of season.

Information carefully collected from shooters who know what they are talking about is offered below, in the hope that it may be useful to sportsmen who want a day with the big grouse.

Hallock, Minn., has good country near, and it has never been shot to death, though it has had better years than this. It is in Kittson county, and near Kennedy, where the field trials are run this fall.

Pembina, N. D., is up in that same region, and is called good by many who have had a line on the birds there this season. That is a grand natural chicken country, and I would advise a try there in spite of the reports that the season has been too wet there this past spring. The local information is not always disinterested.

Ada, N. D., is said to have a good supply of chickens this fall, and is worth trying.

Hope, N. D., is another point well mentioned by several shooters acquainted there.

Larimore, N. D., has long been known as a fine place for chickens, and many friends of mine have had good sport there and say it will be good this season.

Benson, Minn., is perhaps one of the safest places in Minnesota to try this fall. It is spoken very highly of by a number of well-posted friends of mine.

Windom, Minn., is a safe place to visit, and is in a good country, from which the birds have never been shot out.

Tracy, Minn., is mentioned highly by several shooters, and is well to keep in mind.

Ortonville, Minn., has been much visited in the past by Eastern parties, but it is said to be unusually good this season.

Atwater, Minn., is well mentioned for this season.

Morris, Minn., is in the heart of a splendid chicken region, and there are birds there to-day in greater numbers than for years. This point should be kept in view.

Glencoe, Minn., and Hutchinson, near by on the same line of railroad (C., M. & St. Paul), are both in good chicken country. These points are not so very far from St. Paul.

Ottertail county, Minn., is a famous one for game, and is a land of lakes. Many who have once visited it will be glad to hear it is filling up again with the prairie chickens.

The country south of Millbank, S. D., has plenty of chickens this fall, and is worth keeping in mind.

Webster, S. D., is another good chicken point to remember.

Andover, S. D., is reported to offer better shooting than almost any other place in that region, and should be looked into.

Graceville, Minn., is a cinch for some chicken shooting this season.

Brown's Valley, Minn., is in good chicken range and is worth a visit.

Traverse City, Minn., is to be kept in mind for chickens, and especially for ducks in late September and October.

St. James, Minn., is the private tip of a man who knows about prairie chickens.

Esterville, Ia., is reported very good this season.

Fulda, Minn., is a good place to make a note of, and is tipped to me by a friend.

Mayville, N. D., is well mentioned and is worth looking into.

Knox, N. D., is another good northern point, and the birds are spoken of as abundant there.

Fairchild, Wis., and also Eleva and Mondovia, in Buffalo county, below Eau Claire, are this fall all good points to go to. A friend just back from there tells me he had fine shooting on prairie chickens, ruffed grouse and quail, all in the same day's hunt. Wm. Hurlburt, a market-hunter at Eleva, will take parties out.

The above information is thought to be reliable. It is all gathered from original sources and not from back-number railroad folders, of which beware always. In each case a shooter has given me the information.

The North Dakota license law must be borne in mind. It may keep many shooters out of that State.

Any non-resident sportsman visiting any of the above points should not expect to have the old days of great bags back again. He can have sport, but not slaughter. If he can kill ten, fifteen or twenty birds a day he may be satisfied that he did not go any further.

I have had two days' sport at chickens this season myself and shall speak of the trip later. I mention it now to advise shooters visiting Minnesota from now on to take nothing smaller than No. 7 shot, and to have some No. 6 shells handy. We have found the birds big and strong and wild enough in most cases to offer fine sport. But one covey of small birds has been seen. Some of the birds we have killed took a lot of hitting, and it was by no means always easy shooting. This is as it should be. No State should open its chicken season earlier than Sept. 1, and by that time most of the birds can take care of themselves well enough to offer sport. So far we have let only six birds out of fifty-two shot at get away (in three days), but this fact is due only to the extraordinarily fine shooting of my two companions, Messrs. F. F. and Richard Merrill, one or other of whom has kindly wiped my eye for me each time of my own numerous misses. They are both splendid field shots, though perhaps they do not enjoy it any more than I do, after years of absence from the chicken stubbles. I used to think no man ought to miss a prairie chicken, but find grounds for changing that belief. September birds in Minnesota are no lead pipe cinch for an ex-shooter. Each week from now on will see them wilder and stronger, and if any FOREST AND STREAM reader wants a hunt this fall I would advise him to start at once.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—Reports received up to date seem to indicate good foundation for the statement offered last week, to the effect that 1896 is an exceptionally good year for prairie chickens, more especially in the States of Minnesota and North Dakota. The latter State will probably winter a few more birds than for some time past. The common agreement among those back from North Dakota is that there are very much fewer shooters there this year than last or for many years past, the high non-resident license keeping them out.

On my way to Chicago from St. Paul this week I saw at the depot in St. Paul a crate of fine-looking bird dogs, and of course had a look at them to see how they sized up. I noticed the name of Walter Dupee on the crates, and later saw on the train evidence of the hunting party I had guessed at. Walter had been out for his annual chicken hunt to Dakota. He dropped off in the night at Oconomowoc, and I did not see him personally, but met Mr. O. Ross, of Chicago, who, with Mr. McDowell, of Oconomowoc, made up the party. They went to Valva, on the Soo line, in North Dakota, and took out non-resident licenses. They report shooting not of the most abundant sort, but enough for a pleasant time. Their biggest day was thirty-six birds to the three guns, and often they did not do so much, though they did not try uncomfortably hard to make a big showing, preferring to have a quiet time with shooting when they felt inclined to go out. They report ducks and geese very abundant near Valva, but these they did not hunt. They say that all accounts agree that the license will keep a great many out of North Dakota.

There is an impression abroad that this license law will not be enforced, or that is "unconstitutional," or that no penalty attaches to a violation of the law, and some papers of North Dakota and elsewhere have spread this impression as much as possible. Whatever the future of the law, it cannot be called unconstitutional until proven so by the courts, and the Connecticut case decided in the Supreme Court of the U. S. may have some bearing on this. It may be safer to give North Dakota a good wide berth for the season at least, and let some one else run the risk of proving the law valid or invalid. It is certain that the State game warden, Mr. George E. Bowers, of Fargo, is enforcing the law. He has caused to be printed the following in the *Daily Argus*, of Fargo:

It has been stated in the public press that there is no penalty for those who violate the game laws. Sec. 1643, Revised Codes, declares: "It shall be unlawful for any non-resident of this State to hunt, kill or wound any of the wild animals or birds mentioned in chapter 73 of the Penal Code, without having first obtained the permit for non-residents herein provided for. It shall be unlawful for any resident of this State," etc. Sec. 7029 provides: "When the performance of an act is prohibited by any statute and no penalty for the violation of such statute imposed in any statute, the doing of such act is a misdemeanor." Sec. 6815 provides: "Except in cases where a different punishment is prescribed by this code, or by some existing provision of law, every offense declared to be a misdemeanor is punishable by imprisonment in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding $500, or by both such fine and imprisonment." From this it would appear that there is ample provision made for enforcing the law.

Mr. Bowers writes me a personal letter, in which he says that game of all kinds—ducks, geese and prairie chickens—is more abundant than for years, and he asks me to come out this month and repeat my fall hunt of last year, taking also a trip for wildfowl into the western part of the State. This I would of course like to do, though one chicken hunt a season is about all one can expect, and like the man who only took one drink a day, "I've had mine." I hope Mr. Bowers will be able to do something definite by way of stopping the flagrant violations of the laws which have long prevailed in that State, once so rich, but lately so poor in game. Last year there was very little decent chicken shooting in North Dakota. Even away up in the Turtle Mountains, where some friends of mine went for a long camping trip, the birds were so scarce as to offer very little shooting. This year these same friends, who were at great trouble to secure a training ground for their young bird dogs, found the birds so scarce and undependable that one of them expressed his intention of abandoning altogether any further attempt at training any dogs or chickens. This after a large expenditure of money, which would willingly be doubled if he knew of any place where he could really find birds enough to train on. He says he will quit chickens and hunt quail hereafter.

The rush has been to North Dakota for so long that Minnesota has been benefited, and this year Minnesota is a locality of especial interest by reason of the bar on Dakota. It is true, the birds are more abundant than for years, but one will not find the shooting of the early days by any means. A shooter who is contented with a bag of a dozen birds or so a day can find enough places to choose from to satisfy his needs. I hear well of Twin Valley, Minn., and of Fertile and Ulen. Herman on the Great Northern is a point well spoken of at first hand by a shooter who was there lately. Another point of which I am disposed to think of very highly is a little station called Hitterdahl, the first stop above Winnipeg Junction on the Northern Pacific. This is well up into the grouse country, and by the time this matter is in print the big packs of grouse will be working slowly to the South. In October they will be all about Hitterdahl, on their way to their wintering place in the timber east of there. At this place also there is a series of deep lakes which do not dry up, or which did not dry up last year at least, and between these lakes there is an excellent duck pass. Not far away there was some goose shooting last fall, and should be again this fall. The accommodations there are scant, and the gentleman who takes a featherbed into camp with him might have trouble in getting it fixed to suit him; but a shooter can go in there and have some fun, as near as I can get at the facts this fall.

A. S. Frelinghuysen, of Chicago, and four friends are now absent in North Dakota on a special car trip after chickens. They are well equipped with arms and munitions, and should bag game enough to please them.

If I can be of further service than has already been the case by way of personal correspondence with those wishing to take a trip into the parts of the West above mentioned, I shall be glad, and shall take pleasure in answering all sorts of questions, except those inquiring the price of board. I cannot tell without first looking at a man how much he is going to eat, and obviously this is a factor which should be considered in determining the price of board. All those inquiring about the price they would probably be charged for board will confer a favor by inclosing a photograph and such other details as will assist in forming the proper estimate. E. HOUGH.

THE BOWLEY'S QUARTER DUCKING CLUB'S PHEASANTS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have no doubt you have recently noticed in the Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York papers a mention of a most serious disaster which has befallen the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club in the wholesale poisoning by some miscreant of over 3,000 English pheasants raised this season by the club on its large preserve on the Chesapeake Bay, in Baltimore county, Md.

As such an outrageous and unprovoked assault on the rights and property of a club has, I believe, never occurred before, I think you may be interested to know something of it.

The property of the club, containing about 900 acres, occupies the entire peninsula lying on the Chesapeake Bay between the eastern shore of Middle River and the southern shore of Seneca River, and immediately south of Carroll's Island. It is one of the finest ducking shores in the country, but as this game has somewhat diminished since the great flood of 1893, which rooted up the wild celery, the club has given special attention to the raising of English pheasants as an auxiliary sport. In August of 1894 the great tidal waves which swept our whole sea coast from Florida to Maine drowned for us about 800 pheasants, more than three-fourths grown. This season we inclosed two large pens, making nearly ten acres, with wire fencing about 10ft. high, and a large portion of it roofed in with the same material. In these two "pheasantries" we raised about 3,300 strong, vigorous young birds of the "ring-necked" variety, which grew and prospered in the most satisfactory manner, giving us promise of the finest shooting every enjoyed by any club in the country. About Aug. 2 our superintendent while on his rounds found a dead pheasant, and a little further on two more which were nearly so, but apparently paralyzed. Dr. George W. Massamore, the secretary and treasurer of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, who happened to be visiting the club that day, immediately pronounced it a case of poisoning.

So violent was the mortality that in three days we lost in one pen 1,650 out of 1,800 birds. In a day or two after the birds in the other pheasantry began to die, and in a week we had only about 300 left of all our promising broods. The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association through its energetic secretary-treasurer, Dr. Massamore, immediately took the matter in hand, and by the aid of very persevering and skillful detectives succeeded in effecting the arrest of three men, who were committed to Towson jail, Baltimore county, for trial for this dastardly outrage.

So interested were a number of the leading sportsmen of Baltimore that the service of the writs and the arrests were made by Sheriff Cole in person.

The penalty for the crime is from two to twenty years in the penitentiary.

It has always been the intention of the club to consider its property as a central point, from which the whole country round and even distant sections could be furnished with stock birds, and thus make available to appreciative sportsmen everywhere this splendid game.

Though this is a very bitter disappointment, besides a large pecuniary loss, we will enter upon our next year's raising with renewed energy, and we hope without further molestation. I inclose a clipping from the Baltimore *Sun* of the 9th inst. which is substantially correct. You can use such portion of this letter and clipping as you may see fit. All our members are regular readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and know how keenly alive it is to all that affects the true sportsman. We believe this case, from its magnitude and exceptional barbarity, will excite the interest and sympathy of sportsmen everywhere, as such a calamity is much more than a mere local matter, and will materially retard the game interests of a large section of the country for several years.

NATHANIEL E. JANNEY, Pres.

We supplement President Janney's letter with the account given in the Baltimore *Sun* of Sept. 9:

At Bowley's Quarter, the thousand-acre preserve of the Bowley's Quarter Ducking Club at Bengies, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, there has been a dastardly and wanton destruction of English pheasants and other fowls by poison.

Yesterday James T. Butler and Robert Smith, both colored, were arrested, taken to Towson and charged, on the oath of D. C. Smoot, with entering the private property of the club and maliciously destroying English pheasants, ducks, chickens and turkeys in the interim between July 29 and Sept. 4.

Robert Taylor, a white man, was committed as a witness against the accused, while Butler and Smith were taken before Justice Chas. Pielert and sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

The pheasants destroyed numbered about 3,000, and the domestic fowls, including chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys, numbered 300. The monetary loss is placed at $5,000. Most of the birds had been raised on the place. They were killed with grain which had been saturated with arsenic. Dr. Geo. W. Massamore, assistant State game warden, and secretary of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, who caused the working up of the case against the suspected men, says he cannot ascribe a motive for the destruction of the birds.

The arrests were made yesterday at Bowley's Quarter by Sheriff W. P. Cole, of Towson; Dr. George W. Massamore and T. J. Hardesty, of the detective firm of T. J. Hardesty & Co. The men were taken to Towson by Sheriff Cole and Detective William J. Rawleigh. The State Game Protective Association is responsible for the action taken and will assist in the prosecution. The Association had, it is stated, started to work upon the case before the Bowley's Club members generally knew of any losses.

Dr. Massamore's account of the killing of the birds is as follows:

"On July 29 I went to Bowley's Quarter on business connected with the game warden's office and to see the progress of the raising of pheasants by the club. The young birds are in a space of ten acres, which is surrounded by a wire fence 10ft. high. In passing through this place with the gamekeeper, Donald McVicar, I found several dead birds and one that was sick. I remarked to Mr. McVicar: 'This looks like poison.' Later I found other evidences of poisoning.

"On July 30 Mr. McVicar brought two dead pheasants to town and an autopsy was made, and an analysis by Prof. P. B. Wilson showed the birds had died from arsenical poisoning.

"On Aug. 6 I went there again and the birds were dying by hundreds, and I was told that the other fowls were going the same way. On Aug. 11 I went to Bengies with Detectives Smart and Rawleigh, who, with their colleague, Richard M. Brown, got to work.

"Butler had been dismissed from the club employ and was suspected. Later he was re-engaged, and he was an employee when arrested. Detective Smart personated a young man of wealth and leisure, who was said to be a relative of Mr. McVicar. The other two appeared as tramps. They slept in bushes, and stayed about the place and did much watching by night. Smart spent much time with Butler, took him on fishing trips, and all three of them got into his confidence.

"Butler on one occasion told Mr. Smart that he (Butler) had become a detective and had a commission from a Western detective firm. Smart replied that he would like to get into that business too.

"When the case was ripe the arrests were made. Poisoned wheat, which had been found, was analyzed, and carcasses of dead birds were also examined by the professor of chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania. Poisoned wheat was found in a box in the shanty of Butler. It was found under a bench in the shanty and under the floor."

The Bowley's Quarter Club has had extraordinary success in raising English pheasants, and at least 3,500 were reared this season. The club, though composed of Philadelphians, had agreed to let their place become a hatching farm for the State of Maryland, through the Game Protective Association, and had offered to furnish stock birds to persons who were recommended by the Association.

Mr. McVicar, the gamekeeper, has had a long experience in producing and caring for birds both in England and New Jersey. He went with the Bowley Club about four years ago. The club stocked the place with old or parent birds, which are worth about $4 each.

These old birds are kept in a separate pen, and when they begin to lay the eggs are taken from them each day and saved to be hatched by hens. If the eggs remained with the female bird she would stop laying after producing fifteen or sixteen, but if the eggs are taken from her she continues laying until she has produced forty or fifty eggs, enough for three broods.

After hatching, the young birds are placed in the large wire inclosure, where they are tended until they are large enough to fly out of it. Those that fail to use their wings to go over the wire fence are driven out about the middle of September, so that they will become wild for shooting about Oct. 1.

The wholesale killing of the pheasants at Bowley's Quarter leaves only about 400 on hand, and none will be shot or given away this fall, as all that are on hand must be used for stock purposes.

Mr. Nathaniel E. Janney, of Philadelphia, is president of the Bowley's Quarter Club. Among other members are Messrs. Robert M. Janney, Harry Bryant and a brother of Mr. Bryant, Horace Magee, Marriott C. Smyth and Dr. Biddle, all of Philadelphia.

The thousand acres of their preserves are in Baltimore county, on the neck of land bounded by Seneca River on one side, Middle River on the other, and the Chesapeake Bay in front.

RUFFED GROUSE SHOOTING.

A PARTY of sportsmen were one day discussing the various kinds of game birds when the question, "What is there so fascinating about ruffed grouse hunting?" was asked by one of the party. One said it was because of the surroundings; he liked to be in the woods at that time of the year, and enjoyed the tramp even if not a bird was bagged. Another said it did him so much good to get away with such a smart bird, when he did get one. Another said, "When you have shot one on the wing you have done something, and you have got something too." Another said he had hunted them a good many days, and thought it very poor sport.

"Ever kill any?" asked the man who is always asking questions. "Well, no, not many; they would always get up when I wasn't expecting it, or get up on the other side of a thicket, or dodge behind a big tree, or fly up after I'd passed by them, or fly out of a bush so close to my head that it took my breath. It always seemed to me that they were laughing at me when they flew away with that 'chuckle, chuckle.' Somebody tell us how it is done."

"I never hunted them any." "Neither did I," said several others.

"There's Ed Hathaway over there in the corner. He's shot hundreds of 'em. Ed, you're absorbing lots of information from this crowd, and are giving none in return; you have smoked three cigars since you've said a word. Now, then, out and give these youngsters some practical hints about it."

"So long as it's partridges you want to hear about I don't mind talking some," said Ed; "if it was chickens I'd not have a word to say, for the man that can't kill a chicken has no business with a gun; and the man who cares to hunt them, except for a day now and then, likes very tame sport. Duck shooting is all well enough, but you're always at it in bad weather and getting wet and muddy. Quail shooting is, of course, good enough for anybody; but a man wants variety to his sports as well as his food. Excepting the quail, the partridge is altogether the most important of the game birds in the North half of the United States to-day. There is no other bird that so taxes the hunter's shooting skill, and none that exceeds his table qualities; and last, but not least, he is here to stay. There will be good partridge shooting long after the ducks are practically exterminated, and the chickens only a memory.

"I can't give you youngsters any special pointers just now. Perhaps I better just give in my experience, as they say at class meeting. I was not brought up in a partridge country and was entirely familiar with quail and chicken shooting before I ever saw a live partridge. In shooting quail I used to shut one eye and take sight, just as I would if shooting a rifle at a target. If it was open ground the quail was most always killed. I seemed to have plenty of time to take deliberate aim, see that it was correct and then pull the trigger before the bird got 25yds. away; and even in the woods had time to look out for trees and still get the bird.

"When it came to partridge shooting entirely different conditions prevailed. The cover was very much heavier; the birds, instead of rising 4 to 6ft. away, got up anywhere from 5 to 50yds. from me and took advantage of anything that would hide them in flight. If in a clump of undergrowth they always rose from the further side and flew low until out of gunshot. If there was no underbrush they would dodge behind the first big tree and keep it between me and them. It is doubtful whether they fly any faster than quail, but there was so much brush by which to note their speed, and they go up so far away, that it seemed they were not in sight long enough for shot to reach them; then they were always getting up when I didn't expect it, and made so much noise that it scared me half to death. On account of the scare and their quick disappearance I did not shoot at more than half of the birds that got up. The first twenty-five shots did not stop a single bird, and one that was shot at while sitting in a tree flew straight up above the tree tops, then flew out of sight. I began to think I was hoodooed on partridge and would never kill one. The nearest I came to killing one was when tracking it in the snow, and expecting a flight it rose from the further side of a log 10ft. in front of me and went straight away. After the smoke cleared there was quite a cloud of feathers floating where I last saw the bird, but that was all I ever saw of it.

"About the last day of that season one bird was killed, the only one after many miles of tramping, and dozens of shots that missed. There was something wrong either with the gun, myself, or the system of shooting. The chief trouble seemed to be that the birds flew too fast, and the brush bothered me too much. I had heard of men who shot with both eyes open and looking at nothing but the bird (not seeing the gun barrels at all), and began to practice that method, shooting at both stationary and moving objects, and was surprised to find how soon I was able to shoot about as accurately as when looking along the sights, and found the shot could be made in about half the time, or less.

"I also resolved that my eyes should take no notice of intervening brush or trees: that they should see nothing but the bird. The habit of shooting at targets with both eyes open was easily acquired, but when it came to field work it was very difficult to keep from dropping into the old way, and the only way to break it up was to constantly remember that I was shooting not to get birds, but to learn to shoot without seeing the gun barrels. It took the whole season to fairly break up the old habit, and it was found very much alive at the beginning of the next season, but was promptly suppressed.

"During these two seasons and until near the close of the next my shooting was altogether on quail, most of it being in woods of varying density. I found that as many birds were killed in the open and many more in brush than formerly, and felt that I could kill partridges; so the last week of the third season I took a trip for them, but bad weather prevented all but one day's hunting. On this day I saw six, shot five times and bagged four. Two of them were killed at a double shot, both birds rising at once, one flying squarely to the right and the other going straight away. I also found one bevy of quail, which scattered in a very close thicket of young white oaks, and got seven of them at seven consecutive shots. The missed partridge was a low-flying, straightaway bird, in fairly open ground. One would think it an easy shot, and I don't see why it isn't; but all the same, find I miss a larger percentage of such flights than any other. Why? I don't know, and will be mighty glad if some one will tell why. This score is not to be considered an average one. It was made when in perfect training and perfect health, both of which are important factors. I have missed many a one since then, but a great many have also found it too late to get away. To be a successful ruffed grouse shot requires a great deal of patient and careful practice; but after the art is once acquired, it is the most fascinating of all upland shooting. When you hear a man say he doesn't care for partridge shooting, set it down that he can't shoot them."

O. H. HAMPTON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Quail in Minnesota.

Quail have made their appearance in Minnesota in larger numbers than have ever been known before. They are abundant in the Mississippi River Valley below Lake Pepin. They are also numerous this fall in Wisconsin, east on about the same parallel as Wabasha, Minn.

Ducks.

This is going to be a good duck season in Minnesota. Mention will be made later of data.

The Quail Crop.

It is a singular fact that there seems to be such a thing as good game year or bad game year. This seems to be one of the good game years, and the abundance of game seems not to be confined to one section of the country or to any one sort of game bird. For instance, the quail crop is reported good from many different parts of the country. Lower Illinois will offer good quail shooting this fall, and so will the lower portions of Indiana. Around Paoli and Orleans, on the Monon R. R., a friend tells me the birds are very abundant. The country there is rough and sparsely settled, the population not always absolutely friendly to outsiders. There are a few deer and an occasional turkey to be had there.

From western Tennessee I have assurances that the quail crop is something almost unparalleled. My informant also adds: "More squirrels than for many years past." The same gentleman states that along the Hatchee River the turkeys have done well this season, and that he knows of several broods nearly grown, to which he will pay his respects in October. In the South there is still a little game left. I only pray it will not be butchered off the way the game of North Dakota was, the way that of all the West was butchered.

Protection in Texas.

FOREST AND STREAM was the first paper to start the sudden wave of sporting travel which went to Texas last winter. In this FOREST AND STREAM conferred a very questionable benefit upon that State in some ways and in some instances. But FOREST AND STREAM was also the first to recognize the drift of this and to urge a better enactment and observance of game laws. It appears the men of that vast empire have at length begun to realize that even their great account in game can be overdrawn, and bids fair to be overdrawn before many years. Even in Texas the rapid growth in protective sentiment is apparent. To-day I have a letter in point from Mr. B. F. Williams, of Quanah, Tex., who writes:

"We organized a game club here last year, but we are now reorganizing for the protection of wild birds, fish and animals throughout the State. Under our present laws it is hard to catch and convict anyone violating the game and fish law. They are shipping plover from here every day and the hunters are killing quail and shipping with them. We have had a man hired and with them for a week and as yet have not sufficient evidence to convict them.

"We shall lease 25,000 acres to protect quail until we can get a law passed that will stop the wholesale slaughter of game."

The above is only one of several similar announcements coming of late from the Lone Star State. Pending a law of the right sort and means to enforce it, Texas men will find it a good practical way to get rid of quail netters and other folks of that sort to ask them kindly to leave the country before half-past 2 the next day. I have known of several instances where market netters and shooters could not find it in their hearts to refuse a request of that kind when politely worded.

The Snipe Crop.

It is too early yet to get an estimate of the snipe shooting for this fall, as the jacksnipe are not yet down. At Lake Minnetonka, on the night of the last day of August, I heard one jacksnipe. On Sept. 8 I saw two jacksnipe at a bit of water about ten miles from St. Paul.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, who has a little cottage at Water Valley, Ind., tells me that since the opening of the season he and wife have killed 204 birds of all kinds included, mostly yellowlegs. He killed one white egret (the greater egret), a few jacksnipe and wood ducks.

Within the next two weeks we shall hear of the jacksnipe in lower Wisconsin and upper Indiana in good numbers in all probability.

The Duck Crop.

Unless early indications prove to have been deceptive, we shall have in the West, say in Dakota and Minnesota, an exceptionally good year for ducks. The great drought of the past few years, which prevailed all over those two States and also over Iowa and Wisconsin, has left a great many of the old sloughs dried up, it is true, and all the lakes show a lower waterline than was the case in the past; but there is a great deal more water this year than last, and the shooting is expected to be a great deal better. The flight is thought to be a trifle earlier than common, so far as can be determined at this date, though, of course, that depends on later developments in the weather in the extreme North. Ducks and geese are already appearing in upper Dakota, which resident shooters say are migratory birds from the North. There has already been considerable sport at the local birds which bred low down in the States above mentioned, but some way this does not seem to entirely fill the bill with the veteran wildfowler, who longs for cold October and the whistling wings of the strong flying travelers.

Jimmie McKay, of English Lake Club, Kankakee River, Ind., made high bag on opening day at that club: 33 ducks and 17 jacksnipe. Of the ducks 22 were blue-winged teal.

Mr. L. B. Clark, of Chicago, has gone for a long trip in Minnesota after ducks. He will visit Big Rice, Muskrat and Tamarack lakes, all of which are well up to the northern end of the State of lakes, toward the timber belt. Tamarack Lake was a few years ago one of the most phenomenal mallard grounds on the face of the earth. It was then shot down almost to death by market hunters. For two years it has not been shot so much, and it may be very good this year.

As an instance of the sport of modern duck shooting, as it sometimes happens, I would cite the case of Mr. C. B. Dicks, of this city. Mr. Dicks was out for several days, including opening day, and he succeeded in killing one duck, which cost him, including all attendent expenses, just $100. Ben says he killed two other ducks, but they fell in the mud and he could not get them. "You ought to see me hustle for them ducks," said he. "When I saw 'em lyin' there on the mud I knew each one of 'em was worth over $33. And yet I couldn't get to 'em. Ain't that tough?"

The Dove Crop.

In the South, which is the only part of the country where dove shooting is practiced, the doves have afforded a great amount of sport. Mr. Etheridge, of Georgia, with whom I lately talked of this style of shooting, said that it was, when rightly practiced, capable of good sport, but he decried bitterly the custom of certain shooters who made a practice of baiting fields hired for the purpose (spreading out grain for feed for a number of weeks, thus attracting all the doves in the country to the field). After the birds have been well wonted to such a field the shooters make arrangements for a grand butchery, and the numbers of the birds are such that bags of 2,000 a day are sometimes made. This is not sport, but mere slaughter.

Much better is the method described as practiced by Tom Divine, with a pail of sangaree, a fan, and a boy to pick up the birds. Anent the mention of this, one of Mr. Divine's countrymen, Mr. Benj. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., says: "I have been shooting a few doves *à la* Tom Divine lately, but to his equipment I have added a cot and a book, and instead of having the nigger boy retrieve I let him keep the flies off with a big palm leaf."

The Deer Crop.

I notice current comment in the daily press to the effect that deer are now very abundant at both extremes of the country. As is of course well known, they are plentiful in Maine, and it is stated that they were last season shipped into the Portland, Ore., market in such numbers they could not all be sold, and the hunters were ordered to send no more in for sale.

What the deer supply will be in Wisconsin remains to be seen. It is very likely that the deer will be abundant as they were last fall. There were a good many hunters in Wisconsin last season, and there will be more than ever this year, but the legal hunting does not much affect the game supply. It affects the supply of hunters a good deal, for I am told that the records show that thirteen men were killed in the woods of Wisconsin and southern Michigan last fall, accidentally shot by hunters who took them to be deer. This does not include the cripples.

I am asked by Mr. C. W. Evers, of Bowling Green, O., where a small party of four—himself, a Sandusky doctor, a newspaper man and another friend—can get good deer shooting in Wisconsin. They have been going to different parts of Michigan, and have been to the Rockies, but do not want to go so far as the latter place this year. In answer I would say that when in Wisconsin two years ago I saw enough of the country around the St Germaine lakes, and the region between there and the railroad to the east, to make me feel sure the deer were very abundant there. The sign was plentiful and I saw some deer, though not hunting for them, it being then close season. I should think any party knowing how to hunt deer could go in there, say at Woodruff, and thence up to Plum Lake or Star Lake over the new spur of the Milwaukee road, and make a very good hunt there, moving back from the settlements after making proper arrangements at one of the above points for guide and accommodations.

Lake Vieux Desert has good deer shooting near it, and so has Big Sand Lake, and a dozen places. Also I can personally recommend Fay Buck, of G. W. Buck & Son, Manitowish, as a guide who is honest, well posted and reliable as they make them. Fay Buck and his partner on the trapping lines can take a party to deer and see that they are well outfitted for the trip.

The Moose Crop.

We are going to have a moose country all of our own out here in the West before long now. In 1898 the moose law will be up in Minnesota, and there will be a grand moose country ready for investigation above Park Rapids and all the Lake Itasca region. Mr. J. Dodge, of Duluth, informs me that he constantly hears of numbers of moose in the region to the west of Duluth. He speaks of Bug Creek as an especially good range. Many moose have been killed illegally in Minnesota, but the law has been of great benefit. We have a moose country within thirty hours of Chicago.

Off for the West.

A party outfitted at St. Paul this week for a trip to the Gallatin country, the Yellowstone Park and the Jackson's Hole country. They expect to be gone three months. The party includes Messrs. D. Velie and S. H Velie, of Kansas City; W. L. Velie, of Moline, Ill., and Lieut. Bruce Wallace, of Helena, Mont.

Mr. S. Crawford Wrenn, of New York, outfitted with party at St. Paul this week for a long trip through the Big Horns and other parts of the Rockies. The party includes Messrs. Frederic Geraghty, of Jersey City; T. L. Livingstone, of New York, and Bernard Belladene, of London, England. Mr. Balladene was disappointed at not finding any buffalo around St. Paul.

Montana Abiding Places.

Mr. Will Cave, of Missoula, Mont., kindly volunteers the following help for the gentleman who lately inquired about a place in Montana where there was not too much winter and not too few deer. Mr. Cave knows what he is talking about, and is a hunter of skill and knowledge of the region in which he lives. He says:

"In response to your invitation in FOREST AND STREAM

of the date of Aug. 29 to further answer the somewhat vague inquiry of Mr. R. E. Miller, of Elmira, N. Y., regarding a Montana town where he can go for a few months' life on a ranch near deer and other game, will say that probably he can find the conditions he desires near almost any town in the State on the line of either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern railways. (When I say near I mean anywhere from ten to 100 miles.) If Mr. Miller is a sportsman of the true stamp—that is to say, one who does not go out with the studied intention of directing his utmost endeavors toward the extermination of the entire game supply of the State—he would have no trouble in securing the necessary information concerning the most favorable hunting grounds from any local sportsman residing in any of our cities or towns. If he should come to Missoula I should certainly gladly be of such service to him as I might be able.

"As you have inferred, the climatic conditions at Missoula or in the vicinity are more favorable than in the eastern portion of the State."

Off for the Old Southwest.

Mr. F. H. Lungren, an artist who has made a more than national reputation by his paintings of the types of Southwestern Indians, left Chicago yesterday evening for a trip of two months in Arizona, where he will make studies for further work in his chosen field. A very charming field of interest it is too, that of the old Southwest.

Rifle Note.

John Burke, of Englewood, this week was a spectator at the attempt of a Chicago policeman to shoot a wild Texas steer. The policeman had a rifle. Mr. Burke will not lose his leg. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

THE GAME PRESERVE SYSTEM.

THIS is what the Springfield *Republican* has to say about game preserves in this country:

"The preservation of game is a comparatively new and strange thing in America. A generation ago, when bison by the myriad scoured the great plains, and a short journey from any part of the country would bring one to the haunt of bear or elk or moose, the notion would have seemed an excellent joke. Indeed, it was not far removed from the days when 'game' had to be cleared off for the preservation of the human race. But times have changed since then. Our forests are fast going, and the wild things are vanishing with them. At the same time there has been springing up a great leisure class, with the means for expensive amusements and taste, largely acquired from our English cousins, for finding amusement in killing animals. The natural sequel will be the establishment of great game preserves, surrounded with high walls and guarded by keepers armed with guns, and crowded with such things as it is thought pleasant to kill. The reports of an enterprise of this sort in Berkshire are interesting. The wealthy New Yorkers who have bought up a good share of Mt. Washington for a game park—if that is really their object—could hardly have chosen a better place. The town has dwindled till there are only some half a hundred voters within its boundaries, and the wild and desolate hills are all that could be asked for the habitat of any kind of game, from deer down. The men said to be connected with the undertaking have ample means for establishing a magnificent place, affording as good shooting as is to be found anywhere in the world, and if the suggested plan is carried out and succeeds it is likely to be followed by others until the abandoned farms and desert places of the hill regions are brought under the control of the rich and devoted to purposes of amusement, as has been the case within recent times in Scotland. The fancy of our millionaires is only beginning to turn in this direction, but there is every reason to suppose that the tendency will grow until Americans will be familiarized with the spectacle of great high-walled estates stretching for miles and covering hill and valley—estates devoted to costly amusement, and on which no trespasser dare set his foot. It will be a strange and not altogether welcome sight in a democratic country, and will help to alienate still further the rich and the poor. There will be certain difficulties in the way of managing such estates, for the fundamental principle of preserving is keeping other people from shooting, and this is difficult to manage in a country where game keeping has not from time immemorial ranked above agriculture. It is not such .. great while since English landlords were allowed to set spring guns and man traps to kill any trespasser. The laws against poaching are still vindictive to a degree that would not be tolerated in this country, and the local police are taken from their proper work and turned into extra game keepers for the rich landlords. Yet with all this rigor it is difficult to preserve. The difficulty would be much less in many parts of this country, of course, because the population is less dense, and there is neither a class of trained and organized poachers nor a half-starved peasantry ready to wring a hare's neck at the risk of penal servitude. But both of these may come in time. It will be a good while before game preserving cuts any great figure in American life, but it will be surprising if vast areas are not ultimately devoted to this purpose."

Vermont Game Birds.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 11.—The crop of small game will be a prolific one in this section of Vermont this season. Woodcock, duck and hare shooting opened on the 1st inst. Ruffed grouse shooting opens on the 15th of the present month. The nut and fruit crop is also an abundant one, which means much to the gray squirrel hunter. "Bob White's" merry whistle has become a familiar sound, and we expect to soon have the Mongolian pheasant as another permanent game bird.

Mr. N. P. Leach, of the committee on new game, will have within another month a consignment from Sweden of forty capercailzie and black game to distribute in this State. STANSTEAD.

His Age would have Protected him.

I'VE been pretty busy, have had, however, three days afield, with miles of hard tramping, and a net result of one gray squirrel. Had I known (before firing at him) how old he was, my reverence for old age would have let him go scot free. O. H. HAMPTON.

Chordeiles Virginianus.

FAUQUIER COUNTY, Va., Sept. 12.—I have just eaten two of them and feel better. Killed some eighteen yesterday evening; been in a highly litigated insurance case all day; failed to get my dinner, at which my wife had a pie made of the aforesaid eighteen C. V. (a Virginia lawyer would say this meant Code of Virginia), and when tonight, before supper, I take up my last copy of FOREST AND STREAM and read the communication of Mr. Elting, I can appreciate the accurate description therein contained, for I know whereof he speaks. At supper, tired and hungry, my wife placed before me a portion of that pie containing two "bull-bats," and I can assure you their bones were duly picked and enjoyed, notwithstanding, as you say, they are "the night hawk," "an insect eater" and "not properly a game bird." They may not be "properly a game bird," but when a fellow is "chained to business," can get off only for an hour or so in the evening, and then has only to walk some 500yds. from his home and try his hand at bull-bats, there is excitement and sport, and when they are flying low and seem to be as numerous as the gnats upon which they are feeding, it takes a good shot to be always able to bring down his bird. Yesterday evening there seemed to be no end to them; this evening not a bird. Mr. Elting does not exaggerate in saying that upon some evenings 1,000 shots are fired in an hour on the outskirts of a town, and when the character of the guns, from the hammerless to the old army musket, is considered, handled by the expert and by the boy eager but inexperienced, is it any wonder that not one in ten is killed?

Some months ago I wrote you that an act had been passed by our Legislature prohibiting the killing of partridges or quail in this State for two years from the 27th of December, 1895. I am glad to learn that now the birds, thought to have been almost totally exterminated, are increasing, and I have seen and there have been reported to me many large coveys, so that if the law can be enforced (but of this I am doubtful) we will in a few years again have fine shooting.

Some weeks ago I enjoyed a few days' fine bass fishing in the Shenandoah and while in the river got one or two good pictures with my pocket kodak. When court is over and I can get a breathing spell I want to send you an account of that trip, thinking it might interest some one "who was born that way." The other fellows need not read it. The right, of course, will be reserved to the FOREST AND STREAM to help fill the waste basket or the stove with that, as with this, if not fit for publication, without any hard thoughts from C. M. WHITE.

Plover on Texas Prairies.

WE had hunted all the afternoon for plover and had driven to and fro over the prairie, which stretched flatly away to the horizon on all sides, until our eyes were worn out and our brains seemed to reel with the monotony of the view, but we had not found any plover.

So we gave it up and started home.

As it so frequently does after we have given up all hope, the luck changed. Standing in the middle of the road, with his slim neck high in the air looking at us, stood a plover. And when he flew, as of course he did, he led us to others. And when we flew, as of course we did (out of that buggy), we got him.

And thereafter we found others.

As we were using my gun and my friend objected to its kicking, he wouldn't shoot, so we (speaking editorially) had to do our endeavors. And nobly we did them—that is for us.

We (still speaking editorially) had killed some seven birds in some eight shots, and were feeling very jubilant thereat, when our friend pointed out a small "bunch" of plover that were feeding just at the outside and to windward of a small cottonfield. We approached these birds with great dignity and the gun.

The birds flew; the shot flew; two birds were annihilated, one with the right, one with the left.

Our editorial dignity grew upon us, but we observed another bird flying toward us from the cottonfield. We lost our dignity for the moment and hastily endeavored to get in another shell; our comrade objurgated us for our slowness; we got in the shell and we annihilated also that bird.

For a second we breathed easier, and our dignity commenced to return.

But two more birds came and our dignity fled, while with trembling hands we inserted two more shells. These two also we slew, and as the last report died out a little "nigger" who was picking cotton in the field gave a wild whoop and came running to us, breathlessly ejaculating as he arrived, "Boss, how you kin shoot!"

We complacently accepted this tribute to our greatness, and after picking up the slain drove along the same line of fence, looking for more.

We found them; we approached; they retreated; we killed two as they rose, and by reason of our late experience we inserted another shell so rapidly that we killed another out of the same flock as they left.

We were almost stifled with our pride, but again they came. Two reports were heard, and two more plover were counted to us. Our pride annoyed us; we could not shout with joy and say "Boss, now you kin shoot," but we felt it and—must it be confessed—we thought it.

MARION WARNER.

British Columbia Game Birds.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 1.—Blue grouse shooting started here on Aug. 15. Birds are plentiful, but it is very dry, we have had no rain to speak of for months; this makes it very hard work for man and dog, particularly the dog. Willow grouse and pheasants come in on Oct. 1. The English ring-necked pheasant is increasing fast; they are strong and hardy, and toward the end of the season the way they fly through the bush is wonderful, and a winged bird will run almost as fast as a dog.

VICTORIA RIFLEMAN.

North Dakota Game and Licenses.

FARGO, N. D., Sept. 5.—In this county thus far 437 licenses to hunt in North Dakota have been issued. We understand from reliable sources that the new game law is being well enforced. Wherever there is an efficient deputy game warden in that locality very little illegal shooting has been done.

As a rule game is fairly plentiful throughout the State, but good dogs and good shots are necessary to secure it.

C. E. ROBBINS.

An Old-Timer.

MR. F. M. DENNY, of the Baltimore Gun Club, who takes a great interest in all matters pertaining to shooting, has acquired two interesting articles connected with the past. One is a curiosity, being a double-barreled flint and steel gun. It was brought to Baltimore about 1793 by a Mr. Despaux, who died in 1820. Mr. Despaux came to Baltimore from San Domingo, and was a shipbuilder here for years. The gun was made in Marseilles, France. From an inscription upon it Vasseden Vignies is supposed to have made it. In gold letters sunk between the barrels and near the two locks appears the name "Canon Jordu," presumably the original owner. All the work is of the finest character.

Mr. Denny found among his friends on the eastern shore a few days ago an old powder horn. All the work upon it was done with a knife. It is inscribed with the name of the owner, William E. Bartlett, who was the grandfather of Rev. William E. Bartlett, pastor of St. Ann's Catholic Church. The inscriptions, "Where Liberty Dwells There Is My Country" and "United States of America," and representations of a duck and a flag, are engraved on the horn. In all his connection with gunning Mr. Denny has seen but one other double-barreled flint and steel gun.—*Baltimore Sun.*

More Rosy Reports from Maine.

DEAD RIVER, Me.—Sportsmen and readers of FOREST AND STREAM will perhaps be pleased to learn that Maine is talking of beating her last year's big-game record, and I should not be the least surprised if she did. As I am a Maine guide, and have been through the woods and at the merry ponds more or less all summer, I have had a chance to see something of the big game myself, and I will truthfully say that I have seen more than double the game this summer I ever saw before. Thirty-seven deer were seen all at one time in the water while crossing the pond. All kinds of game are more plenty than ever before except caribou.

Any sportsman visiting Maine this fall surely will have no trouble in getting what game the law allows him to take, and this is all due to the good enforcement of the game laws. Our wardens have and are doing their best to protect our game, and Maine will this fall get her reward for it. J. G. HARLOW.

Still-Hunting in the Town of Schroon.

STILL-HUNTING, so called, but accompanied by the baying of sleuth hounds, has been going on for some days in the town of Schroon. Several hunters have been engaged in the chase, as above noted, and fifteen deer have been killed, all ahead of dogs, as we are informed by one who has been on the ground. Venison sold at Schroon Lake last week for 7 cents a pound. The latter part of the week a deer was taken to Schroon Lake and offered for sale, but did not find a purchaser at any price, showing that the market had been glutted. It is indeed too bad to know that such lawlessness is being permitted within the borders of Essex county. The best men of Schroon are against such outrages, and public sentiment throughout Essex county does not uphold the breaking of law. Would it not be well for game protectors to be more alert? We verily believe it would.—*Elizabethtown (N. Y.) Post.*

Another Egg Whopper.

"THE wooden nutmeg makers of Connecticut have to yield the palm to the English egg collectors," said B. F. Martin, of San Francisco, at the Shoreham. "The islands along the Pacific coast are infested with thousands of gulls that build their nests and rear their young there. English egg men have begun to purchase these eggs in such quantities that galleries are being established along the coast, and the exportation of gull eggs bids fair to almost equal the exportation of California fruit in value. There are millions of the eggs on the islands. The remarkable thing about it is that the gull eggs, as such, are not salable in England except to the dealers. They are the size and shape of some eggs that are rare and valuable, and the Englishmen palm them off on collectors as very rare specimens, coloring them, when necessary, to carry out the deception."—*Washington Evening Star.*

In Colorado Mountains.

MR. H. S. CLARK, paying teller of the Lincoln National Bank, whose success with the rainbow was noted in these columns last season, left New York last Saturday in company with Mr. H. H. Todd, his hunting companion, and Col. Royal E. Morse, for Dunkley, Routt county, Colo., just over the Continental Divide. They go for elk and bears, and reports from a local hunter and guide, who will meet and accompany them, are very promising for a successful hunt. They expect to be gone a month. They will go by stage fifty miles from civilization, and then by pack horse fifty miles further to their camp in the grouse region. As Mr. Clark has taken his camera, we may expect some views as well as some remarkable stories, of which you shall hear in due season.

JACOBSTAFF.

Washington Game.

OKANOGAN County, Wash., Sept. 1.—This has been rather an unfavorable year for game in our corner of Uncle Sam's preserve; it was a very cold, wet and backward spring. The grouse did not do well, although there are in some parts of the county quite a lot of blue grouse. The sharp-tails do not seem to thrive on civilization. The ruffed have done better. As the northern half of the reservation was opened for prospectors this spring, it was soon flooded and the deer were either killed or run across the line into British Columbia, where they are afforded much better protection than on this side. But never mind, we will have some protection thrown around their old haunts after the game is exterminated.

Quite a number of Canada geese hatched along the Okanogan this year. LEW WILMOT.

Connecticut Quail.

QUAIL have been heard and seen in this section more frequently during this summer than for many years; also partridges are quite plenty, and if we have the usual flights of woodcock the coming open season should be better than an average for many past years. A.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 8.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

Mr. H. M. F. Worden, chairman of the legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, has issued the following call for a meeting of that committee:

"The legislative committee of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, of which I am chairman, and you a member for your county, will meet for permanent organization at the Commonwealth Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa., the evening of Sept. 30, at 8 P. M.:

"First, to consider some effective system of protection to our game and fish under a properly formed department to enforce the laws.

"Secondly, the consideration of a general revision of our game and fish laws, and such other needed alterations governing the same as may come before the committee.

"I trust that you will be willing to assist in assuming the initiative, and if necessary make some personal sacrifice to attend this meeting.

"Any who have given this subject any thought cannot but realize the need of prompt and united action, in order that the game of our Commonwealth shall receive protection similar to that accorded it by our sister States."

Barnegat Birds.

Barnegat Inlet, Sept. 12.—The fishing here during the past week has been poor, nearly all the captains reporting small catches. Large flocks of snipe and plover are seen daily in the vicinity of the Sedge Islands and Sea Dog Shoals, and seem quite tame, as only few sportsmen have tried this fascinating sport. Black ducks are arriving in Barnegat Bay in bunches of ten and twenty-five, flying high and headed to the South. Sea Dog.

Game and Fish Protection.

THE TEXAS CONVENTION.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 10.—While all the sportsmen of Texas welcomed the prospect of meeting in Waco on the 5th inst. for the purpose of laying the foundation of an organization for the protection of game, all were agreeably surprised at the large attendance, the evident enthusiasm in the cause and the prompt manner in which the convention expedited the business at hand.

About 125 delegates were present and every section of the State sent its quota of representatives.

A committee on permanent organization was appointed by temporary chairman Lockett, of Austin, consisting of J. H. Quarles, of Waco; L. Howe, of Ft. Worth, and O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, and they reported the following officers, who were promptly elected: President, R. R. Lockett, of Austin; Secretary, Turner Hubby, of Waco; Treasurer, Walter V. Fort, of Waco.

The president was empowered to appoint a vice-president for each county in the State, and the committee recommended the appointment of a legislative committee into whose hands will be placed the material necessary for a bill embodying the demands of this body, to be presented to the next Legislature, which convenes in Austin this coming winter.

The following communication was read: "Victoria, Tex.—Reliable information of shipment from here this season of over 54,000 plover and great preparation for slaughter of quail impresses upon us the necessity for game protection. We suggest a law prohibiting the transportation out of the State, but will cordially cooperate to secure the passage and enforcement of any law your judgment may deem will secure the desired result. F. C. Proctor, William Petticolas, Lloyd Ward, I. W. O'Connor, Theodore Buhler, Eugene Sibley, W. A. Wood, H. Gervais, H. D. Applegate, Dave Cassety, L. A. Fritz, B. F. Williams, F. J. Allnoche, A. S. Thurmond, J. Johnson, L. P. Leibold, I. S. Bushler."

The convention adjourned to meet in Austin during the session of the incoming Legislature, subject to the call of the president. Texas Field.

Chairman Lockett read several suggestions regarding organization and plan of work, suggesting a commission to protect game.

A committee was appointed to consider and report on the same. J. B. Gilbert, of Houston, deputy sheriff of Harris county, circulated among the members copies of proposed amendments to the present game law formulated by the Harris County Game Protective Association and submitted to the last session of the Legislature. The amendments passed the Senate, but were so butchered in in the House they were withdrawn. These amendments provided for the protection of fish (except hook and line fishing) from Feb. 1 to July 1 in non-tidal waters; and forbid nets and traps, or use of poison or explosives for killing fish, with penalties for possession of fish out of season. Close season for deer, Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; wild turkeys, April 1 to Oct. 1; prairie chickens, Nov. 1 to Aug. 1; quail (partridge), April 1 to Oct. 1; trapping or netting forbidden at all times; wildfowl shooting at night forbidden. Antelope protected from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1; possession of game or fish prohibited in close season; killing game for shipment out of the State forbidden; exportation forbidden.

The committee to take action on Mr. Lockett's recommendation reported as follows: 1. Game to be declared the property of the State. 2. The duties of game warden to be added to that of Fish and Oyster Commission. 3. Pheasants to be protected for five years; doves to be protected from March 1 to Aug. 1. 4. Possession out of season of any game bird, wildfowl or other animal protected by laws of this State shall be *prima facie* evidence of guilt.

The committee also advised the adoption of the amendments of the Harris County Game Protective Association, as printed above, with slight changes in Articles 427, 428 and 429, the same to be used as the basis of a bill to be presented to the Legislature. This was adopted by the convention and the permanent chairman instructed to appoint a committee to draft the bill.

The Texas Game Protective Association was adopted as the title of the organization.

NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH INTERESTS.

The monthly report of State Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, for August, says:

"Only two events worthy of special mention have transpired during the month, the first being an appeal taken to the Supreme Court in the case of a number of convictions, the defendants attacking the constitutionality of the general fish and game law. The defendants referred to are a number of Italians in Atlantic county whose depredations were interfered with by Warden Schneider. The accused were convicted in the lower court and took an appeal to the Common Pleas, where the judgment below was sustained. They have now obtained a writ of certiorari removing the cases to the Supreme Court for review, citing as their reasons the alleged unconstitutionality of the Voorhees act, by which lay judges were abolished, and also attacking the fish and game act, claiming that the latter is special legislation and that the title does not indicate the purport of the act. The Supreme Court has already in another case decided the question of the validity of the Voorhees act, thus disposing of that question, a point which had been rendered additionally weak in the case of the Italians by their having recognized the Atlantic Common Pleas as at present constituted by taking an appeal to that tribunal. The question of the validity of the general fish and game act will be argued at the next term of the Supreme Court. Counsel informs me that there is little doubt that the judgment of the Atlantic Common Pleas will be sustained.

"The other matter worthy of special mention is the purchase of a considerable quantity—50,000—trout from an Eastern trout hatchery. In connection with this purchase I desire to call the attention of your honorable body to a large number of applications which have been received from different parts of the State for some of these trout. I have received sufficient applications to dispose of ten times the number of trout purchased, and it is evident that some of the applicants will be disappointed. The trout at present average over 2in. in length, and as the full number of 50,000 is to be delivered in New York City, there ought to be little loss between the metropolis and the streams where the fish are to be planted. If some of the applications made were to be acceded to, a large portion of the whole consignment would be wasted, for I have applications for streams where no trout has lived or could possibly live, and in some cases the demand is altogether out of proportion to the size of the water desired to be stocked. In accordance with instructions from your honorable body, I have informed all persons making applications for trout for private streams, or for streams where adjoining land owners restrict fishing, that the Commission will stock no waters to which the public is denied access. The trout will not be distributed until the latter part of October, up to which time applications may be made for them, blanks for which can be obtained on application to my office."

The record for the month shows twenty-nine prosecutions for killing song birds, hunting on Sunday, fishing with set lines, having bass under size, and other offenses, with a total of over $550 collected in fines.

PROTECTION IN FLORIDA.

The sportsmen of Ocala have organized a game protective association, with Dr. Wm. Anderson as general manager and a governing board consisting of Wm. Anderson, F. A. Teague, B. T. Perdue, O. T. Green and James W. Sanders. Some seventy-five members were enrolled. The object of the association is not only to rigidly observe the present game laws of the State, but each member has made a pledge to do all in his power to see that other people do the same. These men recognize the fact that unless the game of the State is protected as the law already directs, in a few years the prestige that Florida has enjoyed as the huntsman's paradise will only be a memory. The general manager, Dr. Anderson, is the right man in the right place, as he is a true disciple of rod, reel and gun.

It is worthy of note that only a day or two after this step by the Ocala sportsmen the Jacksonville *Times-Union*, which is the leading paper of the State, printed this most sensible editorial on the need of better game protection for the State:

"The *Times-Union* has for years urged upon the people of Florida the necessity of preserving the game now remaining in the State. For years tourists, visitors and the home population have slaughtered the wild beasts and birds in such wanton manner that an emergency now arises which demands a halt upon this wholesale killing. The Eastern States have passed through the experience that is now threatening us, and the West has seen the same process almost denude its prairies and forests of the birds and beasts which should be protected by law.

"From the experience of other sections Florida should learn the lesson of caution. The preservation of the wild game of the country is a question that has forced itself upon other sections of the country, and its importance is rapidly becoming apparent in Florida, the State in which game abounds most plentifully. Only a few years back deer, turkey, quail, partridge and other game were to be found in great numbers in our woods. To-day the conditions have changed to such extent that a hunt upon the part of the sportsmen involves much labor and small returns.

"Pot-hunting is largely responsible for this, and should be suppressed. There is ample game remaining in Florida to breed each year, and still keep the State at its present high status as an unexcelled field for the sportsman. But to perpetuate this condition new and comprehensive laws must be enacted fully covering the situation, and these laws must be rigidly enforced. Game laws without full operation are worse than useless, and unless every county in the State, through its local authorities, administers the law in a strict and conscientious manner, the people of the State must suffer in the future the same expensive experience now being undergone by other sections in the endeavor to restore game species almost extinguished by wanton slaughter. At present the fish in Florida waters are so plentiful as to seem well nigh inexhaustible, but State laws should be enacted for their preservation to a much more practical extent than now exist, and these questions should occupy the early and serious attention of the new body of lawmakers who meet in Tallahassee next year."

A Sullivan County Grouse Snarer Brought to Time.

A game case of much interest was tried in Monticello, Sullivan county, N. Y., last week, and the conviction of the offender is said to be the first ever had for the violation of the game laws in that county. The action was one brought by Game Protector Kidd, of Newburgh, against John H. Davis, of Emmonsville, Sullivan county. Davis is a storekeeper, who has long carried on a traffic in snared grouse shipped to the New York market. On Sept. 30, 1895, some of the local sportsmen observed at the express office of the New York, Ontario & Western R. R. a small box labeled poultry, directed to Wm. H. Cohen & Co., commission merchants, of this city, and with a tag bearing Davis's name. They called the attention of the express agent to the box, telling him that he must well know that it contained game and that he was forwarding it contrary to the law which forbids the transportation of game unless accompanied by the owner. More than this, they informed the game constable, who seized the box and sent for Protector Kidd. Dr. Kidd found that the box was full of grouse, and an examination showed that at least six of them had been snared. He proceeded against Davis; but on Davis's representation that the box had been left at the express office temporarily, while he was waiting for the train to go with the game himself to New York, the action was made one to cover the penalty for having in possession snared grouse. The case was tried before Judge Fursman, of Troy, in the Supreme Court of Sullivan county, Messrs. Headley & McClung, of Newburgh, appearing for Davis, and ex-District Attorney Couch being associated with Clarence Moss, of Waring Bros., for the prosecution. The defense relied upon the contention which they advanced that when the birds were seized they were not in the possession of the defendant, but of the express company. Judge Fursman, however, summarily squelched Mr. McClung by pointing out that the possession had been already acknowledged in the answer filed by the defendant. Among the amusing features of the trial was the testimony of Davis that he had shot the birds, using double BB shot; if that were true, Judge Fursman suggested, the BBs would be likely to leave some shot marks, and there were five witnesses to testify that there were no such marks on the birds. The defendant's wife also testified that she had gone with her husband to see him shoot the birds, and that he had drummed them up within range; it was not shown, however, that the defendant had wings to drum with. The jury convicted on three birds, making the fine $75, and the costs will amount to $100 more. The sportsmen of Monticello are outspoken in their satisfaction at the result of the trial and all commend the way in which Protector Kidd handled the case. It is believed that the good effect of the conviction will be manifest. At least one industrious shipper of snared birds will be less active for a while.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XII.—Garrett Van Hoesen.

The village boys called him Garry Van Hooser, and I am not sure but the whole family pronounced it in that way, but Garry could write, and he spelled the name as it is given above. He had been a clerk in the grocery of Thomas B. Simmonds since my earliest memory, and had none of the Dutch accent common to his people, for at this late day the descendants of the original settlers of the Upper Hudson often spoke Dutch, and their English had an accent which Garry had lost by frequent contact with other people. He was older than I by some six to ten years, and was a shy young man, who never seemed to have any companions, and often went fishing and shooting alone or with his spaniel Coody, which was a good retriever. He told me where he got the dog, but where its name came from even he did not know. He said: "Oh, I do' know, he had to have a name and I just called him Coody."

That settled the matter to the satisfaction of Garry, the dog seemed to be pleased with his name, and who could object.

One day in '48, after the election of Gen. Taylor as President, when the ice was just thick enough for skating, I had been told to stop at the grocery for something when I came home to supper, and Garry said: "I am going up to the mill pond in the morning to spear eels. How would you like to go with me?"

"First rate; what must I take along?"

"Nothing but a pair of woolen mittens; your hands will freeze without them. I'll put up all the grub we want. Meet me here about 9 in the morning and we'll start."

During the night about 2in. of snow fell. The morning was still and clear, and the snow was soft and dry. Garry carried the basket and axe, while I shouldered the long spear up past the schoolhouse and along the railroad, which then came down to the lower ferry, to the mill pond away up by the red mill. The snow was blinding as we faced the morning sun, and it also reflected every sound. The far-off crows seemed close at hand, a little sapsucker pecking on a tree made a great rapping, and we could hear what the men were saying down at the mill. "Why is it so still after a fall of snow?" I asked.

"It's always that way after a snowstorm," he answered, and I went along not entirely satisfied with his laconic answer, but accepted his statement of fact. Some philosophers give us equally lucid explanations and take a whole volume to do it in.

"A week from now the ice will be too thick to spear eels," he said, "and it would take half an hour to cut a hole. It's just right now, nearly 4in., and no one has been spearing here this year. Down yonder, in the bend, is where they bed; the water is deep there."

All eels bed in the mud in cold weather, and an eel spear for soft bottom has a stout central tine barbed on both sides; then come flexible tines, about five on each side, with barbs on the inside only. The tines are nearly a foot in length and radiate from the pole-socket in a flat plane, which is some 10in. wide at the lower end. Rigged with a light pole 20ft. or more long, the mud is sounded in a regular manner in a circle of perhaps 30ft. in diameter. When an eel is struck the spear does not pierce it, but holds it by the spring of the tines, which open and clasp it.

It was soon apparent why woolen mittens were an essential part of the outfit. As they became wet they were warm, even with ice on the outside of them, just as a boy's foot will be warm after the first chill when his boot is full of ice water if his stocking is of wool. But continual freezing to an icy spear handle is hard on a mitten.

I watched Garry begin sounding under the hole and then increase the circle until the spear handle was at an acute angle with the ice, throwing the spear strongly into the mud and then withdrawing it. He brought up sticks, brush and an occasional eel which soon stiffened on the snow. "How can you tell whether it's an eel or a stick?"

"That's easy enough, try it."

He chopped me a new hole and I made a thrust. "Harder," said he, "shove it hard or the barbs won't snap on 'em," and I sent the spear into the mud. An eel? No, a stick! After landing several sticks something was struck that wiggled and sent little thrilling pulsations up the staff, and then I knew all that is to be known about spearing eels through the ice. It is not a high class sport, but it gives a boy an excuse for an outing in winter and is a healthful exercise. This thing of exercise is better understood to-day than when I was a boy, and men who go out with rod and gun are not thought to be idle, good-for-nothing fellows, as they were thought to be half a century ago. Not that I was not an "idle, good-for-nothing fellow," who preferred a day's shooting or fishing to a week's confinement in school, but I am speaking in a general way, excepting "present company."

About noon Garry flung the spear in the snow and said: "I'm hungry, what do you say?"

Now that the matter was mentioned, there did seem to be something lacking, and without giving it that profound consideration which Garry gave to questions, I answered him in his own simple style: "So 'm I." All the morning I had been as silent as he; in fact, when a fellow gets shut up with such short answers as are here recorded there is nothing for him to do but to shut up. But how I did want to talk about the habits of eels, what they found to eat in the mud and other things. Away up the pond, a quarter of a mile away, a man was chopping wood. The sound of his stroke did not reach us until his axe was raised again. I asked father about this when I got home, but I did not intrude the question on Garry. He did not then encourage talk.

We went ashore by a spring and made a fire. Garry opened the basket and brought out bread, butter and sausages. Just how he could cook the last was a mystery, and they could not be eaten raw. Bolognas were unknown then, as this was before the German invasion and the era of limburger, schweizerkäse, bolognas, pretzels and lager beer. I gathered dry fire wood and watched. He dragged two long limbs and rested one end of each upon a low stump. This was table and chairs. Then he took birch twigs and ran them lengthwise through the sausages and stuck them up before the fire. The ground being frozen, he held them nearly erect by pieces of wood and there they fried in their own fat, the birch twigs imparting no bad flavor. A tin cup of water from the spring served for both, and if a hungry boy astride a branch of a tree with a big birch chip for a plate did not do full justice to his appetite then, he never did.

Many a dinner did I eat after that one, but this was so exceptionally good that it stands out in bold relief. During weary months in military prisons the odor of those sausages came in hungry dreams. The white bread from Jonas Whiting's bakery and the butter from Dennison's farm were often remembered in days when such remembrance was more substantial than anything in sight.

That dinner is memorable for another thing. It opened up a human mind. John Atwood had said: "Garry Van Hooser never talks because he doesn't know anything to talk about. He just knows enough to weigh a pound of tea and say, 'Yes 'm, fifty cents.'" When I told John a little of this trip he was incredulous. The eels were in evidence, however, he couldn't deny them.

After we had destroyed the dinner and Garry had lighted his pipe, he remarked between puffs: "When spring comes we will go down in the dead creek and shoot ducks. I often go there alone, but have felt that I wanted some one to be with me, some one to talk to at times. I went down there once with John Atwood, but he talked all the time and scared the ducks away. Now you don't break in when a man is thinking, and we've had a good time. I don't know what you were thinking about when we were spearing, but I thought that if it is true that this world is round and turns over every day, how is it that the water does not spill out of the holes we cut in the ice, and why the weight of the trees does not pull 'em out of the ground when they're upside down. I don't say that I don't believe it, but I can't understand it; and men that know more than I seem to believe it, but they can't tell just how it is. I never had much schooling, and this thing has bothered me for years. It keeps me awake nights and bothers me daytimes. If I ask about it they make fun of me. Now you've had a good education and I want to know what you think about this thing, and if you don't know how it is don't tell that I asked about it; for there's a lot o' fools that don't know the first thing about this business, and don't care, that are always ready to make fun of a fellow who does want to know."

This was the longest speech that I had every heard Garry make up to that time. I explained the rotation of the earth as well as I understood it, and afterward gave him what literature bearing on the subject I could find, and his reserve was thrown off. He was a different man to me, and I soon liked his simple, honest ways, his studious mode of looking into things and his philosophical conclusions. Every man's mind is a study, a curiosity, if you will, if you have time and inclination to look into it. It is curious because it differs from yours.

After his long speech, delivered between puffs on his pipe, and my explanations, there was a period of silence. Then he asked: "Did you ever trap any rabbits?"

"No; I've shot a few, but never trapped any. Why?"

"What time do your folks have breakfast?"

Without seeing any intimate connection between the trapping of rabbits and the hour when our family broke their fast, I replied: "In summer at 7 and in winter at 8. What's that got to do with catching rabbits?"

"I was thinking that you'd have time to tend the traps if you could get up about 6 o'clock. Then you'd be back in time to get breakfast and go to school. There's lots o' rabbits up in the woods back o' the rye field, and I've got six box traps stored in the old barn there. If you'll see to 'em every morning we'll go over there now and set the traps before we go home. What d' you say?"

"Tell me all about it, and I'll do it. It must be heaps o' fun. Come on."

We crossed over to the rye field—a field so well known to every boy as the ball ground, where no one drove us off, but which had been a pasture since my recollection—and carried the traps into the woods. Garry had got some sweet apples and we set a trap here and there where rabbit signs were thickest.

"When you come to a trap in the morning," said he, "if it is still set you want to see that the bait is there and the cord or the spindle is not frozen so that it can't work. If it has been sprung you want to go slow and find out what's in it. If it's a skunk he'll let you know when you touch it with your boot, and then you want to tie a long string to the cover and let him walk out. If it's a rabbit, put in your hand and take it out."

"Won't it bite?"

"No, they never bite. The best way to kill them is to hold their hindlegs in your left hand, and hit 'em with a stick in the back of the neck."

"I don't believe I could do it. I can shoot one, but I know I could never do that."

"Yes, you could; it's easy enough. But if you are afraid to do it that way, take a bag, put the mouth of it over the trap, dump them into it, and bring them down to me."

That seemed the best way. I was not afraid to kill a rabbit by shooting it—Garry did not understand me—but the bag scheme let me out and it was settled in that way. We went back to the mill pond, gathered our basket of eels and went home. I promised to let Garry know how many rabbits I had and to let him do the killing.

Next morning I was up very early. There had been a light, drizzling rain during the night, and now there was a hard crust on the snow which crunched under foot and made a great noise. The first trap was approached with a quickening pulse, and my heart was beating high as it was neared. Alas! it was unsprung and the cord was frozen fast. The crust did not tell if the trap had been visited, but the apple was untouched. All the traps were in the same condition, but I fixed them so that they would spring, and on the way home reported the facts to Garry.

"You needn't have gone to them this morning," said he, "for you might have known that a rabbit would not go out and get all covered with ice in a rain like that one last night."

I might have known, but with a head filled with the excitement of a first visit to rabbit traps, with the expectation that at least one rabbit might be found in each, I never thought that they might prefer dry hides to my traps.

The next night was clear and crisp, and oh, how cold that morning was! The stars seemed to echo my tread on the crackling crust as I trudged along. The first trap was unsprung and my faith in taking rabbits in box traps was shaken. Old tracks, made before the crust was formed, were abundant, and there was "sign" on the crust where no tracks could be seen. Surely there were rabbits there, if they could only be caught. These were the thoughts when the second trap was sighted. It was sprung! The rapid puffing of an early freight train on the railroad below did not exceed the beating of my heart. Cold as it was, a perspiration broke out all over me. Pshaw! Perhaps the string had broken or the trigger had slipped from the notch!

I stood for a moment like one in a dream. Could it be that the trap actually held a rabbit? I went up to it and kicked it lightly with my boot. There was no indication of an "essence peddler" in the air] and I peeped in. There was the game crouched in the far end. I let the trap down and for a few moments enjoyed my triumph. I was a mighty trapper! Me!

This was long before the deer episode related in No. VII., and a rabbit was the largest game that I aspired to. Heart never beat faster over a first grizzly or bighorn than mine did then. As I have said, I had shot an occasional rabbit; but this early morning tramp over crusted snow seemed somehow to make the event seem like the life of a real woodsman. A great part of Greenbush was asleep, and here was I in the forest with its largest game in my power!

I carefully adjusted the bag over the trap and then opened it. There was a thud in the bottom of the bag, and then a glimpse of something gray and a sound of "zip, zip," and if that was really a rabbit it was gone. The unexpected had happened. That was all I knew, and there was a period of depression such as always follows intoxication. After pulling my scattered senses together, I reset the trap and went on. The third trap held a rabbit, and with the last failure in mind great care was exercised in arranging the bag. No mistake this time! I knew how to hold him. I knew how, but somehow the same thing happened again. The second time the unexpected occurred, and some old philosopher has said that this is the only thing that ever does occur. I was despondent and demoralized, especially when the next two traps were found empty. As the sixth and last trap was sighted, the fact that it was sprung started no heart pumping. I was cooler now that I had seen just where the last rabbit got out. The bag had been tight around the trap until the traps was opened; the top and front end were nailed together, and the bag left a hole on each side when the trap was opened. Twice was enough. The mistake should not occur again. Remembering what Garry had said about a rabbit not biting, I put in a hand and brought the trembling animal out in some way, either by the ears or the hindlegs; memory fails to recall how, but it does bring back the pitiful cries that rang through the woods. This troubled me, but I hardened my heart and dropped the game in the bag, and started for home with my prize, in triumph not unmixed with other feelings.

With bag on shoulder I stopped at the foot of the hill to drink the strong sulphur water of Harrowgate Spring, of which Col. Raymond and I were so fond, as told in sketch No. VIII. Here the events of the morning were reviewed in cold blood. Hardly two hours had passed, but the crowded events made it seem ten times as long. The little creature was still now, probably wondering what would come next. After pondering for a while on the escape of the two rabbits and taking another swig of Harrowgate, the recollection of those pitiful cries came up in full force. Then I seemed to realize that they came from a poor, terrified and harmless thing that I was taking to be killed without the excitement of the hunt. I peeped into the bag. Two large eyes and a trembling form were in the corner. Somehow the grip on the mouth of the bag was loosened, the bottom was turned up and a white lump of cotton in a field of gray went bobbing off into the brush.

When I entered Tom Simmonds's store I said to Garry: "Here's your bag; I haven't got any rabbits and don't want any. I'll go up and spring the traps after school; it's time for breakfast now."

It was months afterward before I told him the whole story, and he said: "Well, I don't know as I'd like to kill a rabbit if it cried like that. The fact is I built the traps some two years ago, and after some such scrape as yours I left them in the barn. Some boys like to trap rabbits, but I don't care anything about it; I only thought you might like it."

I am not so chicken-hearted as this story makes me out. I have been a trapper for fur, will tell you about this a few weeks later, and I never had the slightest feeling of pity for a bloodthirsty mink, marten or other animal of that class. I have killed them in steel traps, found them frozen to death in them, and have seen where they left a leg behind, and never felt more pity for these merciless brutes than I do for an oyster when I eat it alive. Somehow the very helplessness of a rabbit appeals to a fellow, and its plaintive cries —. I give it up! I let that rabbit go that morning by the waters of Harrowgate and that is all there is of it. I have tried to make a story of it and failed.

Once or twice after the eel spearing scrape Garry asked me to fish with him, and the other boys wondered at it. Some years later we shot ducks, yellow-legs and rail along the dead creek, an inlet on the island below Douw's Point, and above the hilly dwelling of "der Yawcum Stawts wot lives on de Hokleberie."*

This creek is now filled up and is known no more except as a low, marshy spot. We had a good day once; two mallards, a wood duck and some half a dozen rail. A very good day it was, for ducks were wild and not plenty, when Garry crawled up to a flock and got three. Coody retrieved them, but unfortunately they proved to be tame ducks, and the owner came down on Garry. I was below and kept still, hoping for a shot if anything came my way. After waiting a while a mud hen got up below me, flying low, and I shot. I missed the mud hen, but hit Garry in the back of the leg, and he promptly yelled. He had paid the man for his ducks and then went around back of me, hidden by the brush, and was just in time to intercept a few shot that the mud hen failed to get because of its haste. The shots, some half a dozen, were only under the skin in the calf of his leg, and I had no trouble in taking them out with a pocket knife.

Said Garry: "It's lucky that I was below the bird or your lead would have gone in deeper."

"What were you doing down below me and how did you get there? I didn't see you. I thought you were up above squaring it with the man for his tame ducks. I suppose he wanted twice what they were worth."

"No," said Garry, "he won't charge much; he trades with us, and will bring me the ducks and settle to-morrow. I wouldn't like to take up a lot of tame ducks; the boys would laugh. Now, see here! If you will promise never to tell that I shot into a flock of tame ducks I'll give you my word that I won't say a word about your shooting me in the leg. Is it a go?"

"It's a go!" Garry is dead and it's a long time ago. As both stories are told now for the first time, I don't see that any harm is done to him. Neither of us meant to do it, and after all the intention, in a shooting case, is always carefully considered by a jury.

Garry was short and stout, wore his face without hair, and his teeth were stained by tobacco. I should think he might have been born about 1825, but while I knew of his death and attended his funeral, I have pressed every button in memory for an approximate date, but the wires seem to be crossed and I can't say between which of the epochs from which I date things his death occurred. These epochs are: first, going West in 1854; second, coming back like the Prodigal Son in 1859; third, entering the army in '62 and returning in '65. Mr. Garret M. Van O'Linda thinks he died in 1861, and that seems likely.

I only know that he married about three weeks before he died. It was like this: I was in Greenbush one day. Here a wire seems to straighten out in memory and indistinctly buzzes: "Then it was after 1860, for you were often there then," and then the circuit is broken. I went into his store and he invited me into the back room.

"I want your advice," said he, "and I ask it because I am only a raw countryman and you have more knowledge of the world than I have."

This almost took my breath. If he was contemplating the opening of a grocery in opposition to Tom Simmonds and Mat Miller it was useless to consult one like me, whose only object in life so far had been to get what fun he could out of it, and whose knowledge of business was *nil*. Of course I did not formulate all this then—I was merely surprised, and asked: "What's up, Garry?"

He thought a moment and then said: "I am thinking about getting married, and am in doubt whether it is the best thing to do or not. What do you think?"

If memory reflects my mind at that time, I did not think. Here was a man who was shy of men and boys, one whose business compelled him to talk to women and girls, but whose shyness cut the conversation to the strictest business limits. I was astounded! Pulling my scattered wits together, I said: "Why, Garry, I never heard of your keeping company with a girl; who is she?"

He told me, but it was no one that I had ever heard of. Said he: "She is the nicest girl I ever saw, and she comes to the store every day and I can talk to her by the hour. She is not a bit like the other girls that come in. I wish you could see her."

That settled the marriage question. Of course, I had nothing to say and he didn't expect I would have, but he was compelled to confide his secret to a human being of some kind and the one before him served his purpose.

In after years whenever a box trap was stumbled on in the woods it brought up the picture of Garry Van Hoesen, the shy, sensitive fellow who longed for human sympathy, but from a lack of aggressiveness or an excess of diffidence, self-consciousness, or whatever you please to call it, seemed lonesome in this great bustling world. If I'd

* This is a phonetic spelling, as the Albany Dutch spoke it when they referred to Joachim Staats, who lived on the Hogleberg, or "hog's back," the only hill on the island, just back of the landing known as Staats's dock.

brought him that rabbit in the bag he never would have killed it. It's sixteen to one that he would have done just as I did.

If Garry had read Sterne he might have quoted the remark of Uncle Toby when he released the fly, but his reading had not included "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," and consequently he did not know of the incident, but Garry's heart was kind and true. His few intimate friends he held fast and he followed the advice of Polonius to his son:

> "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
> But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
> Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."

In after life I have fished with men of all conditions in life, men of high character and men of no character to speak of, men of education and intelligence and those who had neither, but among them all I have a warm spot in my memory for simple, honest Garry Van Hoesen.

FRED MATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 5, following my article on Capt. Ira Wood, is a little note from Mr. O. H. Hampton which under a complimentary disguise invites those whom I have fished with to write me up. Now, my dear Mr. Hampton, I appreciate your kind intentions. You mean well; but don't you see that the men whom I have written up are all dead with the exception of Col. Charles H. Raymond, in sketch No. VIII.? When I gave him warning that I would write him up as one who had sat on a log while I did the fishing, he replied: "Go ahead if you have no fear of retribution; I know more bad things about you than you know of me," and he declined to give me a photo, or at least "regretted" that he had none. From relatives I got a picture and some facts of his life and wrote him up. He cannot do this to me, because I left Albany and went vagabondizing in the West as soon as I was old enough, and the only "facts" that are accessible are those musty ones in Fish Commission reports, which no one would read.

No, Mr. Hampton! I will quote Robert Emmet: "Let no man write my epitaph," not even the tombstone man with his chisel, because if he lies, as tombstones generally do, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be deceived, and if he tells the truth my surviving relatives will be shocked.

I thank Mr. Hampton very much for the implied compliment, but must decline to yield the floor, until I get through, to any of the "Men I Have Fished With."

F. M.

A MONTH AT LAKE WINNEPISEOGEE.

BOSTON, Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Report your luck," says the editor. But suppose a fellow didn't have any luck worth reporting. Report anyway how you tried and how the fish wouldn't bite, and all about it. So here is a brief story of our outing on the shores of New Hampshire's beautiful lake.

Saturday, July 22, at 4.30 P. M., saw our party unload at the little station of Spring Haven in the town of Alton, and on the west shore of Winnepiseogee, midway between Alton Bay and Lakeport. There were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Seaver, of East Boston; Mrs. Smart, our Annie and Seaver's intelligent shepherd dog Jack.

Temple cottage, the summer home of the Seaver family, is situated on high land overlooking the broadest part of the lake, and is as snug and cozy as one could wish. Our baggage once there, it didn't take long to get the shutters off and things straightened out for four weeks of good solid comfort, away from the noisy city and free from all business cares. Next day the cedar boat Henrietta was taken out, the fishing tackle put aboard and a good, honest endeavor made for bass. But there were no bass for us either on that trip or the next. We fished and fished—we had all kinds of tempting lures—but a regard for plain facts compels me to say that I didn't catch but two bass while I was there, and those were under 1lb. in weight. When we wanted a mess of fish, we were obliged to content ourselves with perch and horn pouts, and they were both good eating. There were plenty of bass near the gravelly bottom, but take the bait held out to them they would not. I rigged up a minnow net and got a good supply of very lively young whiting—so lively were they that they frequently took the slack line through the guides in such a fashion that I thought sure I had a bass on, but on striking I was soon undeceived. I was by no means alone in my ill luck, for campers all about had poor fishing so far as bass were concerned.

The second week was devoted to building a boat house for the Henrietta, and as my friend Seaver is a very handy man with tools, and I can drive nails reasonably well, we put up a very good-looking structure 16ft. long, 6ft. wide and same in height. Indeed, we flatter ourselves that it will compare favorably with others along shore both in architectural design and construction. Although I hadn't any particular use for them, I set up several rods complete, just to see how they would look on the brackets: not wooden pegs, mind you, as in some boat houses, but good solid iron brackets. Among them was my favorite—a hornbeam fly-rod made by the famous Amasa Ward, who many years ago built the first camps at Hell Gate Falls on the Dead Diamond River.

A handsome series of views of the camp—the big pool, the old roll dam at the head of the causeway, the falls and the starting point just above the forks—hangs over the desk at which I write this screed. Honest, faithful old rod, after ten years' service it is as good as new. Not a season has passed since my first trip up the Diamond in 1884 that I haven't used that piece of handiwork on the Diamond, the Magallaway, the Perham stream and Sandy River at Phillips, or the Auberton stream at Rediington, and always with a feeling of intense satisfaction. But I have got off considerable distance from Lake Winnepiseogee. Of course, we kept on fishing, and when not fishing we went through the fields and pastures for berries, both blue and black, and we picked quantities. Strolls through the woods were frequent, especially during that terribly hot week, when we had a chance to find out where there cannot fail to be good shooting this fall; for, go whichever way we would, partridges were sure to scurry out from our vicinity. We heard an occasional gun too, and I am very much afraid there were poachers abroad.

But now before closing I want to propound this query to those of your readers—and there are many that I personally know—who fish at various seasons in this lake, and that is, Why is not black bass fishing better? And of course there will be various reasons advanced, one of which may be that I am not much of a fisherman, or that I don't know where to look for them. The first may be true, perhaps it is as to bass; but the second can't be, because I didn't go out after bass that I didn't see big fellows in plenty. I am inclined to the belief that the true reason is that there is so much natural food in the lake that they have no interest in anything that looks to them out of the usual course. The lake is literally full of small fish—smelt, shiners, whiting, etc.—and when the bass wants a meal all he has to do is to go into the shoal water and get it. Frequently we saw big red perch, pickerel and bass driving the little ones so hard that they threw themselves out on to the sandy beach to escape their voracious pursuers.

I would really like to hear from others on this subject. Last year, referring to my poor success, G. L. G. W. told of his excellent fishing, and I trust he repeated this year; but all I know is that they were not for me. However, we had a most enjoyable four weeks, and were really sorry to be obliged to house the boat, close the cottage and return to the city.

WM. B. SMART.

THE LAKE CLAIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our season is drawing to a close. Only about three weeks of fishing remain, and already the birches and maples begin to show some red and yellow leaves and the cedar cones are turning brown. We have discontinued fishing in some waters, but in Lake Clair the trout spawn so very late that we do not scruple as yet to take all we want to eat, which in fact is all we ever do take. Trout are never wasted at our camp.

The fishing has been good all the season except for a few days in the unparalleled hot weather of July and August. Our fish never run large, as I have often told you. "Herring size" is our pattern, but this year we think they average decidedly larger than usual.

A few days ago one ouananiche of about 2lbs. weight was taken, a result of our hatching in 1892 or 1893. Its presence in this lake was accidental, as we did not purposely put any fry into it. The waters of this hatchery, however, discharge into it and some eggs were spilled from the troughs. We have accordingly reason to expect good results from the waters where fry was placed, though we so seldom visit them that so far we really know little about them. My catch last year of one of ¾lb. and one of 1¼lbs. would indicate that the fish were thriving.

We have had about our usual number of visitors this year, with perhaps more than the usual amount of life and gaiety. More than once has our workshop been turned into dancing room and concert hall. Our camp register is rich in contributions and decorations, and our ladies' room in ornament of painting and wood carving, especially the latter. I inclose a copy of an ode written in the register, adapted to an air familiar to many of those of us whose years now run into the sixties, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

LAC CLAIR.

(Air, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp.")

Some glacier hollowed a winding bowl
And furrowed its rocky rim,
The springs welled up from each cranny and hole,
And down from the hills the waters stole
And filled it up to the brim.
Then bush and tree from their burrs and cones
Sent seeds on the moving air,
To cover with forest its rugged stones,
With branches that utter the wind harp's tones,
And thus was made Lac Clair.

Then birds and beasts in its forest shades,
Secure from peril or fear,
A home for their tender nurslings made,
No hunter or fisher near.
But soon the hungry red man came
And builded his hut on its shore;
He fed his children and dusky dame
With its swarming fish and wandering game,
And furnished his meager store.
The white man came with his stalwart arm
And ransacked its forests through;
Little he recked of its subtle charm,
With fire and steel he wrought it harm
And sullied its waters blue.

Then soon the men of the city throng
Would come to breathe its air,
And fill its forest glades with song,
And lo! a new Lac Clair.

We have enjoyed more than usual the songs of the Canadians, of which we have had a great number and variety, and, as not always happens, people who could sing them. The many of your readers who have fished and hunted with Canadian guides know and appreciate the charm of these songs, sung around camp-fires or on canoeing trips. "En Roulant ma Boule," "A la Claire Fontaine" and many others will come to their recollection at the mere mention. We had a score of those familiar and another score or two of less known airs.

These songs are not especially Canadian, being mostly old French, with now and then some slight local adaptation. Some of them have been printed in Canada, but the majority are only known here traditionally. The Canadians have no distinctly national music. One version (I think not the best) of "A la Claire Fontaine" has been adopted as a sort of national air, and is played at concerts and the like in connection with "God Save the Queen."

At our festivities we close our entertainments with both of these and "The Star Spangled Banner" in addition, as both my brother and I are American citizens.

Both the Union Jack and Old Glory are raised and lowered morning and evening whenever either of us is present at the camp, either with or without guests.

Our greatest "function" of the season was the formal naming of our new gondola, a craft built on the premises and combining some of the features of a canoe with the capacity of a steam launch, and withal decidedly Italian in general appearance when in the water. I send you a photo of her as she now lies, hauled out for another coat of paint. The ceremonies were jovial and original without being burlesque, and took place by torch light. The faithful Nazaire was present by special invitation and naturally held a special place among the *personnel* of the camp, an honored guest.

The following evening the work-people gave him a *fête* that he will remember as long as he lives. It was in loving recognition of the qualities that kept him twenty years in our service and endeared him to everyone, though lately advancing years have shown him that he can no longer endure the fatigues and hardships inseparable from the duties of *garde forestier*. Dear old Nazaire! The tears came into his eyes when the unlettered *doyen* of our present staff, with a dignity and grace that many an orator might envy, made him a little speech.

So you see that at Lake Clair there are many pleasures besides those of catching trout. Your readers will perhaps have difficulty in locating our particular Lake Clair, for of lakes Clair, Long, Croche, Travers, à la Vase and the like there are naturally very many in this province. Ours is *the* Lake Clair.

G. DE MONTAUBAN.

QUEBEC, September, '96.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of my hermitical moods, which tend to philosophical meditation, I pored over the contribution of Alice Damarest in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 8.

The article is so delightfully feminine that I should be glad to know more of the writer of it. Ordinarily I am not much interested in femininity, and have sojourned for some years a number of miles distant from any representative of that portion of my race. When in town at intervals I have noticed the undoubted better half of humanity on various occasions. I have seen it in the offices of lawyers manipulating typewriting machines, in the telegraph cages, some of it in bloomers and upon bicycles, and not long since I saw a portion of it in convention endeavoring to arouse a hurrah for universal suffrage. Indeed I have noticed a fair proportion of it all over my nearest town.

In these woods and mountains, however, women are never seen; therefore it is reasonable to presume that the fish here know nothing of them, and that they know nothing of the fish. But there are otherwheres and other fish, and there are other philosophers, such as Rex, who seems to have too much assurance.

The fair contributor to these chronicles leaves us to conjecture some several material matters. Among them the proper words to adopt in addressing her, the amount of familiarity we may venture in replying to her observations, and finally her whereabouts and the variety or varieties of fish that her one particular fisherman, Rex, discourses about. However these things be, the latter individual is peculiarly fortunate in having the former individual quote him so gracefully, and rely so implicitly upon the science which he, ah! only he, can make adorably interesting.

With all the deference allowable to her confidence and faith in Rex, in urbane language, with as much French in it as I can spare, I really must insinuate that in my opinion Rex at times articulates through his *chapeau*. This is really no disparagement to Rex, chiefly because most men when they speak about fish are inclined similarly. Yet they shouldn't do so.

Now, Alice—begging pardon—but how can I adopt a prefix that I don't know is correct, unless I say madam—and I abhor madam—I say that Rex, with all his profundity and scientific lore, knows no more about the feelings of a fish than I do. And I differ with him, and hence I write.

As to fish feeling pain, the topic has been discussed in this journal heretofore, and much has been said and much more might be said "on both sides." I think they do feel, and feel pain, and nobody knows. I will only object here to the arguments or logic of Rex, who makes me jealous by the way he has hypnotized—or that is, inspired some folks.

After admitting, forsooth, that fish are intelligent, and that they reason only from "facts and previous experiences" (by the way, that is a good start for them to reason from; I usually commence there), he hence infers that when a fish takes a fly his only idea is to get away with it. Permit me here to interpolate that it always appeared to me that when a fish took the fly, and felt the hook, he always tried to get away from it. According to Rex, "in his joyous struggle" the fish is only anxious lest the fly should get away. Let me re-insinuate that it is usually apparent that in his frantic struggle the fish is only anxious to get away from the fly. Then, Rex says, no matter how much his mouth is torn, he is always ready to renew the struggle by taking a second fly. Verily, Rex has been catching starving fish with very, very callous mouths.

After the fish that Rex catches is taken into the boat or "out of the swim," his struggles are only the result of "reflex action." The fish, according to the philosophy of Rex, feels no pain—merely an impulse to struggle, gasp, shiver and go through a series of physical contortions entirely independent of and exempt from pain or feeling. In this, as the court sometimes remarks, I fail to concur. Let Rex imagine himself going through the experience. Would he not, in all probability, be reflexibly actuated doubly automatically, with all the physical alacrity of a fish unless he got so full of water as to make him stupid and sulky?

Illustrative of reflex action, Rex explains it very neatly. He says, Alice, that if the sole of your pretty little foot (by which I confidently assume you are not of Chicago) were tickled you would withdraw it immediately, not because you felt anything, but because you couldn't help it. Hey, there, Rex—your logic will not connect unless you obliterate the word and definition of feeling entirely, substituting therefor your reflex action notion. If the pretty foot was tickled without warning or in the dark, would it not withdraw? What sense other than feeling would cause the effect? Like you, Alice, I adore science properly administered, but there is a kind of logic that fills the world with words—signifying nothing.

The wisest of our counsellors doubt the possession of their fondest acquisitions of knowledge and hesitate to claim their particles of wisdom. Indeed, man can scarcely analyze his own feelings, sentiments and emotions. How may he then, by process of reasoning, analyze the feel-

ings of others or of other animals? It is pleasant to conjecture and believe that the lower orders of animals suffer little pain, but it is dangerous ground to allege they suffer not at all. True humanity will not presume the latter possibility, but deal considerately with every living creature. Fish must be, and will be, victims, and it is well to let them fight for their lives when hooked; but they should be killed at once when taken—not left to flounder in a boat, die impaled with a barbarous stick, or suffocate in a bag or creel. A sportsman is known by some of these things, and some of them denote the instincts of the barbarian. RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.

P. S.—In the perusal of the paper by Alice Demarest, referred to, I think I detect traces of sarcasm. I think I perceive that she does not implicitly rely upon everything Rex says; that is, as regards fish. But she expounds his dangerous doctrine. R.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY'S STOCKED WATERS.

THE Lehigh Valley Railroad Company has for the past few years, with the assistance and coöperation of the New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania State Commissioners of Fisheries, given particular attention to the stocking of rivers and streams along its line with the fry of game fish, selecting waters already noted for their excellence from the angler's point of view.

The following is a complete list of these stocked streams. If there is any preference as to locality it would seem to be that part of the Upper Susquehanna between Wysox and Falls, including such points as Wyalusing, Laceyville, Skinner's Eddy, Black Walnut, Meshoppen, Mehoopany, Vosburg and La Grange. The list gives the creek stocked, the river into which it empties, and the nearest point with railroad station:

Creek.	River.	At or Near.	R. R. Station.
Mulhockaway	Raritan	Clinton, N. J.	Clinton, N. J.
Bushkill	Delaware	Easton, Pa.	Easton, Pa.
Saucon	Lehigh	Freemansb'g, Pa.	Freemansburg, Pa.
Monocacy	Lehigh	Bethlehem, Pa.	Bethlehem, Pa.
Little Lehigh	Lehigh	Allentown, Pa.	Allentown, Pa.
Jordan	Lehigh	Allentown, Pa.	Allentown, Pa.
Trout	Lehigh	Slatington, Pa.	Slatington, Pa.
Weisshtown	Lehigh	Slatington, Pa.	Slatington, Pa.
Meadow Run			
Aquashicola	Lehigh	Lehigh Gap, Pa.	Lehigh Gap, Pa.
Poco Poco	Lehigh	Parryville, Pa.	Lehighton, Pa.
Lizard	Lehigh	Lizard Cr. Junct.	Lizard Creek Junct.
Nut Valley	Lehigh	Bowman's, Pa.	Bowman's, Pa.
Mahoning	Lehigh	Lehighton, Pa.	Lehighton, Pa.
Little Bear	Lehigh	Bet. M. Chunk and P. Haven.	Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Quaker	Lehigh	Penn Haven Junc	Penn Haven Junct'n.
Stony	Lehigh	Stony Creek, Pa.	Stony Creek, Pa.
Drake's	Lehigh	Drake's Creek, Pa.	Drake's Creek, Pa.
Mud Run	Lehigh	Mud Run, Pa.	Mud Run, Pa.
Hickory Run	Lehigh	Hickory Run, Pa.	Hickory Run, Pa.
Little Hays	Lehigh	Near Tannery	Tannery, Pa.
Big Bear	Lehigh	White Haven, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Pine Run	Lehigh	White Haven, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Nescopec	Susquehan'na.	Nescopec, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Tobyhanna	Lehigh	White Haven, Pa.	White Haven, Pa.
Tunkhanna			
Big Wapwallopen	Susquehan'na.	Wapwallopen, Pa.	Glen Summit, Pa.
Pike's	Susquehan'na.	Nanticoke, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Toby's	Susquehan'na.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Stout's	Susquehan'na.	Ransom, Pa.	Ransom, Pa.
Ransom	Susquehan'na.	Ransom, Pa.	Ransom, Pa.
Falls	Susquehan'na.	Falls, Pa.	Falls, Pa.
Bowman's	Susquehan'na.	Tunkhannock, Pa.	Tunkhannock, Pa.
Mehoopany	Susquehan'na.	Mehoopany, Pa.	Mehoopany, Pa.
Meshoppen	Susquehan'na.	Meshoppen, Pa.	Meshoppen, Pa.
Tuscarora	Susquehan'na.	Skin'er's Eddy, Pa.	Skinner's Eddy, Pa.
Sugar Run	Susquehan'na.	Wyalusing, Pa.	Wyalusing, Pa.
Wyalusing	Susquehan'na.	Wyalusing, Pa.	Wyalusing, Pa.
Rummerfield	Susquehan'na.	Rummerfield, Pa.	Rummerfield, Pa.
Myersburg, Burell, Little Wysox	Susquehan'na.	Wysox, Pa.	Wysox, Pa.
Satterlee	Towanda	Monroeton, Pa.	Monroeton, Pa.
So. Branch	Towanda	So. Branch	So. Branch, Pa.
Feeders of Loyal Sock	Loyal Sock		Satterfield, Pa.
Birch	Loyal Sock	Bernice, Pa.	Bernice, Pa.
Lopez, Loyal Sock, Pigeon and Sauter; Rock Run and Sherman Run	Susquehan'na.	Montoursville, Pa.	Lopez, Pa.
Painter Den Run, South Brook and Wolf Run	Loyal Sock		Newell, Pa.
Two Streams, headwaters of Mehoopany	Mehoopany		Ricketts, Pa.

THE McCLOUD RIVER.

BAIRD, Shasta County, Cal., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the excellent article recently contributed to FOREST AND STREAM by Ransacker, under the above heading, I noticed one or two slight errors which I am sure that Ransacker will be glad to have corrected.

The Indians' name for the McCloud is pronounced by them more like "Winni-mame" than "Winne-mim," as Ransacker gives it; and it does not mean Clear Water, but the Middle Water.

As Ransacker says, the Pit River, the McCloud River and the Little Sacramento were named on the early maps of California the East Fork, the Middle Fork and the West Fork. The Indian names for these streams are very similar, practically almost identical—their name for Pit River being Poo-ee-mame, or East Water; for the McCloud, Winni-mame, or Middle Water; and for the Little Sacramento, Numpty-mame, or West Water. So, after all, it will be seen that the Indian name, Winni-mame, which Ransacker recommends so strongly for the McCloud, is not much more romantic than its English name, McCloud.

I think I may take exception also to Ransacker's wholesale condemnation of the catfish. Anyone who has had more than a very limited experience with the catfish knows that in many waters they are considered, as they really are, a very palatable and valuable fish. In the great city of Philadelphia, for instance, there is no more valued fresh-water fish than the catfish, and no one more in demand.

The following paragraph appears in Ransacker's article: "About twenty-five years ago, or in 1871, the Government established a trout hatchery on the Winne-mim (or St. Cloud), and later a salmon hatchery. Some years ago the trout hatchery was abandoned, having fulfilled its mission, and the State having gone into the business on the Sacramento. Now only salmon eggs are taken on the Winne-mim."

The facts in regard to the matter are that the salmon hatchery was established on the McCloud by the writer in 1872. It was not till 1879 that there was any trout hatchery on the McCloud. The salmon breeding station has been maintained by the Fish Commission continuously since its inception in 1872, except that for four years, from 1884 to 1888, no active work was done in collecting eggs.

Ransacker makes another mistake in saying that salmon eggs are taken here early in August. They are not collected till the last part of August.

Several paragraphs in Ransacker's article are devoted to establishing the proposition that "Such an establishment (as Baird Station) conducted by this Government should incubate many times 600,000 salmon eggs."

I need reply to this only by saying that Ransacker was away off in making this statement, for the output of this station was 10,000,000 salmon eggs, instead of 600,000, as he has it.

As the writer founded this station originally, and has had charge of it nearly twenty-five years, he may possibly be pardoned for being a little over-sensitive in regard to printed misstatements about the place, and Ransacker will doubtless accept this article in the kindly spirit in which it is written. LIVINGSTON STONE.

Sept. 1.—The salmon spawning season here has opened with a larger take of eggs than has ever been known at this station during the month of August, viz.: 1,477,400. This is unquestionably due to the successful work that has been done at this station by the U. S. Fish Commission in the last few years in the artificial hatching of salmon eggs. LIVINGSTON STONE,
in charge, U. S. Reservation, Baird, Cal.

A RANGELEY LANDLOCKED SALMON.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—Col. D. W. Farquhar, of the staff of the late Gov. Greenhalge, is much of a lover of fly-fishing. He had a piece of delightful sport at Rangeley Lake the other day, and all the better because it was unexpected. His family had been summering at the Mountain View, Rangeley Lake. He was called down there by the illness of his little boy. Fortunately he found the little fellow better. Borrowing a 5½oz. split-bamboo of a friend, with a small line and a few flies, tied on No. 8 hooks, he had a guide row him down to Smith's Cove. There he found a friend who had been fishing, but was just on his way to South Bog Stream. Mr. Farquhar asked his friend where he should fish. His friend suggested just beyond the lilypads, near the shore, where he had just taken a few good trout. The first cast Mr. Farquhar made he hooked a handsome trout, and soon had him in the net. The second cast, made as for trout, clearing the line with the left hand, the flies went out about 40ft. There was a mighty swirl, but the strike was too quick, and the fish was not hooked. Again Mr. Farquhar cast, dropping the fly, a yellow hackle, exactly on the same spot as before. There was a big splash, and the fish was hooked. The next instant the fellow was out of the water full length and Mr. Farquhar was greatly excited. The guide called out: "Salmon! salmon! Look out!" The fight was a masterly one, the salmon taking every tactic known to that most gamy fish; leaping free from the water and then sulking toward the bottom. The little rod, under skillful management, was master of the situation. The guide evidently knew his business, and caught every inch that would bring the boat out into clear water. The fight lasted over three-quarters of an hour, when Mr. Farquhar was victorious, with a 6½lb. landlocked salmon in the boat, landed on a hook the bend of which was scarcely more than ¼in., and a 5½oz. rod. Mr. Farquhar says the strike, the leaping and the runs were all perfection, such as the landlocked salmon alone can give. He freely acknowledged that he was excited, knowing what his rigging was, and seeing what the fish was doing, but the excitement gave him the forethought and skill that is a part of the expert fly-fisherman's action. Justly proud of his achievement, he is showing the little hook and fly—much worn and frayed—to his friends. He has purchased a tract of shore land at Hunter's Cove, Rangeley Lake, and will immediately build a cottage there. Fortunately for sportsmen, land can be purchased on the shores of a part of Rangeley Lake, but everywhere else on the Rangeleys camp lots can only be had by lease.

Sept. 12.—Mr. L. O. Crane, who with his wife and father went down to Round Mountain Lake in July, has made a much longer stay than he anticipated. The other day Mr. Crane wrote his father: "The fishing is fine, and trout from 1lb. to 1¼lbs. are taking the fly freely. I took nine yesterday morning in an hour and a half, and after 8 o'clock we took fifteen, all with the fly. We do not bring in all we catch, for we cannot eat them, and put back many trout every time we are out of from 1lb. to 1¼lbs. in weight." Mr. Crane believes that the partridge shooting will be good in that vicinity in the open season. He saw them at almost every trip through the roads and old lumber roads.

Mr. Charles L. Bly has just returned from Round Mountain Lake, where he has been for several weeks. At the camps are Mr. Julius Wolf, of Colorado, and Mr. Hugo Kiefin. This is Mr. Kiefin's first trip to Maine, and he likes it so well that he will stay till Oct. 1, possibly later. Mr. H. W. Smalley and Mr. R. S. Harvey were also guests there. Mr. Harvey has been to nearly every camp in the Dead River Region, as well as Kennebago. Mr. W. S. Eaton, with his family of six, was to go in to Round Mountain on the 12th. Mr. J. N. George is going in on the 19th, with his family, for a three weeks' stay. Mr. George was at Round Mountain on the first of July, and was so pleased that he determined to come in the fall with his family.

The Scordon Club is another shooting club, formed of eight Boston sportsmen. They have a lease or have purchased a large tract of land at Scordon, on the Cape, and have erected a club house, with boat houses and guides' quarters. They have an ideal spot for shooting, including a good tract of marshes, where the flights of birds past the Cape most naturally stop. Their upland is also well adapted to grouse and quail. A year ago they put out several dozen quail and they believe that the birds have done well. Mr. A. L. Finney, one of the earnest members of the club and a great lover of quail shooting, was down the other day, and in driving along the road in the vicinity of the club house he started several broods of quail. The members of the club have strong hopes of good shooting in due season.

Never have the plans for fall shooting been more marked among Boston sportsmen than at the present time. A great many men will go to Maine as soon as the open season on moose and deer begins. Many will go to Aroostook, with points along the Aroostook Railroad already selected. Guides are engaged, and the slaughter of moose and deer will be great again. Others will wait for the first snows. The feeling is general to seek the more distant and inaccessible spots and to avoid the resorts that have been too much boomed in the papers. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Grayling and Trout.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 11.—Mr. F. L. Bridgman, of Chicago, is just back from a fishing trip in the southern peninsula of Michigan, where he had very good fortune. He fished the Au Sable, below Grayling, doing all his work within fourteen miles, or as far as Wakeley's Bridge. In a day and a half to his own rod he took seventy-five trout, some very fine ones, and says he saw thousands of trout in the stream. He was also so lucky as to take two grayling, one a very fine specimen of 14in., which he kindly brought to me at the FOREST AND STREAM office, and which I am having preserved, so that I can look at it and make myself feel bad all winter. Unless Mr. Bridgman caught the last grayling there was, I shall need one of my own next summer.

It would seem that the trout have taken the Au Sable, and that the grayling is doomed in the last of the great grayling streams. Yet it is possible even to-day to get a grayling if one be well posted. Mr. Bridgman told me that during his visit a man went over to the South Branch of the Au Sable and in one day took nine grayling that weighed 8lbs. He said that the grayling were still abundant there. Always just a "little further on."

A Chicago-Wisconsin Fish Story.

Mr. Frank K. Dunn, of Logan & Co., Chicago, fishing from an anchored boat on Tenderfoot Lake, Wis., west of State Line, this month caught, in the time of fifty-five minutes from the time the anchor was dropped, and with twenty-one consecutive casts, twenty black bass, smallmouths, an average of one each two and two-thirds minutes. Mr. Dunn did not spit on the bait or use other unfair means of angling.

Bass Fishing on the Johnson.

Mr. Will R. Post, of Detroit, owner of the beautiful yacht Queen Anne, writes to his friend, Mr. C. W. Stansell, of Chicago, and invites him to join the party for a two weeks' bass fishing trip on the Johnson Channel, St. Clair Flats, they two then and there to decide who is the only and absolute bass fisherman for the Flats, on which honor they both claim a tie. Mr. Post is so good as to include in his invitation also Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, and myself, and it is rather discomforting to have to send regrets. I couldn't have a bit of fun in this country if I was turned loose for a few years.

Wishininne and Others.

Members of the Wishininne Club, of Chicago, meet in a little dinner to-day, and bid good-bye to several members who start this week to State Line, Wis., for a fishing trip. Mr. W. L. Wells, Dr. A. M. Fuller, Mr. Cleveland and one or two others of this city go together, and may be joined later by others. The fishing now is excellent in waters adjoining that point, more especially the bass fishing, though a number of good 'lunge have recently been taken.

Bass in Indiana.

Dr. B. W. Hollenbeck, of Westville, Ind., with whom I discovered the source of the Calumet River last summer, called at this office, and reports the big-mouth bass as taking the frog in an engaging and enthusiastic fashion in the waters of that region.

A Large Rock Bass.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., speaks of taking on a recent fishing trip on a lake of the Arkansas Valley "a beautiful rock bass, or bar fish, as it is called in this country, weighing 3lbs." E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

An Extraordinary Catch.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—It was the first muster of the Naval Post after the arrival home of the delegates and visitors to the thirtieth national encampment of the G. A. R. at St. Paul, Minn.

After the close of the Post the returned visitors were entertaining the stay-at-homes with incidents of the trip. The Senior Vice-Commander told of seeing a big-mouth black bass caught in Bear Lake weighing 38lbs. The Aid-de-Camp switched off the encampment trip on to the big fish side line with the story of catching a jewfish on the South American coast weighing 600lbs., when the Inside Sentinel, who by the way is an Irishman, chipped in with: "When I was out on the west coast of Africa we caught a castor oil whale." A chorus of voices fell in the rising inflection: "A castor oil whale!" "Yes," said the Inside Sentinel, "where do you think castor oil comes from? And we took 188 barrels of castor oil out of him." And a solemn silence settled down over the group that you might have thrust a marline spike into and it would have stayed there. VETERAN.

Politics and Dynamite.

SHELDON, Vt., Sept. 10.—Large catches of black bass are made in the Missisquoi River and in the waters of Silver and Crystal (Dream) lakes. After a long fight Mr. Leach has succeeded in having one Hugh Green convicted and fined for using dynamite in Crystal Lake. The fine was $100 and the costs at least another $100 or over, making the whole amount about $325. Green is a local politician of some repute and brought every influence possible to escape the conviction—but he has learned a lesson. The mills of the Vermont Fish and Game League grind surely if slowly. STANSTEAD.

Munising Bay.

MR. A. ST. JOHN NEWBERRY, who described Munising Bay in our issue of Aug. 22, writes: "Have just returned from a second trip to these waters. On Monday, Aug. 24, between 2:30 and 5 P. M., I took twelve trout weighing 18lbs. All taken on the fly—coachman, silver-doctor and Montreal; No. 3 hooks."

NIAGARA COUNTY ANGLERS' CLUB.

LOCKPORT, Sept. 11.—The Niagara County Anglers' Club had such poor success last spring in their tournament at Youngstown that they decided to have another trial of their fortunes with the black bass. Accordingly a committee was appointed and arrangements made for a day's fishing on the Niagara River near La Salle. Fifty members of the club took the 7 o'clock train yesterday morning for the rendezvous, resolved to accomplish great things piscatorially.

When the fishermen reached Tonawanda an electric car was in waiting which conveyed them to La Salle, where boats and bait had been prepared. Each boat was numbered and on the train the fishermen drew to see which boats they would occupy.

J. Frank Smith, one of the party, who is a Republican, drew No. 16, but by mistake got in boat No. 1. The fishermen have since been addressing him as 16 to 1.

Twenty of the fishermen tried their luck in Canadian water and the remaining twenty-six fished on the American side. A steamer visited the fishermen every two hours, supplying them with bait and lunch, and at 6 o'clock the small boats were towed to La Salle, where an excellent fish chowder was in waiting. Tables had been set in the long boat house of Jos. Mang.

The sportsmen returned to La Salle by the electric cars and caught the Erie train to this city, arriving at 9:10, well satisfied with the day's outing. There were many amusing incidents of the occasion. Jake Fisher felt a heavy bite at his hook and was nearly pulled from the boat. He called for assistance and the steamer arrived in time to lend a crew, which assisted in landing a 12lb. mullet. John A. Merritt was not as successful a fisherman as a politician, as he only secured one black bass. The following is the individual catch as recorded by Secretary F. K. Sweet; the bass, unless otherwise designated, are black bass:

F. K. Sweet, 6 bass; George W. Batten, 1 bass; W. R. Hoag, 6 bass, 3 rock bass; Charles Warren, 4 bass; John Wilson, 3 bass, 1 perch; Frank Reynolds, 2 bites; Charles Whitmore, 1 bass; E. Carey, 1 bass, 1 perch, 2 rock bass; John Craddock, 1 yellow pike; W. W. Steele, 1 perch, 1 rock bass; Cris Wolf, 3 bass; J. T. Davison, a collection consisting of about 400 of the following: clams, tadpoles, beetles, perch, rock bass, dogfish, bullheads, leeches, sunfish, snakes and crabs; A. H. Stevens, 2 bass; Fred Williams, 3 bass; W. B. Ryder, 1 bass, 1 perch; E. J. Emerforpher, 3 bass, 1 perch, 1 rock bass, 1 sheepshead, 1 sunfish; J. E. Emerson, 1 bass, 1 yellow pike, 2 rock bass, 2 catfish; O. D. Prudden, 5 bass; J. F. Davis, 12 bass; A. L. Smith, 12 bass, 1 blue pike; La Barr, nothing; J. Frank Smith, nit; James Carter, 3 bass, 3 perch; L. H. Sureman, 3 bass, 2 rock bass; D. E. Broug, no fish; T. H. van Horn, 2 fish; Bert Furgason, 6 bass; D. G. McKim, 0; W. J. Jackman, 3 bass, 1 yellow pike, 1 perch, 1 rock bass; John A Merritt, 1 bass; Jake Fisher, 2 bass, 1 sucker; W. R. Smith, not worth mention; F. B. Lewis, 7 bass, 2 rock bass; David Millar, 1 bass; F. N. Trevor, 2 bass, 2 rock bass, 1 blue pike, 1 perch; W. E. Huston, 7 bass, 3 rock bass.

M. H. HOOVER.

Senator Quay's Tarpon.

"I HAVE not been so near death since the war," said Senator Quay yesterday at the Walton, "as I was last week after catching that 263lb. tarpon off the Florida coast."

"How is that?" asked Senator Penrose, who, with Judge Durham, ex-Sheriff Connell, Senator Thomas, and a number of other anti-combine leaders, had gathered to discuss politics.

"It was this way," said Senator Quay, with his quiet smile. "I hooked the tarpon and made ready for a long struggle to land him. Curiously enough, he did not adopt the usual tactics of running to sea, but began a series of somersaults out of the water. He jumped about fifteen times, sometimes going up twelve feet. In five minutes he had quit, and I pulled him alongside the boat, where he lay quietly. Then I noticed that I had a very poor hold on him with the hook, and the boatman jabbed his gaff hook into him. Immediately he resumed activity as he was hauled aboard. We were in a little fourteen-foot skiff, and the tarpon at once took possession. He jumped up and down at a furious rate, knocked me over, and nearly broke my leg; then he jumped up and hit the gunwale of the boat and tipped it over until the water poured in. If it had not happened that at the same time he knocked the boatman down, who fell on the other edge of the boat and partially righted it, we should have all been in the water.

"The tide was running out very fast, and if we had turned over the boat would have drifted to sea, and we should have certainly drowned. I was never so near death since the war. I got to one end of the boat and managed to right it, but the tarpon kept jumping up and down and we expected him to break the boat in two. Fortunately he got caught under the seats, which confined him, but his struggles continued, and I thought he would certainly break the seats and capsize the boat. Fortunately he died too soon for this. All this happened in a short time, but they were anxious moments, and I am free to say that I was never so scared in my life."

"Then you went home, I suppose," remarked Senator Thomas.

"No," said Senator Quay, with a quiet smile. "We started for another tarpon."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Exceedingly fine perch fishing has lately been enjoyed by local anglers at the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake. Strings of from twenty-five to fifty are taken frequently during a few hours' fishing. The perch are of exceptionally large size. Rock bass and pickerel are also caught in goodly numbers, and with the advent of cooler weather the angling for them will grow still more elating.

The black bass fishing has scarcely been up to the average.

Messrs. Willson, Selkreg and Kinney, anglers all, have gone to Redwood, and will report in due time.

M. CHILL.

Bass in Millsite Lake.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—My better half (who is also the better angler) called my attention to J. H. S.'s notes on bass in Butterfield Lake. In that lake my wife is particularly interested, as it was there that she took her first lessons in angling from the veteran angler H. H. Thompson. This was in 1852. At that time Mr. Thompson often visited the many lakes in that vicinity with my oldest brother, Dr. James Davidson, but he seldom took any one of the fairer sex to these places; and in showing his gallantry to a stranger he found one whose taste for angling was in keeping with his own and in whom he found an apt pupil indeed. So apt was she that during a shower, while he was holding an umbrella over her, she hooked and landed a 3lb. black bass, for which he dubbed her "the completest angler."

Besides black bass, Millsite Lake once contained salmon or lake trout. About 1850 I remember weighing one that weighed 42½lbs. It had been speared (I am sorry to say) by one Schuyler Soper. While hunting the wary ruffed grouse around the shores of the lake I have seen in its clear waters, from the high rocks above, fish that must have weighed more than 20lbs.

J. L. D.

Outings Near Home.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now, I have been enjoying (oh! how much!) the many good things from other pens in dear old FOREST AND STREAM for a long time, and have not even tried to add my poor mite, as far as you know; but the truth is I have many times thought of making an attempt to tell of some of my little outings for game and fish, and above all for health and pleasure, and then I would recall the many splendid outings splendidly portrayed which I had read from week to week in your journal, and it would take all the "starch" out of me and my pencil would refuse to move. Between you and me, I did have many quiet little tramps last fall—mostly alone—and gathered in a few of the brown denizens of the shaded and dense covers; and during the past spring I brought to basket more than the usual number of trout, one of which I judged would have weighed 1lb.; another fisherman said 1¼lbs. I did not bring it home, but sent it to a sick friend, or I should have weighed it; it was certainly the largest trout I ever caught in this locality, and maybe I wasn't proud! But you know my little stories of the bagging of a few partridges, quail or woodcock, or the catching of a few trout, would seem so small beside the achievements of many others that I had not the courage to present them in due season. But, my dear Mr. Editor, if you or some other man will get up a contrivance whereby we can measure our enjoyment in these things—something like the cyclometer they use on wheels to measure distance—I shall be ready to compare results with the most of my brother sportsmen, for I know I have much real pleasure in getting the few birds and fish I bring to my table. How would it do to advertise for such a machine? It would beat Edison's inventions "out of sight." But alas! every man has to measure his own pleasure in this world and hope for the next.

A. S. C.

CONNECTICUT.

Salt-Water Fishing Near New York.

SALT-WATER fishing in the vicinity of New York has improved considerably within the past week or two. Few bluefish or weakfish are caught, but sand porgies and snappers are very numerous. On the south shore of Staten Island, near Prince's Bay, one can catch a good mess of either of these fish in a few hours. They are also running well in Jamaica Bay, but small messes only are caught in Sheepshead Bay.

Sea bass and blackfish have begun to bite in the vicinity of Sheepshead, and last week several good catches were brought in from the "stone pile." This is a pile of rocks lying off the Oriental Hotel on Manhattan Beach, and can be reached by row or sailboat from Sheepshead Bay. The heavy swells make fishing extremely uncomfortable for some people here, and it is also dangerous on a stormy day.

A few striped bass can also be picked up by trolling in this vicinity, but they are scarce. One weighing 12lbs. was caught here last week, but most of them are smaller. Blood worms is the favorite bait for striped bass. G. F. D.

A Corrector Corrected.

HERE is a shooting story from the West Highlands of Scotland. A party of gentlemen had just set out for a day's sport when Mr. B., the lessee, found occasion to send the head keeper back with a message to the house. On the latter's return he mentioned that the "Miss B's" had told him to say so-and-so. "That's wrong, Donald," intrusively remarked a glib-tongued youthful member of the party; "you ought to say 'the Misses B.'" Donald made no reply, but he had his revenge later in the day. His censor was an indifferent shot, and having fired twice at a covey of birds without causing any damage, he exclaimed, "A miss, by Jove!" "That's wrang," shouted the keeper at the top of his voice; "it ought to be 'misses!'"—*Westminster Gazette.*

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Me., Sept. 6.—I have been here six weeks and cannot say enough in praise of the place after a fruitless search for fly-fishing in the Adirondacks for the last six years. Any one who understands fly-fishing can take from twenty-five to fifty trout a day here that will run from ¾lb. to 1¼lbs. in size; and in my opinion that ought to satisfy most people.

L. O. CRANE.

ROBINSON—"Did you hear about Travers? He went fishing the other day, and an hour afterward his hat was seen floating down the stream just below where he'd been." Jagway—"You don't say. Heavens! where was Travers?" Robinson—"He was trying to fish it out with his pole."—*Harlem Life.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Fisheulture.

Can for Carrying Fish Fry.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I give a cut and description of an improved fish can used at the Nook Hatchery of the Plymouth Rock Trout Co., Plymouth, Mass. An ordinary galvanized iron ash barrel, A, with smooth interior, is fitted with a tin cone, B, carefully soldered in. A short distance above the lower edge of the tin cone is soldered securely a rim also of tin, C, and just above this are three openings in the cone covered with fine strainer, one of which is shown at D. The can is filled with water to about the level of the strainer, D, and in the space between A and B is put chopped ice, as much as needed. As the ice melts, the water runs through the strainers into the can and a low temperature is thus obtained. We have given the above can, which is of our own designing, a thorough trial during some very hot weather and find it has many advantages over anything we have seen. No separate receptacle is required for the ice; the ice cannot come in contact with the fish and bruise them; we get the combined advantage of a conical top and refrigerator can without the bad features of many of them, and in pouring the water for purpose of aeration you may have the whole top to pour into and so avoid all spilling. A covering of felt, held in place by some poultry netting stretched tightly around it, makes a most complete protection during hot weather.

Our idea is not patented, the cans may be fitted up at any tinsmith's, and many neighboring fishculturists have adopted them and are well pleased with the result.

By means of rubber tubes extending a few inches below the water and connected at the other end with a foot bellows, air is supplied the fish as often as necessary, and when transporting a lot of fish we sometimes successfully aerate six or more cans at once.

C. C. WOOD, Supt.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Sept. 23 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show, Mineola L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.

Sept. 23 to 26.—Stockton Fair Association's bench show, Stockton, Cal. D. J. Sinclair, Sec'y.

Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbuy, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Dec. 1 to 4.—City of the Straits Kennel Club's local show, Detriot, Mich. R. H. Roberts, Sec'y.

Dec. 8 to 11.—Augusta, Ga.—Georgia Poultry and Pet Stock Association. J. W. Killingsworth, Sec'y.

Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 19.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual hound trials, Barre, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y, Roxbury, Mass.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 2.—Union Field Trial Club's inaugural trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.

Nov. 10.—Greene County, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

COURSING.

Sept. 22.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting, Sheldon, S. D, Dr. J. P. Ayles, Pres.

Sept. 29.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's annual meeting, Aberdeen, S. D. Dr. F. W. Haragan, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—Mitchell Coursing Club's meeting, Mitchell, S. D. H. G. Nichols, Sec'y.

Oct. 21.—Alticar Coursing Club's meeting, Great Bend, Kan. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Kenmore Coursing Club's annual meeting, Herrington, Kan. C. A. Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—American Coursing Club's annual meeting, Huron, S. D F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. —.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 15.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

C. F. T. C.'S CHICKEN TRIALS.

THERE was neither the interest nor the support in respect to the Continental Field Trial Club's trials on chickens which the club has cause for expecting, considering the success of the trials last year, the great region which is the habitat of the chicken, and the vast number of shooters, owners of dogs, who reside therein. The club was a loser to the extent of several hundred dollars, another lesson in the erroneous financial system which has worked so much harm in the past by discouraging members who have to make good a club deficit, and making other sportsmen hold aloof from club responsibility. There is no reason why any club should guarantee fixed prizes, since it is not a money-making concern, NOR can it make money. The sweepstake plan is the only sound one, and the only one which does not make club membership synonymous with an assessment sooner or later.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, Pa., judged throughout.

There was a light attendance of sportsmen, much less in number than what was anticipated. From St. Paul there were Paul H. Gotzian, S. A. Smart (general baggage agent of the N. P. R. R.), Dr. L. C. Bacon and C. R. Wilkinson; from Toledo, O., came Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and A. P. Draper; from Chicago, J. H. Robbins and T. A. Thompson. There were Dr. W. M. Evans, St. Louis, Minn.; Robert Alexander, Herman, Minn.; A. Chapin, St. Thomas, Minn., and E. K. Cavalier, Pembina, Dak.; Thos. Johnson and Mr. Reed, Winnipeg, and others.

The trials were run at Kennedy, Minn., on the Great Northern R. R., about thirty miles from the Canadian and United States line. The running began on Monday, Sept. 7.

The Derby.

There were but five starters, and the quality of the work done was of a commonplace character; the grounds were in part unfavorable and in part favorable.

This stake was for setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. First prize, $125; second, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50. Entrance, $10; $5 additional payable July 15, and $5 to start.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

S. P. Jones's b., w. and t. setter dog Hurstbourne Zip (Tony Boy—Dimple), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Tick's Kid (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Guenn (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Tony Works (Tick Boy—Lulu K.), C. Barker, handler.

H. Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Christina (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.), C. Barker, handler.

The winners are: First, Hurstbourne Zip; second, Christina; third, Guenn; fourth, Tony Works.

Monday.

The weather was clear, warm and pleasant.

First Round.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TICK'S KID began at 8:44 and were run about 5 minutes when they were taken up and taken to other and better ground, that at the start being covered with heavy grass and was unfavorable for chickens. The heat was resumed at 9 and ended 24 minutes later. Zip had the better of the competition in every respect—range, speed, style and work on birds. A bevy was marked down and Zip secured three points on the scattered birds, Rose shooting over the last one and Kid chased. Kid was lame in front, though he ran gamely nevertheless. Mr. Barker explained that the dog was crippled from rheumatism.

GUENN AND TONY WORKS started at 9:47. Tony did some very erroneous work on a bevy, flushing twice under favorable conditions for pointing, stopping to order on the remaining birds. The birds were followed, but no good work was secured. They ranged middling well at fair speed, though with ordinary judgment.

CHRISTINA, the bye, was started at 10:41 and ran alone 38m. Christina located and pointed a bevy prettily. Sent after the scattered birds, she wheeled to a point on a single at the moment it flushed. Sent on, she pointed the rest of the bevy nicely. Next she caught a wounded bird. Another good point on a single bird ended the point work. She showed a middling good range and fair judgment Her point work was commendably good in the worst hours of the day for it.

Second Round.

Four dogs were kept in the second series. The party took lunch in town. The afternoon work was done on the east side of town, where there was little good going for the dogs, the grass being heavy, and where birds were scarce, few being found. The afternoon work was decidedly inferior.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND TONY WORKS were started at 4:30. Zip immediately took the lead in ranging and held it through the first part of the heat. Tony at times trailed after Zip. The latter was first to make game and was roading to a point when the bird flushed. Toward the close of the heat the dogs were ordered up and led on chain to more favorable ground and were started again in a few minutes, though what with leading and dodging about standing grain nothing was accomplished. About twenty minutes before the heat ended Zip showed strong signs of having had enough, and was beating out his ground close in front of his handler. Tony was maintaining his range and pace well, though they were inferior to Zip's in the previous part of the heat. Up at 5:25.

CHRISTINA AND GUENN began at 5:32. Guenn was stopped to a flush. Guenn pointed on the footscent of some birds flushed by the handler, then she flushed one; then went on and pointed a bevy. Up at 5:50. Their range was narrow and they beat out their ground with little regard to taking advantage of it. It was a commonplace exhibition on the whole.

The Derby running was suspended and two heats in the All-Aged stake were run next.

Tuesday.

The morning was beautifully calm and pleasant, but gradually the sky became overcast till at noon the temperature was much lower, though not uncomfortably cool, and a storm threatened. The Derby was continued.

HURSTBOURNE ZIP AND CHRISTINA ran 36 minutes without finding, the heat beginning at 8:11 west of town. The grounds seemed favorable for birds, but it was clear that they were very scarce and that the dogs were not at all to blame for the lack of finding. Both dogs ranged faultily, both returning frequently to their handler for orders and beating out a moderate range in an erratic manner.

This heat finished the Derby competition.

The stake was so flat and meager in detail, and the class of work so decidedly inferior, that extended comment on the dogs is unnecessary. There was not a heat which could be called good ordinary, for while recognising the fact that birds were very scarce, the work done on such birds as were found was very faulty.

The All-Aged Stake.

This stake had seven starters, drawn to run in the following order:

——— ———'s b., w. and t. setter dog Noble Leo (Count Leo—Minnie T.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with T. T. Ashford's l. and w. pointer dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fannie Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (Antonio—Ruby's Girl II.), D. E. Rose, handler.

N. P. DePauw's l. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with ——— ———'s setter Greenway (Columbus—Maud A Rose), D E Rose, handler.

Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.), C. Barker, handler.

There were four prizes: $125 to first, $100 to second, $75 to third, $50 to fourth; $10 entrance, $10 additional to start.

First was awarded to Von Gull, a pointer of excellent performance, a worthy son of his illustrious sire. He carries a high nose, which he uses with constant industry, and locates and points his birds with admirable precision. His style is spirited, and on point it is all that one could desire, he carrying his head and tail high in a graceful attitude. His range was conducted with speed, desirable width and judgment.

As for the work of the others there is little to add to what is said in the report of the heats.

Monday.

First Round.

NOBLE LEO AND VON GULL began at 5:53 and were worked toward some scattered birds. Von Gull soon pointed a single nicely, and Leo joined in the point; both were steady to shot. Von wheeled nicely to a point, and hearing one of the handler's whistles moved on and flushed it. Next he made a flush, and soon afterward made a point or flush, it was difficult to determine which; next he made a flush, then another down wind, then a slack point on a single. He seemed careless in his work, though searching for birds industriously and using his nose constantly. The conditions for good work were not of the best, but his work was far inferior to the opportunities. Leo loafed a good deal till near the close of the heat, when he ranged out and worked up well, doing nothing, however, to redeem his previous poor showing. Up at 6:28.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND DOMINO began at 6:38 and ran till about 7, doing nothing on birds, though both worked industriously. Domino much the wider ranger, Ruth waddling in range, though working prettily. This heat closed the day's work.

Tuesday.

SISTER SUE AND GREENWAY were cast off at 9. Sue had a good opportunity to display her powers on point work among birds, but flushed two or three times in succession, doing some very inferior work. She ranged wide, as did Greenway; but they kept together most of the time, neither working independently.

SAM T. was cast off at 9:45 and ran till 10:26 without finding. His range was very faulty, for though making long casts in the early part of the heat, he often came back on the same ground he ran out on, and left large tracts untouched. Toward the latter part of the heat he ranged close to his handler and loafed betimes, showing little interest in searching.

VON GULL AND GLEAM'S RUTH began at 10:35. They were worked toward some birds marked down in a wheat stubble after having beaten out a lot of ground without finding. Von pointed a single bird nicely and Ruth flushed some other birds. Then Ruth pointed nicely some remaining birds, Von pointing or backing, a bird being flushed near by him. Next Von flushed a single bird excusably down wind. Von roaded and pointed a cat. Gleam backed. Up at 11. Von showed excellent range and diligent attention to finding. Ruth too made a good showing, though somewhat overshadowed by Von Gull's superiority.

The party took lunch at a farmhouse, where keen appetites gave a relish to the ample spread of simple eatables.

SISTER SUE AND DOMINO were cast off at 1:46. Soon Domino struck scent, began to steady when Sue close by caught sight, backed, and Domino backed Sue. They next began roading, but were up wind of the bird, though Sue was roading toward it when turned by her handler's whistle. The bird was afterward flushed by the wagons. On open stubble Domino got among some chickens nicely spread out for good work, but he flushed two in succession, then finished by flushing all the rest. He seemed heady both in his ranging and point work. Sue ranged well at good speed. Her manner of searching was excellent; her work on birds was decidedly poor. Up at 2:24.

The judge then announced the awards, and the work for the day was closed.

The Northwestern Stake.

This stake had nine dogs on which was paid the final fee to start, though Kingston being absent there were eight which actually started. The quality of the work, considering it as a stake, was of a higher grade than that of either of the previous stakes. The dogs were more attentive to their business, had a better understanding of it, and most of the dogs showed incomparably better training, and they were handled quietly and skillfully, which demonstrated that amateurs can handle quietly even if professionals cannot.

Birds were found in much greater numbers than on previous days, though still short of the numbers desired for field trial competition.

ALBERTA JOE, the winner, showed excellent judgment, a well-sustained pace and skillful work in locating and pointing his birds, his point work being very clean cut and precise. He was admirably obedient to orders and had a thorough understanding of their purport. The cheerful obedience of this dog was a pleasure to witness.

SCHWAB too displayed excellent range and judgment; her point work, while very commendable and really superior, was lacking in the excellent precision displayed by Alberta Joe. She also was admirably obedient. She won second.

PATTI showed an excellent range and good judgment, but was unfortunate in finding few birds, though working out a great area most diligently. Her range was shortened a good bit toward the end of her first heat, though at no time was she loafing. She won third.

On the whole it was a most satisfactory display of the powers of the working dog, a far greater grade of merit than that often displayed by the half-hour sprinters which run because they feel good and give little thought to game birds unless they actually run across them.

The spirit of competition was most generous and hearty congratulations were bestowed on the winners. Mr. Johnson bore his honors modestly, and while his gratification was great it seemed to be less than it would have been had the honors been won by his friends who competed.

The dogs were drawn to run in the following order, but as there were two owners expected on the early train the drawing was made subject to later changes in the actual running. Owners handled their dogs.

The conditions were $5 to enter, $5 to start, 20 per cent. of entrance reserved by the club for expenses. Cup and 25 per cent. of balance to winner of first, 50 per cent. to second and 25 per cent. to third. The cup was an elegant trophy, well worthy of keen competition. It was intrinsically valuable as well as being a work of art.

J. W. Peterson's o. and w. setter bitch Lady of Gloss (Gath's Mark—Cozette), with Thomas Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Alberta Joe (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blythe).

Thomas Johnson's b. setter bitch Psyche (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), with Paul H. Gotzian's lem. and w. setter dog Lawrence (Doc Quenn—Minnesota).

Thomas Johnson's b. setter dog Sancho (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess), with A. C. Reid's b. and t. setter bitch Schwab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

Thomas Johnson's b. b. setter bitch Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora), with C. E. Dickey & Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent).

Thomas Johnson's l. and w. pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton—Psyche), a bye.

Wednesday.

The morning was cloudy and cool.

LADY OF GLOSS AND ALBERTA JOE were cast off at 8:08 and ran 20 minutes. Joe roaded with accuracy to a point on a bevy. Lady galloped in and flushed it, afterward being heedless to wing. Joe standing stanchly without variation from correct form. Sent on, Joe wheeled beautifully to a point on a single, and Lady backed. Soon Joe roaded about 80yds. accurately, the birds flushing wild across wind. Joe pointed a single, which Lady flushed. Joe's range was excellent, as was also his judgment and point work.

SANCHO AND SCHWAB were started at 8:35. Both beat out the ground fast, each casting wide and with judgment. Schwab pointed a bevy which he skillfully found and showed perfect stanchness. Sent on, both ran into a bevy down wind, and both neither increased nor diminished their speed till they stopped promptly to order. Sancho was called in to be watered; at the same time Schwab took a long cast and pointed; Sancho coming up, backed to caution. Up at 9:02. The range and speed were well sustained; from start to finish they showed judgment in beating out their ground and were hunting for birds diligently.

LONSDALE, the bye dog, was next started; time 9:06, and he was run 42 minutes without finding. He had in the morning eaten a lot of biscuits not intended for him, and thus started with a loaded stomach, which put a heaviness on his gait and probably a dullness in his nose. His range was fairly good in the first part of the heat; toward the last it gradually contracted till he was working a narrow range. He was cast off again at 10:33 on some marked birds, making several flushes inexcusably. Down 5 minutes.

PSYCHE AND PATTI were run 38 minutes, starting at 9:52. They ranged wide and fast till toward the close of the heat, when their range contracted to narrowness. No birds found.

The running was suspneded while the party ate lunch. Mr. Paul H. Gotzian had arrived in the meantime, and after lunch his entry was started.

LAWRENCE ran alone, beginning at 10 o'clock. He pointed a bevy nicely, and Mr. Gotzian as nicely killed a bird, which Lawrence retrieved. Up at 1:30. His range was narrow and he acted puppyish. Mr. Fay explained that it was but two weeks since the puppy first pointed.

Final.

ALBERTA JOE AND SCHWAB were cast off at 1:34 to contest for first honors. Schwab pointed a bevy in stubble and the birds flushed wild. Schwab pointed at the same instant a single flushed. The dogs ran about 10 minutes.

PSYCHE AND PATTI at 1:46 were worked toward some scattered birds marked down in a difficult place for good work. Patti pointed, roaded, and Psyche pointed, pressing the bird to a close and flushing. Moved on and Patti pointed a single. The judge then ordered them up and announced the winners.

Field Trial Jottings.

A NOVEL feature of the Continental Field Trials Club's trials, at Kennedy, Minn., was the introduction of more sociable features by the management. Each evening was devoted to a game of progressive euchre, which was participated in by all present and enjoyed with a zest which evokes wonder that diversions of this kind were not introduced before. The prizes were all useful to men who shoot or go afield. On the second evening a camera was the prize of the victor in the innocent game, a prize the management was able to offer through the liberality of the judge, Mr. W. S. Bell.

Messrs. A. P. Draper and E. K. Cavalier and Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus took an afternoon trip on Wednesday of the week of the Continental trials and brought in thirty-two chickens, a tribute to the home talent of the dog of the chicken country as well as an evidence of the skill of the shooters. Mr. Draper's gun is a sky scraper, and the manner in which he could jerk ducks out of the clouds with it excited the admiration of his audience.

The judge at the Continental trials, Mr. W. S. Bell, was accompanied by his wife, who skillfully handled the reins in driving the sedate horse which drew their carriage across the prairie. If ladies could appreciate the benefits to be derived from an outing in the chicken country, the prairie country where earth and sky meet on a horizon further away than in any other section of country, and where the pure and bracing air brings bright eyes and cheeks glowing with health, there would be more to follow the trials, much to their own gain and the gain of the trials also.

The trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club had an unfortunate turn, so far as its finances are concerned. It is regrettable that its treasury was unequal to the demands

upon it in the way of settlement of prizes, and that therefore the trials lacked all that completeness which cash makes in satisfying all that is promised. Better luck next time.

The silver cup of the Northwestern Stake was a work of simple elegance, much admired by all who saw it. There were a number of local sportsmen who regretted that they had not prepared for an attempt at its ownership.

The Continental Field Trials Club's trials on chickens resulted in a large deficit, and was another lesson in field trial finance worth heeding, though the impossibility of offering large guaranteed purses under present conditions in the field trial world was pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM long since. Field trials are not money-making institutions, nor are they intended to be such; therefore there is no reason why club members should be made responsible for the deficit. The ones who are the material gainers by the trials, the competitors, should make their own purses, and this is equitably secured by the sweepstake plan, that adopted by the new club in Indiana being a case in point.

The Northwestern Stake was very popular, and several desired to enter at the last moment. There should be enough home support to make several local stakes of like kind.

Mineola Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following is a correct list of entries in the different breeds for this show: 5 mastiffs, 26 St. Bernards, 5 bloodhoods, 11 Great Danes, 2 Russian wolfhounds, 9 greyhounds, 4 foxhounds, 15 pointers, 12 English setters, 12 Irish setters, 9 Gordon setters, 29 spaniels (Irish water, Clumber, field and cocker), 15 collies, 8 poodles, 31 bull dogs, 14 bull terriers, 11 Boston terriers, 7 dachshunde, 10 beagles, 45 fox terriers, 12 Irish terriers, 1 Scottish terrier, 2 Bedlington terriers, 1 Skye terrier, 1 Dandie Dinmont terrier, 11 Black and Tan terriers, 4 toy terriers, 6 pups, 10 toy spaniels, 1 Italian greyhound, 3 schipperkes, 6 miscellaneous; total 338.

All things considered, a very satisfactory entry, for which I must thank you in a great measure, and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking those exhibitors who have so kindly supported me with their entries.

The following Fox Terrier Club stakes will be judged at this show, namely: The Tomboy Stakes, the Apollo Stakes, the Yankee Stakes and the second division of the Produce Stakes.

JAS. MORTIMER, Sec'y, etc.

Ithaca Show.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 11.—The dog show given in connection with the Tompkins County Agricultural Society's exhibition, Sept. 8–11, excelled any of those previously given by the society. It was a clean, tidy little affair, in which sixty-two dogs were benched.

The judging in all classes was done by Mr. C. S. Wixom, of Covert, N. Y., his decisions being satisfactory; local fanciers accepting them as educational in character. The foxhound class had twelve entries and was excellent in quality, the winner being a particularly good specimen.

M. CHILL.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

SCOUTING WITH BICYCLES.

THE bicycle is now in use in nearly all the armies of Europe and in that of Japan. In the United States General Miles fully recognizes its value, and in his last annual report recommended "that a force equal to one full regiment of twelve companies be equipped with bicycles and motor wagons, and their utility fully demonstrated by actual service."

According to General Miles, there are at present in our little army more than 4,000 men who are able to use the bicycle as a means of transportation. Bicycle corps have been put in the field at a number of points, among them Fort Missoula, Mont., where the Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry Bicycle Corps has been organized under the command of Lieutenant Moss. This corps recently made a scouting trip through a rough, mountainous country lasting three and a half days, during which time they traveled 126 miles, despite adverse weather conditions which made the riding unusually hard. They carried 15lbs. of rations to the man, with field equipments, including shelter tents, which raised the average weight of the packed bicycle to 76½lbs., so that the weight of the individual load in most cases must have exceeded 50lbs.

Lieut. Moss' official report will give an idea of the difficulties surmounted:

"The bicycle corps, consisting of seven soldiers commanded by myself, left Fort Missoula at 6:20 A. M., Aug. 6. The roads were somewhat muddy from a recent rain. About nine and a quarter miles from the post we struck a section of clay, which we had a great deal of trouble to cross on account of the mud sticking to the tires. After crossing this section of clay we were delayed about thirty minutes cleaning our wheels and fixing a puncture. We had to cross our first mountain near De Smet Station, eleven and three-quarter miles from the post. Distance from foot to summit, half a mile; distance from summit to foot on other side, a mile and a half; time to go from foot to foot, fifteen minutes. After leaving Marant's Trestle, a point eighteen miles from the fort, we had hilly, rocky and muddy roads for about twelve miles, over about six miles of which we had to dismount fully twenty times on account of mud puddles and fallen trees. We reached Finley Creek, thirty-three miles from Fort Missoula, at 12:30 P. M. At this point we stopped two and a half hours to rest and eat. We crossed Finley Creek on our wheels; width, about 25ft.; depth, between 8 and 9in. Two men fell off in the stream. After leaving the creek we took the high-water trail over the mountain to avoid fording the Jocko River. It was hard work to get over the mountain, as the ascent was quite steep. For several miles after crossing the mountain we traveled along a path in thick woods. We had to roll our wheels up several small grades before crossing the Jocko a little below Ravalli Station at 5:20 P. M.; distance from Fort Missoula, forty-four miles. Stopped forty-five minutes at Ravalli to weigh wheels and repair puncture.

"Left Ravalli for the Mission at 6:10 P. M. We had to go over three small mountains between Ravalli and the Mission. It took us thirty-two minutes to reach the summit of the first and largest mountain; distance from bottom to summit, two miles. In going down on the other side we made one and three-quarter miles in five minutes. Ascending these hills was very tiresome work. We reached a point at 7:30 P. M. on Mission Creek about half a mile above the Mission, where we pitched our shelter tents and camped for the night; distance from Missoula, fifty-one miles.

"We attracted a great deal of attention all along the route. Horses and cows ran from us and dogs ran after us, while the inhabitants stopped their work and gazed at us in astonishment. The soldiers did not seem to be very tired, as they stayed up until 11 o'clock, talking and getting off jokes.

"The next morning at 11 o'clock we started for McDonald Lake. One seat spring broke about three miles from the Mission. We had extra springs with us and immediately replaced it, causing a delay of about two minutes. We stopped about twenty minutes at a ranch to get some water, and also some oil to clean our wheels. We rode and walked about two miles through a rough, hilly and grassy field. After leaving this field we struck a rough, stony and little-traveled road, which we traveled for a mile and a half, when we reached the lake and made camp. Time, 1:30 P. M.; distance from Mission, twelve miles.

"After dinner the soldiers gave their wheels a thorough cleaning and oiling. Five punctures were found, two soldiers having one each in their wheels, and a third soldier three in his. No further move was made this day, and we encamped for the night.

"About 1 P. M. a strong wind came up, and it began raining. The rain kept up almost incessantly until 12 o'clock in the day, when it stopped altogether. We left our camp, however, at 3:30, in the midst of a heavy rain, and, on account of the mud, had to roll our wheels a mile and a half. We then struck a good down grade and made good time until we reached a section of hammock mud. Before we knew it our wheels were clogged with this gummy stuff, and we were delayed fully thirty minutes in a drizzling rain cleaning our wheels in a ditch. We again started for Ravalli, over muddy, hilly roads, with the rain and wind in our faces. By this time we were drenched to the skin, our wheels were covered with mud, and our shoes filled with water. In some places we walked long distances in mud 2 or 3in. deep. This part of our journey was exceedingly tiresome. In mud and rain we were plodding along, one after another, rolling our wheels up hill, and, with much care, riding down slippery hills.

"Every once in a while we would strike an Indian cabin, and the dogs' barking would announce our approach, while the occupants would run to the door to gaze at us. Our shoes were filled with mud, and it was very difficult to keep our feet on the muddy pedals. At 11 A. M. we reached Mission Creek, twelve miles from the lake. We forded the stream in nearly 3ft. of swift water. * * * Upon crossing the stream we found that twelve tires were loose, from the cement having been washed out. We rolled our wheels from this point to Ravalli, six miles, reaching Ravalli at 12:30 P. M., having traveled eighteen miles. We left Ravalli at 6 P. M. for Arlee. Rode a little over a mile on the wagon road, and then had to take the railroad to avoid the mud and also to avoid fording the Jocko. We reached Arlee at 8:45 P. M., having traveled during the day thirty-one miles.

"On the next day, Sunday, at 1:30 P. M., the corps reached post, having traveled altogether 126 miles under most adverse circumstances. The Lieutenant says: 'The wheels were not spared in the least, and stood the work extraordinarily well.'"

The following table gives the weights of riders and wheels when packed:

	Pounds.	Bicycle Packed.
Lieutenant Moss	135	74
Corporal Williams	153½	83
Musician Brown	145½	71
Private Findley	183½	77
Private Foreman	164	73
Private Haynes	160½	66
Private Johnson	151½	81

Average weight of riders, 155 7; of bicycles, 76.3.

CYCLING FOR SQUIRRELS.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Squirrel shooting with a bicycle was given its first trial in the vicinity of Greenville, Pa., last Tuesday by Dr. C. A. Miller, E. A. Stroud and G. H. Grauel.

They left at 12:30 o'clock for Stoneboro, about eighteen miles distant. The roads were in fine condition and, although hilly, they have a good surface for wheeling. They arrived at the hunting grounds on the farm of Mr. Zabniser, about three miles south of Stoneboro, at 2:30 P. M. The woods lie along the shore of Sandy Lake, a very pretty little body of water. Hunting until 6 o'clock, the party bagged seven squirrels. Then they went to the house of Mr. Zahniser, where they found a supper awaiting them that delights the hunter's heart, to say nothing of his stomach.

At 9 o'clock the party went to bed, and were in the field early in the morning. They succeeded in bringing down thirteen squirrels before noon.

At noon they bid Mr. Zahniser good-bye and went on about three miles further, where they got their dinner, after which they started home, arriving in about two hours.

All were more than pleased with the use of the bicycle in hunting, and hereafter say they will go no other way.

Going over, Dr. Miller and Grauel had their guns attached to their wheels just as Mr. J. L. Davison fastened his, as described in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, with the exception that they used no strap from handle of gun case to lower tube. They had not seen Mr. Davison's sketch at the time, nor had they any trouble with gun flapping against their legs by not using strap. Mr. Stroud carried his gun over his shoulder, but coming home he followed suite and strapped it to his wheel, and was much surprised to find how much easier it was to ride.

Squirrels are very plenty this year, and the prospects for field shooting in the way of quail and pheasants are exceptionally good.

ROBERT E. BEATTY.

NOTES.

The other day two wheelmen were riding along a country road. One had toe clips and the other did not, and each believed his style to be the best.

As they were bowling along at a good gait, at the extreme right side of the road next the grass a negro boy on a spirited horse came along behind at break-neck speed.

The leading wheelman, who was also on the inside, heard the noise of the galloping horse, and, looking back over his shoulder, saw that the negro boy was attempting to pass on the inside and threatened to run him down; so he turned suddenly to the left to avoid the danger. In doing so his hind wheel scraped the steering wheel of the other cyclist and the latter was thrown from his bicycle directly in the track of the approaching horse. Fortunately he fell on his feet, and comprehending what had happened jumped back almost as quickly as he had fallen, and so by a hair's breadth avoided being crushed under the horse's hoofs.

This man rode without toe clips.

Later in the day the wheelman who favored toe clips tried to ride up on a sidewalk, as was permissible in that neighborhood, but the angle at which he took the edge of the pavement was not well calculated, and his wheel slewed along sideways for a few yards, and then threw him violently on the flagging.

Several small parts of the wheel were broken, including, fittingly enough, one of the toe clips, and the rider received a bad shaking up, not to mention bleeding fingers and bruised limbs.

Placing the two incidents side by side, the man who rode without the clips thought he had the best of the argument.

Lieutenant Moss with his Twenty-fifth Infantry Bicycle Corps has not been idle since his rough ride of Aug. 6. On the 15th he set out on a 1,000-mile scout, the corps carrying several days' rations, rifles, cartridges, cooking utensils, shelter tents, blankets and extra bicycle parts. The average weight of packed wheels was 77½lbs., and with rider the weights ranged from 205 to 272lbs. The route was to include the Yellowstone National Park and return to Fort Missoula, Mont., by way of Fort Assiniboine. From Fort Missoula to Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming, the distance of 323 miles was covered in fifty-three hours' actual traveling time. The route was across the main divide of the Rockies and over some of the rockiest and hilliest roads on the continent. Most of the streams encountered had to be forded, and on this portion of the trip the corps encountered almost constant head winds, so that their average of six miles per hour with their heavily loaded wheels is remarkable.

From Mammoth Hot Springs the corps made a tour of the Park, taking in all the points of interest. On their return to Fort Yellowstone they found orders awaiting them to return to Fort Missoula to take part in a field practice march, and were obliged to give up the detour to Fort Assiniboine and retrace their former route. The distance from Fort Yellowstone to Helena of 191 miles was covered in three forced marches aggregating twenty-seven hours actual riding time. The corps was out about four weeks, during which time they are reputed to have covered 1,100 miles. They procured their supplies from army posts *en route*, and generally carried rations for several days. Lieut. Moss is quoted as saying:

"Ours is a test of durability. The party was not made up of expert bicyclists who are scorching through the country, but of eight ordinary riders selected from the soldiers at Fort Missoula. We have made and broken camp in the rain, ridden through mud, sand, dust and water, over rocks, ruts and stones, crossed mountain ranges, forded streams, stopped for nothing, carried rations, cooking utensils, rifles, ammunition, 30lbs. to every man, blankets, tents, underwear, extra tires and parts; in fact, all the baggage needed."

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht-Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

SEPTEMBER.

18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
28. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

WHOEVER may be directly to blame for the sad disaster to Isolde, it is evident that one contributory cause was the mixing of the large and small yachts at a common point in the courses of each class. Undesirable and even dangerous as this is, we are not inclined to condemn the Isle of Wight or even the Clyde courses, because with all their faults they are the only practicable ones in their respective localities The danger of such courses increases each year with the size and speed of the larger yachts and the greater number of small ones; but it is difficult to see how any other courses could be had. There is nothing for it but to make the best of the only waters available, strictly enforcing the racing rules and inflicting summary punishment upon any who willfully violate them. It is quite certain that had such a mishap occurred on the broad Atlantic outside Sandy Hook it would at once have been utilized by our British contemporaries as an unanswerable argument for the transferral of all American races to Marblehead.

The Knockabout Bo Peep.

ONE of the successful yachts of the season in Eastern waters is the new knockabout Bo Peep, designed by George F. Lawley. Not only is she of an excellent type, but she was built late in the season and raced at a disadvantage as compared with others of the class. The following summary of her history is from the Boston *Globe:*

Just a month ago Bo Peep was launched and had her trial trip. Since then she has started in fourteen races; six of these were unfinished, however, for lack of wind. Out of the eight races sailed she took three firsts and four seconds and one third.

This is a very good month's showing for any boat, but it is even better when analyzed. But three boats have beaten Bo Peep outside the little Bristol flyer Cock Robin. She of course is an easy winner always. Of the others, the home built craft, only Jack Tar, Tautog and Water Lily have scored once each over Bo Peep in the eight races sailed.

Jack Tar's win in the Hull club race Aug. 23 was a clear case of outsailing. She was just off the ways, and sailed a fine race, while Bo Peep was a little off her form, not having been tried in such conditions of weather.

Water Lily's victory was an equally clear case of winning by a fluke, and Tautog also won her lead over Bo Peep, the single time she beat her, by sailing in different water.

Thus, leaving Cock Robin aside, it is not too much to say that Bo Peep is decidedly the best of the other knockabouts, although the margin is not enough to prevent the others taking a race now and then, as Jack Tar's win under the conditions noted goes to show.

Altogether Bo Peep has made a very creditable record, both for her designer and builder, George Lawley, and for her helmsman, Mr. L. M. Clark. Mr. Lawley did not receive the order until July 5, and the boat was launched Aug 4. Necessarily there was little time for working the design down to the last refinement, but the slight faults were all in the right direction, and the boat shows an improvement over Mr. Lawley's other creations, as well as those from the boards of the other Boston designers.

The boat floated somewhat above her lines on being launched, and required 150lbs. of inside ballast, as well as the weight of her crew on board, to bring her down where she complied with all the restrictions. Mr. Clark considers that with a little less weight in some details of spare rigging and equipment, and with the above 500lbs of extra weight (crew and inside ballast) taken off her displacement, fixing up her bow and stern a trifle, the boat after a good tuning-up would be quite a little faster than at present.

Some stress has been laid on these points, because taking everything together the boat has undoubtedly made a good up-hill fight, and has shown that after all the model is not outclassed to the extent to which at first it appears Cock Robin can beat the Boston-built craft.

At all events, it has been a sporting proposition that Messrs. Clark and North made to celebrate July 4 that they would give the class another try at the eleventh hour of the season.

Mr. Clark had had the first and second Spinster in the class, and had failed in many a ship of many a class before that, as every Boston yachtsman knows

Mr. North has only taken up yachting the past three or four seasons, and went in for knockabouts from the first. His first boat was Otatsu, one of the sturdy pioneers. Last season he had the unfortunate Toyo, a very fast and nice-looking boat, but just outside the class on some of her dimensions, so that she was not eligible for many of the races.

Mr. Clark has sailed the Bo Peep and has made as little of the handicap of an untried boat as any one could. Altogether Bo Peep is rather an encouragment than the reverse to those who look forward to seeing Cock Robin matched and the knockabouts again a good fighting class next year.

Southern Y. C.

EL HEIRIE has been sold by C. H. Crane to T. G. Bush, of New Orleans, through Tams & Lemoine, and will be the first of a fleet of 15-footers which it is proposed to establish on Lake Ponchartrain. The Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, is undoubtedly noted as one of the oldest yacht clubs in the United States, and as one of the first to encourage yacht racing; for forty years or more it has labored to support the racing sandbagger built under a length rule, it has owned the fastest yachts of the type ever built, and it has offered most liberal prizes for their races. The experience of the club is identical with that of clubs in the North and West, that the days of the length rule, of unlimited crews, ballast and sail have passed away; that this type of yacht costs a great deal and provides but a limited amount of sport, keen enough at times for a brief interval, and then declining for an indefinite period. The members of the club are fully awake to the present unsatisfactory condition of their racing fleet, a lot of yachts of all sizes and classes, and also to the benefits to be derived from the building up of a few strong classes, and they are about to start in with the 15ft. class, as giving a craft of moderate cost and draft, capable of good class racing and useful for general sailing in the abundant shoal water. The *Times-Democrat* says:

It is not in the indiscriminate building of yachts, as it now goes on from year to year, with but one new boat in one or two different and almost obsolete classes, that will most benefit yachting here. There are too many classes, and not enough boats in a class. The old timers should be left to fight it all over alone from season to season, and the new boats that are ordered for next season should be restricted to one of three classes. There are those who consider that if racing was restricted to three classes here there would be considerable more enthusiasm. As it is now, with thirteen classes, there is hardly an average two in a class, which a man with half an eye can see does not make good racing.

A half-rater or 15ft. class, a 20ft. open sloop class and a 25 to 30ft. waterline cabin sloop class would afford all the sport the most enthusiastic yachtsman could desire. The half-rater has proved one of the most popular boats and the class has produced more racing than all other classes combined in the North. The 20ft. open sloop, of the Jeanne and Alice type, will afford the "sandbagger" all the sport he desires. If a larger boat is desired it should be between 25 and 30ft.-waterline and a cabin sloop. As they are building yachts nowadays with overhangs, a craft of that waterline length would have fine accommodations, a length over all of 40ft., and would be a fine all-round cruiser. Something should be done for racing. A beginning should be made with the half-rater and a class of more evenly matched boats got up for next season. A dozen or more of them can be built in the Southern Y. C., as many yachtsmen want to build, but wait for some one else to take the initiative. Com. Lawrence O'Donnell has within the last few days made known his intention of building a half rater. Others who will build are T. W. Campbell, E. Feste, T. W. Boone, Jr., Jack Campbell, Garrette Drown, Joe R Behrens, F. F. Claussen, P. S. Anderson, W. H Brunet, Holmes Harrison, B. B. Howard, R. A. Palmer, E. L. Cope and L. D. Sampsell.

There are a number of others who would build if the racing becomes exciting, and there is no reason why the owners of the large sloops and schooners should not have them, as one could be easily carried on a big cruiser. A sweepstake race could be sailed every Sunday, and the club would offer a handsome cup to be won by the boat making the most wins during the season.

Knots and Miles.

THERE is, unfortunately, a growing practice of making an improper use of the word knot, not only with landsmen, engineers and shipbuilders, but also with sailors, who ought to know better. The prevailing idea at present appears to be that the knot is the same thing as the geographical, nautical or sea mile, and the word knot is used to prevent any possible confusion with the statute land mile. But this usage is quite wrong. The knot is the cosmopolitan unit of speed, employed at sea by sailors of all civilized nations. One knot is a speed of one nautical mile an hour, the nautical mile being the mean sexagesimal minute of latitude on the earth's surface, so that it is 90×60—5 400 miles from the equator to the pole, and this is the only mile the sailor knows and uses. The nautical mile is a little over 6 080ft., the Admiralty measured mile (we do not say the Admiralty knot), so that one knot is a speed of a little more than 100ft. a minute, more nearly 101 to 102ft. a minute; thus, on a log line, with a half minute glass or interval of time, the distance between the knots should be 50ft. or a little over, say 51ft. The word knot is derived from the knots on the log line; the number of knots that pass over the ship's taffrail during the half minute, or other interval of time, giving the speed of the ship in knots. The only occasion then, in which it is permissible to use the word knot as the equivalent of a length, is in spacing the knots on the log line, and then, by a familiar tendency in language, the "distance between two knots" is abbreviated in speech to the "length of a knot." By a curious perversity and straining after precision, the incorrect expression "knot an hour," to express the speed of a ship, is creeping into general use, with the effect of displacing the word mile by knot; so that now it is common to read a steamer's daily run as given in knots (*e. g.*, Teutonic's daily runs, 473 knots, 496 knots, etc., total distance, 2,806 knots); and the coal endurance of a man-of-war given as say 26,000 knots at 10-knot speed, thus using the word knot where mile should be used. No real sailor would say that a rock or the land was half a knot, one knot, etc., away. It is too often urged that the expression "knots an hour" is so much clearer and more definite; but we might just as well measure pressure in "atmospheres per square inch" Not only in navigation, but also in astronomy, the nautical mile should be the unit of length, and the knot the unit of velocity. To summarize, distance at sea is measured in miles, and speed in knots; and the expression knots an hour per speed, and knots for distance in miles, are nautical barbarisms.—*Nautical Magazine.*

The Meteor-Isolde Collision.

FOR the second time in two seasons British yachtsmen have been shocked by a fatal collision during a race, in which the largest class of cutters have played a prominent part. In July, 1894, the second Valkyrie was sunk in collision with Satanita, of her own class, at the start of a race in the Clyde, one of her paid hands being fatally crushed between her and a steam yacht. The latest collision, of which we have already published the first incomplete cable reports, took place off the Isle of Wight on Aug. 18, the principals being the cutter Meteor II., owned by the Emperor of Germany, and the smaller cutter Isolde, of 20 rating, owned by Baron von Zedtwitz, a friend of the Emperor and one of the foremost of German yachtsmen, who was killed almost instantly. The day was cloudy and rainy, with a moderate and puffy S.W. wind. The largest class, Meteor, Ailsa, Satanita and Britannia, started at 10 A. M. to sail the Nab and West Buoy of Ryde Middle course, two rounds; the 52ft linear rating class, the old 20-raters, Penitent, Audrey, Saint, Isolde, Samphire and Niagara, started at 10:45 A. M. to sail the Warner and Northeast Buoy of Ryde Middle course, also two rounds. At noon the two classes fell in together as both approached the committee vessel, the gunboat Ant, anchored off the Spit Fort, to pass to leeward of it; they were close together, all on the wind, and both classes in a hot fight, as the times at the end of the round show:

Samphire	12 05 13	Isolde	12 07 27
Audrey	12 05 23	Meteor	12 07 30
Ailsa	12 06 00	Saint	12 07 30
Niagara	12 06 35	Satanita	12 08 00
Britannia	12 07 36	Penitent	12 08 15

The fleet of a dozen yachts passed the committee boat within three minutes, the four larger yachts having just overtaken the smaller ones. They were about 200yds. beyond the mark when the collision occurred. The exact details will probably never be known; the evidence at the coroner's inquest was not of a nature to bring them to light, and there is a material difference in the views taken by two opposing parties. The leaders, Samphire, Audrey, Ailsa and Niagara, were clear ahead; of the second quartette Britannia was the leeward and outside yacht, with Isolde inside of her, close on her weather beam. Meteor was astern of Britannia, somewhere near her weather quarter, while Saint was on the lee quarter of Isolde; the distance between Britannia and Isolde as they ran side by side was very small, it is stated as but 30ft. Not only were the big boats traveling much faster than the 52-footers, but Meteor was gaining on Britannia, being in the position of an overtaking boat with regard to all three.

The first movement was a luff on the part of Saint across Isolde's stern, for the reason, as given by her crew, of avoiding Meteor, dangerously close astern. In crossing Isolde, Saint's topmast stay fouled Isolde's boom end. Meteor, trying to get through Britannia's weather, struck Isolde, the bowsprit piercing the mainsail and then sweeping the deck; then Meteor's boom swung over Isolde's deck and brought down her mast, Isolde at the same time being thrown into Britannia by the force of the collision.

According to the claim of Meteor she had an overlap on Britannia and thus could not possibly bear away and go on Britannia's lee side; while at the same time, as all were going just before the luffing of Saint, she had plenty of room to pass between Isolde and Britannia. The cause of the collision, as she claims, was the luffing of Saint in order to pass Isolde, the resulting foul between the stay of one and the boom of the other, and the throwing of Isolde off her course and directly in the path of Meteor, there being no time to avoid her and no chance to do so save by running over Britannia.

On the other side it is claimed that Meteor in the first place was under every obligation to keep clear of the yachts just ahead, which she was approaching at a high speed; that she could and should have gone to leeward of Britannia instead of trying to force a weather passage through the crowded fleet; and that at no time was there space for her safe passage between Britannia and Isolde. The original luffing of Saint is ascribed to the dangerous proximity of the larger and faster boat; and it is also claimed that Isolde was diverted but little from her course by the first foul, as it was very slight.

The *Field* lays the blame entirely on Capt. Gomes, and calls in very strong language for a more searching investigation on the part of the Royal Albert Y. C.: "The attempt to shift the blame from the right shoulders, as allowed by the Isle of Wight deputy coroner, was one of the meanest things ever perpetrated in the history of yachting, and the matter ought not to be allowed to rest. The Royal Albert Y. C., however, has, we understand, complacently concurred in the amazing summing up of the coroner, and attributes the disaster to the act of Saint, whereas, if she had not made the timely luff, she would herself have been run over by Meteor. The club committee appear to have shown a want of appreciation of the real facts of the situation."

The other English yachting journals take a very mild view of the matter, setting it down to an unavoidable accident, and laying the blame, if at all, on Saint. We are unable to reproduce the photos published in the *Field* and *Yachting World*, a number of good views having been obtained of the various stages of the disaster; and with our inadequate knowledge of the facts at this great distance we are not competent to pass our opinion; but all that we have read, backed by the evidence of the photos, inclines us to the belief that Capt. Gomes is to blame, and he alone. The following report of the inquest is from the London *Times*; our readers can form their own opinions as to the thoroughness of the investigation.

The inquest on Baron von Zedtwitz, who was killed while sailing on his yacht, the Isolde, on Tuesday, Aug. 18, when she was run down by the German Emperor's yacht Meteor, was held on Wednesday at the Elephant and Castle, Ryde, by Mr. E. F. Blake, Deputy Coroner for the Isle of Wight. Mr. C. H. Lindon represented the deceased gentleman's family, and Mr. R. W. Beale, Imperial German Vice-Consul, Portsmouth, watched the proceedings on behalf of his Government, and obtained permission to make notes of the evidence.

William Miles: I am captain of the yacht Isolde, and live at Woolston. I was in the service of the deceased, and have been captain of his yacht since Jan. 1 last. I have been captain of yachts from 20 tons downward for twelve years. The Isolde took part in the racing yesterday, the others in our class being Penitent, The Saint, Audrey, Niagara and Samphire. Three classes started before us; the Britannia, Meteor, Ailsa and Satanita went round the Nab Lightship and our class round the Warner. Between 12 and 1 we were coming from the Northeast Middle Buoy crossing Southsea. Both classes—the first and the fourth—got in together. Ailsa was ahead of us in the large class, but there were several of the 20-raters ahead of me. Ailsa was going alone, then went Samphire, then Audrey, and then Niagara. They were astern of the Ailsa, and we all had just rounded the markboat. The Niagara had passed before us. Closely following us was The Saint, within a length of us, then came the Britannia and Meteor. Both were on the lee side of us, and the Meteor was closer to us than the Britannia. The Saint was just under Isolde's lee quarter. The first thing I noticed was The Saint luffing to try to get to windward of me. Her topmast stay caught my boom end, which caused my yacht to slew. That drove my bow to leeward and toward the Meteor. At that time the Meteor had not got up to me. I was not watching her, but the next thing I saw was the Meteor's bowsprit coming up under my lee. It was under my lee quarter. I could not say if the Meteor was going out of her course, as I could not tell how my bows were bearing at the moment, whether my bowsprit had been payed off to leeward to get out of The Saint's way. When I saw the Meteor's bowsprit it was only about 6ft. from me. It was then impossible to avoid the collision. Instantly her bowsprit struck our mainsail and swept our deck of everything. I jumped into the water and was rescued by a lifebuoy. I did not see the deceased at the time of the collision. The last time I saw him alive was when I went forward to get clear of the wreck. Before that he was not near the helm. At the time of the actual collision he had not been struck. When I got on board again the deceased was under the rigging. Two of my crew were already on board, and helped to get him up. Others from the other vessels were helping. He was put into a small boat, and from there to a steam yacht, Bohemia II. If The Saint had not touched the boom the Meteor would have been under my lee, and from the time I was slewed round to the moment of the impact was about thirty seconds. We were only off our course for a moment or so. I should say The Saint, having touched us, had to do with the cause of the accident. We were heading for the Warner, and the larger vessels for the Nab; and the Nab is to leeward of the Warner.

Mr Lindon produced a set of models of the several yachts, and the witness placed them in the order in which the yachts stood at the moment of the accident. The Saint's bowsprit, he explained, struck the Isolde's mainboom at the stern, slewing her bows round into the course which the Meteor was taking. He was not prepared to swear that if he had not been touched by The Saint the Meteor would have passed him clear; he could not say whether or no the Meteor could have altered her course in time to avoid the accident.

By the Foreman: We had luffed round and flattened our sheet when The Saint tried to luff us, and struck us with her topmast stay. From the time The Saint touched her and the accident happened it was about thirty seconds.

By Mr. Lindon: The Saint slewed us out of our course three or four points. The course to the Warner would be several points southward of the Nab, but at this point the angle would not be observable. We had nine hands on board, and she was well founded both as to crew and gear.

John Richard Carter, captain of the Britannia, said: I was in charge of the yacht Britannia. Yesterday I formed one of four which started for the race. We started at 10 o'clock. This accident occurred a little after 12. There were several ahead of us of two different classes. The Ailsa was in front of those of our class, and she got clear of the markboat The Samphire and Audrey led the fourth class and they were clear; then came the Isolde and The Saint, Isolde being nearest the markboat. We were overtaking them and going faster. Passing the mark abreast of them, I saw The Saint's bowsprit touch the end of Isolde's boom. That slewed her head round to port. The Saint only just touched Isolde and immediately cleared herself, going by on her starboard side. I was about 30ft. from them at the time. The Meteor was coming about a length astern of us. When the accident happened the Britannia was clear of the committee boat and the Meteor was in the act of rounding. The Meteor could see exactly where they were, and her right position would have been to have taken the lee or port side of Britannia. She was coming up to windward, thinking there was room, but, according to the rules of the sea, as she was the overtaking vessel, she ought to have passed me on the lee side and not to have tried to come under my weather. If she had gone under the Britannia's lee the accident would not have happened.

The Coroner: You think, then, that it was an error of judgment on the part of the Meteor to try to pass you to windward? Capt. Carter: Yes, sir.

The foreman explained that in the rules of the sea there was no law to compel the overtaking vessel when both were on the starboard tack to go to the leeward side of the forward vessel, but the custom of racing was for the forward captain to do all he could to prevent the following vessel from passing on the weather. This explanation of the rule of racing Capt. Carter acquiesced in.

By Mr. Linton: Witness could not say if there was time after the two 20s had touched for the Meteor to bear off to leeward in time to avoid the accident.

By a juryman: As the Meteor was the overtaking ship, it was her place to give way on the lee side to everything. The mixing of the different classes of yachts while rounding was a rare occurrence.

Robert Gomes, cautioned as to answering any incriminating question, said: I am the captain of the Meteor and have been in the service of the German Emperor for the past five years. The Meteor took part in a race at Southsea, starting about 10 o'clock. After the Isolde and The Saint passed the mark Britannia and Meteor passed, overlapping them. I saw The Saint touch Isolde; she gave her a knock and slewed her round. I attempted to come up on the weather side of Britannia and came in contact with the Isolde. We were on the weather side of Britannia and could not go astern if we wanted to. I do not know of any rule that I should have gone to the lee side, but if the Isolde had not payed her head off out of her course I should have got through clear. From the time The Saint put the Isolde out of her course to the moment we struck was not, I should say, more than ten seconds. If the Isolde had kept in her course we should all have cleared, for we all had room. If we had turned to leeward to clear Isolde we should have run into the Britannia, for we were already overlapping her, and could not have passed under her lee. If the two 20s had not touched we should all have had plenty of room; the two blocked our way. Her headgear was knocked away by the Britannia, and the Meteor struck the Isolde amidships.

William George Jameson said: I was on board the Britannia when the accident occurred. I represent the Prince of Wales. I saw there was danger in keeping too close to the 20-tonners. There was a procession of yachts around the markboat. We passed almost abreast of The Saint, but to leeward, and the Meteor came after us. I heard a good deal of shouting on board the two 20s, and we had our attention on them all the time because we wanted to keep as near to them as possible without running into them. I did not actually see the two 20s touch one another. The Meteor was going a great deal faster than we when rounding the mark.

By Mr. Lindon: The Meteor altered her course to come to windward of us. She had room to come up on the lee side of the Britannia. Explaining the position from the models, witness said the Isolde was slewed round and struck the Britannia, when the accident immediately happened. The Isolde did not touch the Britannia until the Meteor collided with her, and then she was driven round into the Britannia's bows.

William Terrell Dawson, of New York, said he was a qualified medical practitioner. He was on the White Ladye, steam yacht, which was anchored at the Spit Buoy when the accident happened. He saw the collision very plainly. He was about a mile from the spot; he went to see if he could render any assistance. When he reached the scene the deceased was in the Britannia's dinghy. The witness made a superficial examination of him, but could not see any external signs of injury. He accompanied the deceased to the steam yacht Bohemia II. The deceased had expired by that time. He was taken into the cabin. The witness had not made an internal examination of the deceased, but had not the least doubt that death was the result of internal injuries.

The coroner remarked that other witnesses were ready to be called, but he did not think it necessary to call them. The jury had the facts before them, and the witnesses appeared to have given a clear and straightforward account of the event. He had come to the conclusion in his own mind that this unfortunate accident took place through the regrettable circumstance of The Saint having turned to some extent the Isolde out of her straight course. All the evidence pointed to this conclusion, and it was clear that if the Isolde had continued her course there would have been sufficient room for the Meteor to have passed between the Britannia on the one hand and the Isolde and The Saint on the other. Unfortunately, however, just at the time when the Meteor was almost level with the Britannia, The Saint, by a simple accident, touched the Isolde and threw her out of her course. The Meteor was at the moment coming up nearly double the pace of the Isolde, and the accident happened. If the jury looked at the matter as he did, their verdict would be one of accidental death.

The court was cleared for about twenty minutes, during which time the jury arrived at the following verdict: "That, on the 18th in

the deceased was sailing his yacht the Isolde in the Solent, when the yacht the Meteor accidentally struck the yacht Isolde, causing her mast and gear to fall, which accidentally fell on the deceased, causing divers mortal internal injuries, of which injuries he then and there instantly died."—*Times.*

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE 943d regatta, fifth open sweepstakes, was sailed off club house Sept. 5 in a pretty good S.E. breeze with a tendency to shift toward the south, which it did on the fifth class course; water smooth.

In special class Cero was not ready, and started with a handicap of 1m. 10s., and her clubtopsail jammed under the jib stay. Cero when she got on the wind found it too heavy, and had to put in a couple of reefs, while it was just to Ashumet's liking.

Race between May King, Ulula and Anonyma was very close, but Anonyma took it on allowance. Nobska beat Metro badly, while Elsa, as usual, sailed a great race.

In fourth class cats Sally won easily, with Grilse second, and the Herreshoff knockabout Edith only 15s. behind her. Edith is a remarkably handsome boat, very able and comfortable, with a good cabin; she holds her own well to windward, but cannot run with the others unless it blows. If she ever gets a hard breeze she will show up well.

999 won hands down, but protested Raccoon, who entered a counter protest, and regatta committee must take evidence before deciding it. Imp scored again over her old rivals.

Courses triangular; 17½ for special, 12 for second, 8½ for third and fourth, 5¼ for fifth. Fifth class had a free wind race, though the sloops had a long and short leg on last leg, while the cats made it without tacking; others had a good beat:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	34.08	3 12 05	3 06 30
Cero, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	39.00	3 41 00	3 39 57

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Not Named, Mon. Beach, C. C. Hanley		2 44 25	. .. ..
Alma, Mon. Beach, R. Bigelow		Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS CATS.

May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	26.00	2 12 20	1 58 50
Ulula, Onset, N. Huckins, Jr.	26.00	2 13 19	1 59 30
Anonyma, B. Y. C., F. L. Dabney	24.00	2 13 35	1 58 08
Kalama, B. Y. C., D. Rios	26.00	2 15 28	2 01 44
Surprise, B. Y. C., J. M. Codman	24.01	2 17 07	2 00 38
Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 17 16	2 03 16
Mist, B. Y. C., G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 18 25	2 03 23
Diamonds, Osterville, C. H. Crosby	26.00	2 19 10	2 05 21

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Nobska, Onset, H. Burgess	22.08	2 32 34	2 19 31
Metro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.08	2 39 14	2 23 54

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	1 49 50	1 32 50
Coquette, B. Y. C., W. W. Phinney	18.00	1 55 45	1 37 21
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Hardy	17.06	1 56 05	1 36 56
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	17.08	1 56 45	1 37 52

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	1 40 06	1 22 02
Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	1 43 24	1 25 24
Edith, B. Y. C., C. M. Baker	18.07	1 44 10	1 26 36
Heiress, B. Y. C., Geo. G. Amory	19.00	1 44 41	1 27 41

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Imp, B. Y. C., Geo. R. Dabney	14.05	0 26 16	0 27 23
Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	14.03	0 26 27	0 27 40
Hebe, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson, Jr.	15.00	0 26 31	0 27 58

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	0 26 41	0 26 12
Waskita, Malta, W. B. Scofield	12.09	0 28 30	0 26 17
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.05	0 29 22	0 29 49
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	14.00	0 29 40	0 30 24

Winners.—Special Class, Ashumet; second class sloops, not named; second class cats, Anonyma first, May King second; third class cats, Nobska; fourth class cats, Elsa first, Dawdle second; fourth class sloops, Sally first, Grilse second; fifth class sloops, in doubt; fifth class cats, Imp.

Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Monday, Sept. 7.

The 944th regatta, second open race, was sailed Sept. 7 off the club house.

The day opened with a trifling S.E. air, dying out to a dead calm, and at 1 P. M., the time of the advertised start, there was no wind and few boats at the line, though the bay was white with sails becalmed trying to get there. At 1:55, a light S.W. air having brought in the boats, the race was started and the wind soon increased to a fair wholesail breeze. In this race the crews were the old number, viz., one to every 5ft. w.l. and fraction thereof.

Cero and Ashumet sailed a very close race, the former having very bad luck; carrying away first the rail to which jib halyards led, letting down the sail, and when this was repaired the throat halyard block broke and the sail came down. A new block was lashed to the mast and the sail got up after a fashion, but as this happened during the windward work it cost her a good deal.

In second class Surprise, Kalama and May King made a beautiful finish, crossing line within a very few seconds of each other.

The third class rounded buoy on starting line two-thirds through the race in a bunch, Nobska leading; but later she picked up a couple of bushels of floating seaweed on her centerboard and hauled out. Grilse got a long lead, but on last leg also picked up seaweed and lost time by it, enough she won by 4s. In this class the last boats got a better breeze and quite a fluke on the leaders.

Vif turned tables on Imp, and 999 won as usual.

Course for special class, 15 miles; second class, 11¼ miles; third and fourth classes, 7½ miles, and fifth class, 5¼ miles. There was a good beating to windward on all courses.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, B. Y. C., C. H. Jones	34.08	3 12 05	3 06 30
Cero, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	39.00	3 19 48	3 11 54

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

No Name, Mon. Beach, C. C. Hanley	26.00	2 48 44	2 31 33
Alma, Mon. Beach, R. Bigelow	22.04	2 53 54	2 34 58

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Kalama, B. Y. C., David Rice	26.00	2 37 43	2 25 32
Surprise, B. Y. C., J. M. Codman	24.00	2 40 52	2 26 50
May King, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	26.00	2 41 13	2 29 02
Agnostic, Osterville, D. Crosby	26.00	2 42 05	2 29 54
Diamonds, Osterville, C. H. Crosby	26.00	2 43 35	2 30 44
Bernice, B. Y. C., J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 44 45	2 32 10
Ulula, Onset, N. Hucking, Jr.	26.00	2 45 55	2 33 44
Linotte, B. Y. C., W. P. Wilson	25.10	2 46 02	2 33 39
Mist, B. Y. C., G. H. Lyman	25.01	2 46 36	2 33 20
Success, Mon. Beach, H. E. Perry	24.01	2 54 23	2 37 19
Anonyma, B. Y. C., F. L. Dabney	24.09	2 56 15	2 42 23

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Columbus, B. Y. C., A. Winsor	21.06	1 59 53	1 47 21
Metro, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	20.08	2 00 16	1 48 05
Nobska, Onset, H. Burgess	22.02	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

Grilse, B. Y. C., W. E. C. Eustis	19.00	2 01 37	1 46 18
Heiress, B. Y. C., G. Amory	19.00	2 01 41	1 46 22
Sally, B. Y. C., W. S. Burgess	19.00	2 11 12	1 55 53
Edith, B. Y. C., C. M. Baker	18.07	2 11 53	1 56 08
Silence, B. Y. C., J. Crane, Jr.	19.00	2 15 24	2 00 05
Sylph, Onset, O. M. Cassell	17.04	2 24 02	2 07 05
Ghuzz, B. Y. C., L. M. Brooks	18.08	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Elsa, B. Y. C., H. & F. Burgess	19.00	2 06 13	1 50 54
Daisy, B. Y. C., H. Stockton	18.08	2 06 27	1 52 10
Coquette, Mon. Beach, W. W. Phinney	19.00	2 12 10	1 56 51
Howard, B. Y. C., H. O. Miller	18.01	2 20 57	2 04 30
Smile, B. Y. C., L. Bacon	18.01	2 24 16	2 08 26
Cinch, B. Y. C., H. Parker	18.01	2 29 13	2 12 26
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Hardy	17.06	2 32 29	2 15 14
Spectre, W. Falmouth, — Phillips	19.00	2 33 30	2 16 11

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Vif, B. Y. C., A. Winsor, Jr.	14.04	1 53 56	1 36 12
Imp, G. B. Dabney	14.05	1 56 00	1 42 32
Irene, Nonquitt, P. H. Sheridan	15.00	1 59 00	1 44 14
Hebe, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson, Jr.	15.00	2 07 15	1 56 19
M. Y. O. B., Wareham, ——	15.00	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAILS.

999, B. Y. C., R. Brewer	15.00	1 40 25	1 25 39
Waskita, Mattapoisett, W. B. Scofield	12.09	1 56 51	1 40 54
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	14.00	2 06 09	1 45 51
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	13.04	2 06 20	1 50 57

Winners: Special class, Ashumet first; second class sloops, No Name first; second class cats, Kalama first, Surprise second, May King third; third class cats, Metro first; fourth class sloops, Grilse first, Heiress second, Sally third; fourth class cats, Elsa first, Daisy second, Coquette third; fifth class cats, Vif first, Imp second, Irene third; fifth class sloops, 999 first, Waskita second.

Judges: T. S. Edwards, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

NEW YORK HARBOR.

Monday, Sept. 7.

IF the New York Yacht Racing Association is to be judged by the one regatta which it gives every year, it is not at the present time enjoying that prosperity which should attend a union of the small yacht clubs about New York Bay and the Hudson. In the number of associated clubs, of local club races sailing under its rules, and of starters in its great annual regatta, it shows a falling off rather than an advance on a few years ago. As the interest in yachting is increasing, and as more yachts are added each year to the smaller classes about New York, there is an ample field for such an organization, and every reason why one should grow rapidly. The regatta this year brought out but forty yachts from eighteen clubs—by no means a large fleet. The start was made in Gravesend Bay, the courses being out in the Lower Bay; a wait was made until 12:30 for yachts that were delayed in reaching the line. The race was sailed in a light N.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kelpie	12 24 55	Did not finish.		

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Forsythe II.	12 35 56	5 27 23	4 51 27	3 59 25
Minta	12 31 29	5 29 35	4 58 07	4 05 08
Orestes	12 34 45	Did not finish.		
Ella S.	12 36 17	5 17 35	4 41 18	3 46 27

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS.

Gael	12 32 19	Did not finish.		

CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS.

Zulu	12 32 30	5 22 49	4 50 19	3 45 55
Poco	12 32 55	Did not finish.		
Katrine	12 33 40	Did not finish.		

CLASS C—OPEN CATS.

Hester	12 41 47	5 10 32	4 28 45	3 27 47

CLASS I—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

E. J. B.	12 31 40	5 08 44	4 37 04	3 35 50

CLASS 7—OPEN CATS.

Edna	12 40 53	5 10 13	4 19 40	3 11 09
Lester	12 42 30	Did not finish.		

CLASS 2—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

W. H. Gill	12 35 46	5 00 40	4 24 54	3 14 22
Viola	12 36 44	Did not finish.		
Henry Dauer	12 34 08	4 55 28	4 21 20	3 17 28
Iroquois	12 33 50	3 51 19	3 17 29	2 29 21
Sybilla	12 33 15	3 56 06	3 23 51	2 31 32
Zetes	12 32 16	3 51 10	3 18 54	2 28 51

CLASS 8—OPEN CATS.

Colleen	1 00 00	3 54 32	2 54 32	1 44 33
Tempest	1 00 00	3 56 12	2 56 12	1 46 13
Mary Isabel	12 59 35	4 09 39	3 10 04	2 21 21

CLASS 4—CABIN CATS.

Mollie Bawn	12 42 11	3 38 40	2 56 29	1 55 54
Minnie	12 50 00	Disabled.		
Mary H.	12 49 46	5 09 50	4 20 04	3 10 21
Acorn	12 49 18	Did not finish.		
Louise	12 50 00	Disabled		
Lizzie V	12 43 26	Did not finish.		

CLASS 5—CABIN CATS.

Elk	12 40 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 9—OPEN CATS.

Baby	12 58 17	3 40 23	2 42 06	2 42 09
Minnie H.	12 58 37	3 44 37	2 46 00	1 51 58
Martha M.	12 59 59	4 01 04	3 01 12	2 03 47
Minnie	12 58 44	3 47 50	2 49 06	1 49 04
Mercedes	1 00 00	3 47 54	2 47 54	1 53 57

CLASS 10—OPEN CATS.

Chip	1 00 00	3 35 33	2 35 33	1 51 06
Chic	1 00 00	Did not finish.		
Adele Rae	1 00 00	3 36 17	2 36 17	1 52 00
Cinch	1 00 00	Did not finish.		
Maggie F.	1 00 00	3 38 43	2 38 43	1 53 57
Little Deane	1 00 00	3 44 58	2 44 58	2 00 26

Louise broke her gaff, Minnie was dismasted, and Millie protested Mercedes and Baby protested Minnie H. for fouling at the outer mark. The regatta committee included Messrs. Adams, Langerfeld, Ross and Kilbourne.

Stamford Y. C.

STAMFORD, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Stamford Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Sept. 5 in a strong S.E. wind and sea, many yachts failing to start. There was no class for the 15-footers, as Yola declined to start, so Paprika went up a class and raced against Eos and B. O. B., saving her time. Drift, Annie, Elsie, Bubble, B. O. B. and Onaway withdrew. The times were:

51-FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Uvira	12 19 00	2 49 26	2 32 26	2 32 26

42FT. CLASS.

Norota	12 15 00	2 42 17	2 27 15	2 27 15

36FT. CLASS.

Infanta	12 15 00	3 00 37	2 45 37	2 45 37

30FT. CLASS.

Madrine	12 15 00	3 13 36	2 58 36	2 56 22
Nanita	12 15 00	3 09 06	2 54 06	2 54 06

20FT. CLASS.

Eos	12 20 00	2 40-42	2 20 42	2 20 42
B. O. B.	12 20 00	Did not finish.		
Paprika	12 20 00	2 47 10	2 27 10	2 14 49

20FT. CABIN CLASS.

Oconee	12 25 00	2 40 28	2 15 28	2 15 28
Uarda	12 25 00	2 43 46	2 18 46	2 17 27
Onaway	12 25 00	Did not finish.		

Corinthian Fleet.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, Sept. 4.

THE annual regatta of the Corinthian fleet, postponed from Aug. 15, was sailed on Sept. 4 in a fresh N.E. breeze, the times being:

51FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Awa	1 28 15	6 28 47	5 00 12
Uvira	1 29 00	5 38 45	4 09 45

30FT. CLASS.

Vaquero	1 43 00	5 48 34	4 05 34

20FT. CLASS.

Eos	1 43 00	5 31 46	3 49 36
Hyale	1 43 00	Withdrawn.	

15FT. CLASS.

Paprika	1 43 00	6 27 27	4 45 27
Willada	1 43 00	Withdrawn.	

SPECIAL MOSQUITO CLASS.

Ma Honey	1 43 00	5 00 30	3 18 30
I Don't Think	1 43 00	5 22 56	3 40 56

OPEN CATS.

Edwina	1 37 25	6 39 36	5 02 36
Ondawa	1 36 50	6 33 29	4 57 29
Dorothy	1 34 55	Withdrawn.	
Starling	1 36 21	6 51 55	4 15 34
Cora	1 38 03	. .. ..	. .. ..
Susie D.	1 36 43	7 00 35	5 23 52

Oceanic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Monday, Sept. 7.

THE annual ladies' day regatta of the Oceanic Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 7 over a 10-mile course on the Upper Bay, the times being:

FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS, 25FT. AND OVER.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anna K., James H. Kane	4 01 07	1 47 42
Ripple, Arthur M. James	4 14 09	1 49 16
Dolphin, J. W. Reynolds	4 09 02	1 49 31
B. K. W., P. A. White	3 55 20	1 28 45
Charley, C. W. Bunns	3 56 00	1 29 00
Winnie, H. Patterson	3 56 16	1 29 16

SECOND CLASS—25FT. AND UNDER.

Gotham, F. Johnson	4 12 49	1 42 22
Vanquish, C. Clement	4 16 31	1 46 18
W. H. G., J. G. Wissner	4 12 40	1 45 10
Victor, A. Merthens	4 12 10	1 45 30
Dreadnaught, C. Wise	4 18 32	1 45 20

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Rex, Dr. J. H. Kahn	4 06 45	1 31 22
Jennie, C. Wise	4 14 56	1 43 05
Willie, J. Bessner	4 14 57	1 43 06
Juanita, C. White	4 14 58	1 43 05
Bully Boy, P. Averill	4 15 00	1 43 06
Commander, J. H. Grant	Time not taken.	
Clio, W. H. Richards	Did not finish.	

Atlantic Y. C.

BAY RIDGE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Atlantic Y. C. has just been the victim of a novel and unpleasant experience, one of its members having resorted to the courts instead of to the club and the regatta committee for a decision in a dispute over a prize. Fortunately such things are very rare in yachting; although protests and disputes are inevitable and by no means infrequent, it is seldom that any occasion arises to seek a means of settlement outside of the recognized yachting authorities. The dispute in the present case arose over the contest for the Adams cup, offered last spring by Vice-Com. Adams, to be the property of the yacht first winning it twice. The first race was a very close one between Choctaw, owned by J. Montgomery Strong, and Penguin, owned by George E Brightson; and a dispute arose over the measurements of the two. It was finally agreed that both should be measured on a certain day by John Hyslop, measurer of the Seawanhaka, New York and Larchmont clubs, and Penguin appeared at the appointed time and was duly measured, but Choctaw did not present herself for measurement. The second race on June 18, was won by Choctaw by a safe margin, but the first race was claimed by Penguin It was finally decided by the regatta committee that both yachts should be measured at the Atlantic Basin on the morning of Sept. 5, and that they should sail the deciding leg for the cup in the afternoon Again Penguin was on hand and measured, but Choctaw failed to appear. Before the race started, however, her owner was heard from, a New York lawyer, D. A. Wise, appearing for him and serving an injunction on the regatta committee, restraining it from holding a race for the Adams cup. Under the circumstances there was no course for the committee but to postpone the race indefinitely. Three other races were scheduled for other classes, and these were started at 2:15 in a fresh S.E. wind, the course being a triangle off the club house Rain fell during the afternoon to the discomfiture of a number of members and ladies who were watching the race, but they took refuge in the cozy parlors of the house. The times were:

CUTTERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gaviota	2 17 54	4 27 31	2 09 37	. .. ..
Awa	2 19 08	4 33 50	2 14 42	. .. ..
Moccasin	2 16 23	4 32 55	2 16 32	. .. ..
Eclipse	2 16 13	4 49 06	2 33 53	. .. ..

CATBOATS—CLASS 1.

Squaw	2 25 38	4 26 19	2 00 41	2 00 33
Dorothy	2 25 47	4 27 08	2 01 21	2 01 21
Estelle	2 26 31	Did not finish.		

CATBOATS—CLASS 2.

Scat	2 26 02	4 38 44	2 12 42	2 09 11
Streak	2 27 02	4 38 04	2 11 02	2 11 02

Monday, Sept. 7.

The club had two races scheduled for Monday, one for the cutters, being for the prize won in a sailover by Eclipse in the annual regatta last June, and returned to the club by L. J. Callanan; the other for catboats, for a prize similarly won and redonated by R. B. Lynch, of the sloop Lynx. In addition the club offered second and third prizes, $35 and $25 for the cutters, and $30 and $20 for the cats. Up to 4 P. M. there was no wind; then a light southerly breeze came in and the race was started. The starters were Gaviota, Awa, Moccasin, Eclipse, Dorothy, Squaw, Scat, Estelle and Streak. After drifting until after dark all gave up but Awa and Moccasin, the former finishing first and the latter winning the second prize, a $35 cup.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.

The race for the catboats was started again on Sept. 8, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorothy	2 21 11	5 09 32	2 48 21	2 48 21
Squaw	2 20 38	5 16 32	2 55 54	2 55 46
Estelle	2 20 56	5 21 21	3 00 25	2 58 54
Streak	2 22 11	5 21 55	2 59 44	2 55 16
Scat	2 21 26	5 20 08	2 58 42	2 50 43

Dorothy was disqualified for fouling a mark. The last race of the season, on Sept. 12, was postponed to Sept. 19 on account of a calm.

Commonwealth Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Commonwealth Y. C. sailed its first open race on Sept. 5 and made a success of it, there being good entries and plenty of wind, a hard reefing breeze from the east, with a heavy sea. Harbinger, when in second place, missed a buoy and withdrew, and Satanic broke her steering gear. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	29.04	1 47 50	1 14 28
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.08	2 05 50	1 28 00
Climax, M. F. Kelley	26.04	2 05 53	1 39 05
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.04	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.09	1 07 05	0 39 35
Privateer, A. E. Schaaf	22.11	1 08 17	0 40 42
Cleopatra, H. M. Faxon	21.09	1 12 08	0 42 39
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 10 58	0 44 24
Satanic, W. Daly, Jr.	22.07	Disabled.	
Tacoma, S. N. Small	21.08	Withdrew.	
Eureka, J. G. Stewart	21.08	Withdrew.	
Lottie R., E. H. Rich	22.11	Withdrew.	
Thrush, J. H. Flemming, Jr	24.02	Withdrew.	
Offit, D. Elman	24.00	Disabled.	

THIRD CLASS.

Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 15 44	0 46 44
Allison, Huckins & Fowle	20.10	1 13 54	0 47 51
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	1 15 37	0 48 12
Nancy Hanks, P. M. Magiathlis	20.06	1 15 16	0 48 53
Wawand, Benner & Pattern	19.11	1 17 07	0 50 00
Mephisto, J. Spratt	19.04	1 19 02	0 51 26
Emerell, W. H. Dow	18.10	Withdrew.	
Cocheco, Yerxa & Borden	18.11	Withdrew.	
Harriett, L. T. Harrington	20.07	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS.

Bo Peep, Clark & North	21.00	1 12 54	1 12 54
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 14 08	1 14 08
Torpedo, J. J. Souther	21.00	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.06	0 52 05	0 26 37
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.06	0 54 07	0 27 38
Minx, G. D. Silsby	17.11	0 59 05	0 34 08
May R., N. C. Robinson	17.07	1 00 05	0 34 43
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	Withdrew.	
Anita, S. N. Small	17.08	Capsized.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Elsa, P. A. Rand	14.08	0 57 35	0 33 34
Velma, T. Hallett	14.09	0 57 44	0 33 48
Nellie, J. O'Leary	14.10	1 03 22	0 39 32

New Jersey Athletic Club.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE New Jersey Athletic Club sailed a race on Sept. 5 for pennants offered by Howard M. Cook, the course being three rounds of a triangle, 10 miles in all, on Newark Bay. The wind was fresh S.E., with rain. The 15-footer Brownie won in her class and equaled the time of the larger boats in other classes. The official times were:

OPEN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Brownie	2 54 41	4 56 38	1 41 57	1 01 57
Iroquois	2 53 33	4 52 58	1 59 25	1 06 09

CABIN CATS.

Tiche	2 53 48	4 36 06	1 42 18	1 10 36
Volage	2 53 43	4 39 30	1 45 47	1 11 24

OPEN CATS.

Doctor	2 53 13	4 38 29	1 45 16	1 08 41
Henrietta	2 53 59	4 54 19	1 40 20	1 03 55
Chip	2 53 53	4 53 50	1 59 57	1 15 22
Yankee Boy	2 54 06	Did not finish.		
Flirt	2 53 16	Did not finish.		

Sewaren Land and Water Club.

SEWAREN, N. J.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Sewaren Land and Water Club held a race for naphtha launches on Sept. 5, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Urchin, H. M. Seguine	1 18 32	1 18 32
Amelia Victoria, Walter Luttgen	1 30 32	1 25 22
Lispeth, W. M. Ballard	1 22 38	1 16 43
Conchita, F. A. Ostrander	1 38 37	1 29 27
Elga, H. M. Seguine	1 49 48	1 36 13

The winners were Lispeth, Urchin and Amelia Victoria.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE special race of the Larchmont Y. C. for the 34ft., 30ft. and 15ft. classes, on Sept. 5, was sailed in a strong S.E. blow and a sea, the yachts being reefed. No 15-footers were present, but the two 21-footers Celia and Houri started. Acushla led her class on the first round, but at the end she fouled the markboat, a strongly built scow, and stove in her port side, being compelled to run into the harbor. Dragoon sailed a good race and won by half an hour over Adele, the McGlehan 34-footer. Hera led the 30ft. class all day; at the finish all the thirties crossed the line in the wrong direction, but both Hera and Musme recrossed and finished properly; Mai going straight for the harbor. Departure was sailed by Capt. Chas. Barr. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
34FT. CLASS.			
Dragoon	12 23 45	4 16 03	3 52 18
Adele	12 23 05	4 45 30	4 20 25
Acushla	12 23 50	Disabled.	
30FT. CLASS.			
Hera	12 31 00	4 04 45	3 33 45
Musme	12 31 00	4 06 15	3 35 15
Mai	12 31 00	4 07 21	3 36 21
Departure	12 31 00	Withdrew.	
21FT. CLASS.			
Celia	12 28 20	2 28 53	2 05 53
Houri	12 25 45	2 29 49	2 04 04

Monday, Sept. 7.

Every preparation was made for a very large fleet on Labor Day for the fall regatta of the club, but for the second time this year the club has met with such bad luck as falls to the lot of all clubs on the Sound at times; while there was too much wind on Saturday, on Monday there was none at all. The start was set for 11 o'clock, but was postponed half an hour waiting for wind, and finally started in a light S.E. breeze which lasted but a few minutes. The fifty yachts drifted about the Sound until late in the afternoon, when a light S.W. wind came in and enabled some of them to finish. The 20-footer Eos was the first one in, winning in her class by a big margin. Only Colonia and Amorita started of the schooners, though the Commodore's cup was offered in this class. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—SPECIAL CLASS.				
Colonia	12 06 07	6 39 12	6 33 05	6 33 05
Amorita	12 06 12	6 48 18	6 42 06	6 37 25
CLASS 5.				
Uvira	12 15 30	Did not finish.		
CLASS 6.				
Norota	12 16 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 7.				
Infanta	12 14 45	Did not finish.		
Cynbra	12 15 44	Did not finish.		
CLASS 8—START 12:16.				
Dragoon		6 52 00	6 35 00	. . .. ..
Acushla		6 53 46	6 37 46	. . .. ..
Adele		6 52 55	6 36 39	. . .. ..
YAWLS—SPECIAL CLASS.				
Sultan	12 16 00	Did not finish.		
Audax	12 14 25	Did not finish.		
Yram	12 15 02	Did not finish.		
30FT. CLASS—START 12:31.				
Musme		6 51 23	6 20 23	. . .. ..
Departure		Withdrew.		
Hera		6 51 39	6 20 39	. . .. ..
Mai		6 54 47	6 23 47	. . .. ..
CLASS 9.				
Ninita	12 22 10	Did not finish.		
Muriel	12 26 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 10.				
Virginia	12 22 29	Not timed.		
Bogie	12 26 00	Not timed.		
Eos	12 21 08	6 07 58	5 46 50	5 38 05
Agawam	12 23 53	6 58 18	6 35 25	6 34 03
Hyale	12 26 00	Not timed.		
Zes	12 21 37	6 33 39	6 12 02	5 56 54
Wahneta	12 21 50	7 00 21	6 38 31	6 28 31
CLASS 11.				
Deseris II	12 25 45	6 13 41	5 47 56	5 47 56
Exonian	12 25 53	Did not finish.		
Oconee	12 24 13	6 20 02	5 55 49	5 51 57
Loyalty	12 22 16	Not timed.		
Qui Vive	12 25 25	Not timed.		
CATBOATS—CLASS 12.				
Jonquil	12 26 00	6 38 42	6 12 42	6 12 42
Grace	12 21 53	Not timed.		
Win or Lose	12 24 37	6 34 30	6 09 33	6 07 32
Drift	12 25 10	Did not go course.		
SLOOPS—CLASS 13.				
Tom Boy	12 23 40	6 10 05	5 46 25	5 46 25
Edwina	12 24 36	6 30 43	6 06 07	5 55 51
Zelica	12 23 24	Not timed.		
CATBOATS—CLASS 14.				
Dorothy	12 24 41	Not timed.		
Ione	12 23 23	6 23 55	6 00 32	6 00 26
21FT. CLASS.				
Celia	12 20 00	Not timed.		
Vaquero	12 22 17	6 22 35	6 00 18	. . .. ..
Houri	12 21 25	6 09 46	5 48 23	. . .. ..
15FT. CLASS—START 12:35.				
Die Hexe		6 41 53	5 55 53	. . .. ..
Yola		Not timed.		
Paprika		6 28 25	5 49 20	. . .. ..

The Tom Boy was protested for exceeding her allowance of crew. Classes 6, 7 and the special yawl class, with class 9, failed to make a race.

Hempstead Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.

THE annual open regatta of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 8, starting in a reefing breeze from S.W., but finishing in a drift. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS.				
Agisia	2 10 35	5 49 32	3 38 54	3 38 54
Eleanor	2 11 24	5 19 15	3 07 51	3 03 34
Mystery	2 11 55	Did not finish.		
Fleetwing	2 11 01	5 44 00	3 32 59	3 21 05
Brooklyn	2 10 46	5 58 04	3 47 18	3 37 18
Jupiter	2 11 00	5 47 05	3 36 05	3 33 55
Sybil	2 10 55	4 00 00	3 49 22	3 37 26
SECOND CLASS CATS.				
Beulah	2 20 45	5 00 43	2 40 00	2 40 00
Ellen	2 16 22	5 36 37	3 20 15	3 19 11
Lottie	2 16 28	Did not finish.		
Ourisa	2 18 35	Did not finish.		
Mardi	2 16 35	5 29 53	3 13 18	3 09 58
Zepher	2 16 32	5 58 22	3 21 58	3 17 48
Mattie	2 18 06	5 35 27	3 17 22	3 13 04
THIRD CLASS CATS.				
Ripple	2 17 51	5 40 02	3 22 11	3 20 11
Rambler	2 17 25	5 33 25	3 16 00	3 11 15
Grace	2 18 30	5 36 35	3 18 05	3 10 28
Spray	2 18 24	Did not finish.		

Agisia lost her centerboard, but finished the race.

An Extraordinary Opportunity.

THE following letter comes to us from a Western State. We will gladly furnish the name and address of the writer to any one who may wish to avail himself of this opportunity to obtain a steam yacht even faster than some of those which now claim the speed record of the world.

Editor of Forest & Stream

DR SIR

I am not anxious to be Rich at all But would like very much to be of some good use to my God & my People while I am left in this Tabernacle here Below. I want $100,000 or more for the Purpose of Raising an Institution that is badly Required in our Midst To Rais the Money I Propose the following Invention to wit a Steam Yacht that will run from 1 to 2 miles Pr Minute. I Guess you have quite a number of *honorabl* ackwaintances who might be interested in such an invention. If you will Please show them this Letter or send to me a few of the Likelyest Names I will be very thankful to you & may God Blessing rest upon you

yours truly D. E. G.

It is reported that Alden S. Swan, of New York, has ordered a racing 15-footer from H. F. Hodson, of Toronto. Mr. Hodson built several of the Montreal 15-footers, and it was his foreman who went to Montreal and built Glencairn.

Model Yachting.

ON Labor Day the model yacht sailors of Brooklyn were busy with three separate races: two in the morning over the A. M. Y. C. course, and one in the afternoon over the Wave Crest M. Y. C. course. The first, postponed from July 4, was for the A. M. Y. C. trophy, Ripple, W. Wallen, of the W. C. M. Y. C., being the challenger.

A nice breeze was blowing from the N.N.W., when the little craft took their positions ready for the start. The defender of the trophy was Star, the property of Geo. W. Townley and Geo. F. Pigott, the start being made from between the bulkheads off Thirty-seventh street, around the Channel Buoy and return, ½ mile, making a long and a short leg to the buoy, a run to leeward to the starting line; Geo. F. Pigott sailing Star. Two heats were sailed, Star winning each, the second by 38s.

The second race was for the Eagle cup, defended by Gracie, W. W. Neff, sailed by Geo. F. Pigott; the challenger being Streak, R. C. Wallen, Wave Crest M. Y. C. Gracie won the first heat, but lost the second by going outside a mark; Streak won the third heat by 2½s.

The contest for the Eagle cup was the last race at Thirty-fourth street, and in the afternoon the trophy committee boarded their alcohol vapor launch (another being sent from the works to accommodate the press and friends) and proceeded to the Wave Crest M. Y. C. off Fifty-sixth street and raced over the latter's course for the *Outing* trophy, defended by Wave, of the Wave Crest M. Y. C. and challenged for by Minerva. Wave won the two heats.

Trophy Committee—T. W. Neilson, W. C. M. Y. C.; Frank Nichols, A. M. Y. C.

Referee—Frank Nichols, Phila. M. Y. C.

American Model Y. C. Perpetual Challenge trophy:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.			
Star, G. W. Townley	10 29 00	0 17 05	0 17 05
Ripple, W. Wallen	10 29 30	0 18 30	0 18 18
SECOND HEAT.			
Star	11 01 00	0 18 19	0 18 19
Ripple	11 00 55	0 19 20	0 18 57½

Eagle cup:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.			
Gracie, W. W. Neff	11 55 30	0 21 16	0 21 16
Streak, R. C. Wallen	11 56 02	0 22 26	0 22 54½
SECOND HEAT.			
*Gracie	12 20 45	0 23 40	0 23 40
Streak	12 21 10	0 22 07	0 22 48½
THIRD HEAT.			
Gracie	12 47 13	0 19 56	0 20 38
Streak	12 47 02	0 20 53	0 20 31½

*Gracie disqualified.

Outing cup:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.			
Merneрva, J. D. Casey	4 22 05	0 21 45	0 22 05
Wave, Cogswell & Thompson	4 20 49	0 21 56	0 21 46
SECOND HEAT.			
Merneрva	4 46 37	0 17 43	0 18 43
Wave	4 46 56	0 16 09	0 15 59

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 5 in a moderate S.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS.	
Mit, R. B. Williams	0 54 30
Heron, E. Stoddard	0 58 05
Petrel, Fred Higgins	1 01 25
Jeannett, H. T. Montgomery	1 06 40
15FT. CLASS.	
Swallow, John Richardson	1 16 55
Blink, Fred Pratt	1 17 25
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	1 22 14
Bee, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 24 54
Scooter, John Dean	1 24 55
Mungor, E. F. Willcutt	1 25 30
Hoodoo, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 32 30
Sea Gull, S. Higgins	1 24 00

Lake Geneva Y. C.

15 AND 18FT. CLASSES.

Sept. 5.

THIS was the third race for points in the 15 and 18ft. classes. Little Dipper won 4 points, Puckachee won 2 points, Tiya won 4 points, making a total of 6 points for Little Dipper, 6 points for Puckachee, and 4 points for Yzabel; this being the last race for the 15ft. class. The Puckachee and Little Dipper will sail off the tie next Saturday (Sept. 12). Distance 8 miles. Wind strong S.W.

	Start.	Finish.
15FT. CLASS.		
Yzabel, Benj. Carpenter	11 06 00	1 10 50
Little Dipper, Miss Rosalie Sturges	11 06 00	1 11 20
Puckachee, Miss E. V. Rumsey	11 06 00	1 15 12
18FT. CLASS.		
Tiya, Miss Frances Norton	11 06 00	1 23 30
Iris, Miss E. Davol	11 06 00	Did not finish

Fifteen foot class: First prize, Little Dipper, 4 points; second, Puckachee, 2 points. Eighteen foot class: First prize, Tiya, 4 points.

Yzabel was disqualified on a foul.

Judges: G. P. Hall, L. C. Fuller.

Margarita II.

THE new steam yacht, Margarita II., arrived at New York from the Clyde on Sept. 12. She is described as follows by the New York *Sun:*

With the possible exception of W. K. Vanderbilt's Valiant, the most magnificent steam yacht afloat is A. J. Drexel's new twin-screw flyer Margarita, now anchored off Sixty-fifth street, Bay Ridge. She attracted any amount of attention yesterday, and scores of spectators in small boats and naphtha launches hovered around as her crew put her in shipshape condition after the long voyage. In spite of the fact that the Margarita encountered tremendous head seas from the time she left Troon, Scotland, she made an average speed of 11½ knots under natural draft, and on her trial trip made 16½ knots under forced draft.

In appearance, except that she is larger, the Margarita bears a close resemblance to the new Sovereign, though her bow and stern have the graceful characteristics of all Watson's boats. The Margarita in point of tonnage and size exceeds all of our steam yachts, with the exception of the Valiant, as the following comparison of the overall lengths of some of our larger steam yachts will show:

Valiant, 332ft.; Margarita, 285ft.; Nourmahal, 250ft.; Atalanta, 248ft.; Namouna, 234ft; Eleanor, 233ft.; May, 230ft.; Josephine, 225ft.; Sapphire, 218ft.; Conqueror, 208ft.

However, it is not on account of her size and tonnage alone that the Margarita will attract attention, for her construction embodies all that is novel in marine architecture, and whatever may be thought of G. L. Watson's ability as the designer of cup challengers, he is certainly one of the foremost designers of steam yachts in the world to-day.

The Margarita's stem has an easy rake, and the flare of the bow makes her a very dry boat in a seaway. Her counter is of the usual graceful Watson type and free from the heaviness which the large tonnage of the yacht would suggest. The Margarita has a large yellow funnel and is rigged as a fore and aft schooner with a light yard on her foremast. She has good freeboard, and her high teak bulwarks will keep almost any sea or spray off her snow white decks.

Forward there is a topgallant forecastle to keep her crew dry in a heavy sea, while a novelty in the shape of what is called a sun deck, which extends from rail to rail, forming the roof of her cabin and supported by light steel stanchions, will undoubtedly attract the attention of our yachtsmen on account of its utility. On the sun deck is a small deck house, which includes a beautiful little smoking cabin and the usual accommodations for the navigating officers. The smoking cabin is reached by a stair from the fore and aft alley along the shade deck, and is finished on the outside in teak and on the inside with wainscot oak, while the upholstery is in maroon-tinted morocco. The shade deck below affords a covered promenade on each side between the deck house and the rail.

The library is in the fore end of the sun deck house, and is finished in mahogany, Chippendale style. From the library an alley runs aft on the starboard side, from the windows of which you can look in the engine room, with its tons of polished steel machinery. This alley is hung with tapestry paneling and leads to the dining cabin, which is one of the finest apartments of its kind on any yacht afloat.

Aft of the engine room the alley leads to the boudoir, which takes the place of the usual drawing-room. The decorations here are white and gold, while ample side windows give light to this dainty apartment. From the boudoir a stair leads down to the sleeping cabins, which include ten staterooms and numerous bath-rooms.

She can carry coal for the longest voyages, has capacious storehouses, pantries, ice chests and wine cellars, and can make her own ice and fresh water. She has three galleys, a fully equipped laundry, and a crew of fifty-three men. She is commanded by Capt. Raynor, a veteran of the British-Australian trade, while her chief engineer is Andrew Haddon, formerly of the American liner Paris. She carries two steam launches, a ½-rater, two lifeboats, a gig, a cutter, and a dinghy in her davits. It is said that Mr. Drexel and his family will shortly start on a tour around the world in her.

The Oldest Known Boat.

THERE is in Chicago to-day one of the five oldest small boats known to exist in the world. It has just come, all packed and stayed for its long voyage, from the Ghizeh Museum of Antiquities at Cairo. To the generosity of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick the Field Columbian Museum and this city and country are indebted for a rare gift.

With this boat, which will be installed in the museum, and the two which remain in the Cairo museum, were two more, which still rest on the sands which stretch desolately from the Dashur pyramids, near which they were all found. It is expected that before long the remaining two will be brought to Cairo and properly installed.

The five boats were found buried at a considerable depth not far from the famous largest pyramid, and in such orderly form and with such mathematical relationship to the great pile of stone that it was evident that they had been buried with design at that particular spot. All were brought to the light and air at once, and after examination by scholars, proving their marvelous age, their preservation from the elements was at once deemed necessary.

The boats were found to be alike in the material of which they were constructed and in their general dimensions. The cedar of antiquity, which entered into so much of the construction of things of wood, was used for building these boats. While the equipments of the boats had generally disappeared with time, and the edges and ends were ragged and little warped, their shapely outlines still remained so rigidly in evidence that the modeler's skill in giving grace and shapeliness was evident. The boat that is in Chicago now was as well if not better preserved than any. It is 30ft. long, 8ft. beam and 4ft. hold. It had been propelled, of course, by oars, but the points of contact for the oars were not in evidence. A well-preserved and peculiarly marked and designed piece of a rudder of wood was found near the boats and that has been brought to Chicago as the accompaniment of the boat now here.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The New York Y. C. has lost an honored member in Joseph R. Busk, who died at his home in Newport on Sept. 9 at the age of fifty-nine years of Bright's disease. Mr. Busk was an Englishman, long resident in this country, a member of the firm of Busk & Jevons, steamship owners. For many years he lived on Staten Island, joining the New York Y. C. in 1869; in 1875 he built the sloop Madcap, from designs by A. Cary Smith, and after a very successful career she was replaced in 1879 by the famous old "iron pot" Mischief, also designed by Mr. Smith. Mischief, the first radical attempt at what was afterward termed the "compromise sloop," was a remarkably successful yacht under the spirited ownership of Mr. Busk and the skillful handling of the late Capt. "Than" Clock; her battles with the larger and older wooden sloops are now historic. She was selected in 1881 out of four trial boats to defend the America's Cup against the Canadian sloop Atalanta, and did so with ease. The fact that Mr. Busk was by birth and education an Englishman caused no comment in connection with the Cup races, as he was a most determined partisan of the centerboard sloop and of the New York Y. C. He was held in the highest regard by his fellow members and yachtsmen, and though of late years he has not been a yacht owner and has largely drifted out of yachting, his loss will be felt by the club.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has on its grounds at Dorval a very large shed for the housing of its fleet in winter, a railway running up from the water, with appliances for transferring the yachts laterally when in the house. All of the yachts are thus hauled up and placed under cover for half the year. A part of the shed is fitting for a building shop, and efforts have been made at times to get a reliable yacht builder to rent it and attend to the club's business. Heretofore the right man has not been found, but since the late races Mr. H. K. Wicksteed, of Cobourg, has arranged to take the property in connection with Mr. David A. Poe, a member of the club; they will carry on a general designing and building business under the name of the Yacht Company of Dorval. Both of these gentlemen are well known as contributors to the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Wicksteed through his cruises in yachts and canoes and his many attractive designs of single-handers and small cruising craft; and Mr. Poe through his writing on canoeing over the *nom de plume* of Retaw. Mr. Wicksteed has had a large personal experience in cruising in canoes and yachts, in designing, and in building. Mr. Poe has this year done all the metal work and fittings for the Montreal 15-footers, being engaged in the machine business.

Norna, schooner, designed by A. Cary Smith and built in 1879 for C. H. Contoit, of New York, has recently come into the hands of a newspaper syndicate, which have planned for her a most adventurous and ambitious cruise around the world, carrying special staff of writers to the places less known and not accessible by the ordinary routes of travel, which will be duly written up in syndicate letters. The prospectus, an exceptionally good specimen of the modern artistic pamphlet, contains an extraordinary amount of misinformation about this yacht, which is described as "Clyde-built, rated A1 at Lloyds, and possessed of the world's record for sailing from New York to Palm Beach, Fla.," on the strength of which it is proposed to enter her in "the spring races at Cowes" in the course of her voyage. Her outfit will include a table service of solid silver and Dresden china, two rapid-fire Hotchkiss guns, twenty-four Springfield rifles with bayonets, twenty four revolvers of .44 caliber, together with cutlasses and other weapons; a geologist, botanist, photographer, physician and two newspaper correspondents.

The Pacific Intercluh Yacht Association is a new organization, formed on May 19 of this year at San Francisco, and including the local clubs, the San Francisco, Pacific, Corinthian, Encinal and California. The officers are: Pres., C. G. Yale; Vice-Pres., C. L. Tisdale; Sec'y, R. R. l'Hommedieu; and Treas., C. W. Platt. Each club has three representatives, one of whom shall be a non-yacht owner; the three voting as one. The racing rule is a unique modification of the Seawanhaka rule, the waterline and spar measurements are taken in the usual way, the so-called "actual sail area" is then obtained by actual measurement of all sails which the owner at time of measurement signifies his intention of carrying on the wind; the square roots of these two measurements being added to the l.w.l. and the sum divided by two. The result is such a heavier tax on sail as the strong winds call for, but we fail to see any good reason for the two different measurements.

Sovereign, steam yacht, designed by J. Beavor Webb and built by the Erie Basin Dry Docks Co. for M. C. D. Borden, has been in commission since the New York cruise and doing some very fast running. We place very little value on the alleged performances of steam yachts alongside of the various fast passenger steamers about New York, for the reasons that both sides generally claim the victory, and the conditions of the alleged races are so indefinite as to amount to nothing. At the same time it is generally conceded that in a recent informal run with the Sandy Hook steamer Monmouth the honors were on the side of the steam yacht. She was engined by the W. & A. Fletcher Co., having two sets of triple expansion engines for her twin screws, cylinders 15, 20 and 30 by 21in.

We have received from the *Yachting World*, 26 Paternoster Row, London, a copy of its special summer number, very handsomely made up, with a cover in colors. It contains a number of yachting stories, a well illustrated article on the Royal Victoria Y. C. and many pictures of yachts, including some large plates of Ailsa, Satanita, Meteor, etc. Among other portraits is one of Charles Sibbick, the designer and builder of so many fast yachts in the smaller classes. On Aug. 13 the ownership of the paper changed hands, and it is now under an entirely new management. After Oct. 1 the offices will be at 37 Wallbrook, London.

The Rochester Machine Tool Works is steadily improving the Buckley Safety Water Tube Boiler, built by it, and has recently been allowed several additional patents on it. J. T. Gardiner, of East Hampton, L. I., who has used two of these boilers for a year, speaks of it in the highest terms; one has been used with great satisfaction by D. F. Fairchild, of Westminster Park, N. Y., in his steam launch Helen.

Canoeing.

The British Canoe Association Meet.

THE following account of the annual meet of the British Canoe Association was written by F. C. Lane, late Vice-Commodore for the *Field:*

On Pencarrow Point Field, better known perhaps as Mylor Point, in Falmouth Harbor, the camp was pitched this year on July 27, and a more suitable place for a salt-water canoe meet could not be found in the British Isles. There was something to see and somewhere to go in all directions; a racing or cruising breeze, generally from the N.W.,

veering to W.N.W., blew straight on to the tents every day, while the warm sun, shining on the wide expanse of water in front, the distant wooded slopes of the Fal, Trelissick, St. Just in Roseland, and Trefusis, made a *coup d'œil* of beauty, so that those who did not come will never know what pleasure they missed. Indeed, there was to be found every requisite for a canoe meet, except canoeists, and these numbered only twenty-seven, who brought fifteen boats, viz.: Lily, Vestal, Sunbeam, Undine (late Tavie), Jub Jub, Roulette, Turtle, La Babet, Pepita, Dabchick, Winnie, Thalia, Marjorie, Prucas III and Waitangi. The B. C. A. probably never during its existence had so perfect an opportunity for the formation of a large camp, and all hands were puzzled to account for the absentees; however, those on hand were the right sort, and everything moved throughout with the spirit that rolls the world along merrily.

Capt. Coke, R. N., H. M. S Ganges, his officers and men, were most kind and courteous. The Royal Cornwall Y. C. and the Falmouth Sailing Club offered hospitality, honorary membership and races. The neighboring local regattas gave prizes for B. C. A. boats. The Green Bank Hotel, Falmouth, opened its pleasant doors as our headquarters, and bar one or two half days of rain and dense cloud there was nothing to mar perfect enjoyment. Hardy's success as *chef de cuisine* (with a battery obtained from Constantine, rightly yclept Treasure Range) was marked, and his stews, curious camp sauces, dumplings, etc., were items to dream of. The piano was requisitioned for singsongs after mess, and unexpected talent was discovered. A well-known member found the Boy at the Nore after many years of search, and the honorary treasurer was vociferously desired to "let her go" whenever he ventured on a sweet melody about the Isle of Man and Harrogate.

A cricket match on the Ganges Recreation ground resulted in a victory for the camp, T. S. Comber knocking up 100 out of 156 for the B. C. A., whilst the bowling of Messrs. Nickerson and Ferris proved deadly for the Ganges, who scored 36 in first innings, and second innings followed on five wickets down for 34—time called. In 1890, when the B. C. A. were first at Mylor, the Ganges beat the B. C. A.

The regatta on Saturday, Aug. 8, was the most important day of the meet, and all were astir early. There was a fine fresh wind from N.N.W., and at 10:30 A. M., the time fixed for the start, increased considerably in strength; so much indeed that the sailing committee postponed the start one hour. At 11:30 the wind against a flowing tide caused a nasty jump of sea for small boats, so reefed sails and "oilies" were needed in all except La Babet.

The course planned was all in sight from the camp, and was nearly an equilateral triangle, from an imaginary line between the camp flagstaff and the Turtle as a markboat, thence E.S.E. around St. Just Buoy, thence to the flagboat above Messc Point and back to the Turtle, leaving all marks to port, four times round, making about ten miles. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, the flagboat above Messc Point was not moored in position before the start, and after the limit boat had started a semaphore signal to the Ganges caused a markboat from that ship to be moored in St. Just Creek, nearly half a mile to leeward of the spot intended to be marked. While this was being done, Com. Bartley, in the Lily, with a mark flag around his shoulders, paddled to the proper spot above Messc Point, and La Babet, observing this, ignored the Ganges-laid flagboat (of which she knew nothing) and worked to windward until she could round the Commodore and his shoulder flag. Dabchick alone followed La Babet; the other four boats chose to round the Ganges-laid flagboat, and thus to shorten their leg to windward by at least one-half the distance, and so the race continued to the end, La Babet and Dabchick scrupulously working into the valley, in the mouth of which the Commodore had been stationed for one round, and thereby sailing the full course of ten miles, and Vestal, Thalia, Marjorie and Prucas III. sailing around the Ganges mark, making a course of about eight miles only. The committee gave Dabchick a gun, but subsequently considered the position and ordered a resail on the 10th inst.

The following were the times of the abortive race on the 8th, the asterisk showing the boats which rounded the Ganges mark:

	Starting gun.	Started.	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	4th round.
La Babet	11 30 00	11 30 45	12 11 47	12 51 35	1 30 09	2 06 48
*Prucas III	11 38 00	11 38 20	12 04 10	12 31 18	12 54 18	1 23 20
*Vestal	11 41 00	11 41 25	12 08 30	12 35 10	1 00 25	1 26 05
*Marjorie	11 44 30	11 44 37	12 12 01	12 37 47	1 03 27	1 27 45
Dabchick	11 48 00	11 48 20	12 21 37	12 54 50	1 27 51	2 02 12
*Thalia	11 48 00	11 48 31	Gave up.			

The next race for canoes was won by Roulette. Prucas, in difficulty with her main sheet, made a bad start, and finished 3m. 24s. astern.

The third race for canoe yawls was well won by Dabchick.

The fourth race was for boats not exceeding 1-rating, belonging to the Cornwall Y. C. or Falmouth Sailing Club, over four rounds of the Ganges mark B. C. A. course, for prizes presented by the B. C. A. Five entered—Fal, Pixie, Centipede, Lassie and Firefly. Lassie did not start, the halves could not save their time over the ones, the winner being Fal at 5:04:43; Prixie second at 5:05:58.

A capsize race between Marjorie and Prucas was smartly accomplished, Marjorie winning. Then races in "oilies" and sea boots and various tugs of war finished the proceedings, when afternoon tea in the marquee was served, where Mrs. and Miss F. C. Lane did the honors.

Monday, Aug. 10, the day of resailing the cup race, turned out light and fine, with not nearly enough wind for such boats as La Babet or Vestal, but quite enough for the rest. Mr. Laws, in Prucas III., scored a good win although Dabchick, Mr. Pedlar, was overhauling her fast in the windward work, and another few hundred yards of weather going would have done Prucas. However, she was well sailed, and won the Lough Erne cup by 1m. 18s.; Dabchick second, Thalia third. After the race the winner's kit was examined and weighed, and although his boat tent and lamp were of an ephemeral and will-o'-the-wisp character, and not at all practical, he was allowed to pass muster with a caution, and was awarded the prize. The proposal next year to have a real practical cruise, everything being carried in the boats, with shifting camps, seems to meet with favor, and many believe it would do the B. C. A. good to leave luxury in tents and fittings at home one year, and go for a trip down the Shannon and into Lough Derg in light cruising order. At all events it would be more in accord with the spirit and principle of the Association rules, and might perhaps induce a larger number to assemble under the flag of "Bonhomie, Camaraderie and Amiability."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Erie, Pa., Sept. 5.—The Presque Isle Rifle Club held a handicap prize shoot at its range to-day. The prize was a silver water set, donated by Mr. Dieque Notwithstanding the rain and a fishtail wind, some exceptionally good work was done Germann won the prize with a total of 246 out of a possible 300. The conditions of the shoot were: 200yds., off-hand, standard target, 7-ring black:

	Handicap.	Scores
J G Germann	0	5 10 10 10 10 10 6 9 8 5—83
	0	7 8 7 10 7 10 9 10 7 8—83
	0	6 9 6 7 8 8 10 10 9 7—80
Dr A C Wheeler	3½	9 10 5 10 10 9 8 8 2 7—82½
	3½	5 6 5 10 9 7 7 7 9 7—75½
	3½	8 10 5 10 7 6 5 6 5 10—75½
Capt J Bacon	2	7 8 10 10 8 5 10 6 8 8—82
	2	10 8 6 8 5 5 10 8 10 7—79
	2	4 6 4 7 10 10 7 5 10 9—74
W J Leyer	3½	10 10 9 7 8 6 7 6 8 7—81½
	3½	8 10 10 6 5 8 2 5 8 5—72½
	3½	8 8 10 4 6 6 8 9 6 3—71½
Jno Stidham	2	10 6 9 7 10 8 7 8 5 7—79
	2	8 7 9 8 6 7 4 5 8 10—74
	2	7 7 5 7 8 9 9 6 5 7—72
J F Leyer	5	6 8 5 8 7 8 6 9 8 8—78
	5	8 9 8 6 7 6 5 9 5 6—74
	5	10 3 5 9 7 9 6 7 6 6—73
W B Patton	5	8 4 8 5 10 10 6 10 7 7—80
	5	7 4 6 4 9 10 10 4 7 5—71
	5	9 5 6 5 3 6 8 9 8 6—70
W F Tresbro	0	5 7 6 4 7 10 8 6 9 10—72
	0	6 7 8 8 9 8 4 6 7 9—73
	0	7 9 7 7 8 7 7 5 5 9—71
G C Rahn	3	9 8 4 9 6 8 5 6 6 10—74
	3	6 9 9 5 6 3 6 9 6 10—72
	3	7 5 8 3 10 4 6 9 9 5—69
Geo Shafer	0	6 10 7 8 5 5 9 9 7 6—72
	0	9 4 9 7 9 7 6 7 5 8—73
	0	5 6 6 7 8 7 10 8 7 6—71
E S Noyes	13	3 10 5 9 4 3 2 8 4 4—65
	13	3 8 2 7 7 1 2 3 6 10—61
	13	3 2 4 2 8 8 3 5 4 8—61
F Derby	4	4 5 5 4 5 7 8 8 5 8—58
	4	4 2 3 7 5 5 7 6 6 10—58
	4	3 5 3 8 4 7 7 6 5 4—56

The .30 Military as a Target Rifle.

Victoria, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read Forest and Stream every week and gain quite a lot of information from it. In a letter re .30cal. military and sporting rifles from H. B. S., Norwich, Conn., he seems to doubt the gentleman in New Brunswick, who informed him that "in England last year a battalion team of eight men shooting at Queen's ranges (200, 500 and 600yds.) averaged 96 points per man with the Lee-Metford rifle." Allow me to inform H. B. S. that this is quite true. It was not a 70-round match, but 21 rounds, 7 rounds at each range, bullseye counting 5. I sent and got the names of the shooters, etc., otherwise I should have answered H. B. S.'s letter sooner. Here are the records:

Fired at the Curragh camp on July 27, 1895, with the Lee-Metford rifle and Cordite ammunition:

	200yds.	500yds.	600yds.	Total.
Highest possible scores	35	35	35	105
Lance Corp T Lynch	33	34	35	102
2d Lieut R B Magee	33	32	35	100
Sergt J McGinnell	31	34	34	99
Color Sergt H Trill	32	32	34	98
Sergt A McCann	32	32	34	98
Musketry Inst P Kelly	29	34	32	95
Sergt T Ryan	31	30	30	91
Sergt J C Duthie	27	30	32	89
	248	258	265	772
Averages	31,00	32,25	33,25	

Average of team, 96.50.

I don't know who the experts were that tested the rifles H. B. S. speaks of, but if he wants to see some good rifle shooting he can do so any Saturday afternoon at Clover Point range, Victoria, by men who do not profess to be experts. We have scores of 101, 100, 98, 99 and 97 made with the Martini rifle out of 105 at Queen's ranges. Every one who uses the Lee-Metford makes steadier shooting than with the Martini-Henry; the recoil of the Lee Metford is almost *nil* and wind does not affect the bullet nearly as much as the Martini.

The experts that H. B. S. speaks of must be very poor shots, indeed our third-class shots can make better shooting than he speaks of

Victoria Rifleman.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 6.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard target and Columbia target. Scores on the standard target were:

Gindele.		
	6 7 10 10 10 6 7 10 9 10—85	8 7 10 8 10 5 6 10 9 8—81
	8 7 10 6 9 8 10 5 9 9—81	6 4 7 9 9 10 8 9 10 7—79
Payne.		
	9 9 8 9 8 8 8 7 8 10—84	9 7 8 8 7 7 10 9 5 9—79
	8 7 7 7 9 6 9 8 10 5—76	10 9 10 7 6 6 7 4 8 6—73
Hake.*		
	10 6 8 5 5 7 6 6 6 5—64	4 4 5 6 9 6 7 9 7 6—63
	7 9 9 9 6 4 5 5 6 3—63	8 6 4 5 8 7 3 5 7 8—61
Lux.		
	10 9 10 5 9 4 6 3 4 5—65	7 8 4 5 5 10 6 3 5 8—61
	8 4 6 8 7 8 9 5 4 6—60	4 3 6 9 5 7 9 8 7 3—56
Topf.		
	10 6 7 8 6 6 6 4 5 5—63	6 10 5 6 5 6 4 4 6 7—62
	5 5 6 6 6 3 5 7 3 6—52	4 5 7 5 4 4 7 6 5 4—51
Weinheimer.		
	9 9 6 8 7 6 9 8 8 6—76	3 8 10 7 7 5 9 8 10 7—74
	7 4 10 9 8 6 6 7 8 8—73	9 6 7 6 8 8 5 10 8 8—70
Trounstein.		
	5 6 9 10 6 7 7 1 5 9—65	8 3 6 6 10 5 4 6 8 6—68
	8 5 5 5 9 7 6 8 3 4—60	6 5 3 5 6 3 8 5 5 10—54
Hasenzahl.		
	10 6 8 9 7 7 9 8 8 7—79	10 8 4 10 8 9 8 8 8 7—77
	8 6 10 6 10 4 8 8 8 9—77	8 10 5 5 5 9 8 10 6 7—73
Randall.		
	6 9 9 8 6 7 8 8 7 9—75	6 7 7 6 8 6 7 6 9 6—68
	5 5 6 6 6 5 9 8 5 10—67	10 8 4 6 9 8 8 6 6 5—65
Drube.*		
	7 4 5 8 5 5 8 6 4 3—50	2 2 3 8 4 6 6 8 5 2—46

Columbia target:

Gindele.		
	6 6 4 5 6 7 7 10 3 4—58	5 6 10 1 7 12 3 8 8 2—62
	4 4 3 9 8 7 7 6 11 8—67	10 6 7 17 6 6 3 7 11 6—78
Payne.		
	2 5 6 5 8 3 9 7 6 12—58	6 22 17 7 2 10 18 17 3 11—110
	11 11 12 21 4 5 10 18 8 10—110	7 12 4 20 11 14 22 7 14 3—114
Hake.		
	18 1 2 9 13 16 8 8 19 21—108	10 9 15 10 18 8 19 4 18 18—130
	10 9 7 18 9 15 16 8 20 27—139	
Lux.		
	11 15 5 14 14 20 10 17 14 27—160	24 27 16 9 14 13 27 12 9 14—165
	9 14 7 24 19 27 27 24 18 19—186	
Topf.		
	16 15 4 19 8 6 13 14 1 20—116	7 11 20 7 17 17 10 21 5 21—136
	9 10 17 24 18 11 19 18 21 21—163	9 25 22 27 23 27 7 21 22 27—211
Weinheimer.		
	22 4 1 8 14 10 8 11 8 15—101	12 2 2 25 8 18 20 4 7 10—108
	14 7 12 4 25 8 16 9 8 24—132	2 11 27 27 7 7 25 8 7 15—136
Trounstein.		
	15 6 14 8 22 4 9 13 13 18—122	18 13 1 20 27 18 15 9 11 12—144
	19 27 9 8 22 17 19 27 22 27—197	
Hasenzahl.		
	11 9 13 7 13 3 3 7 24 3—93	14 10 6 13 7 7 15 7 5 15—99
	13 27 15 10 9 3 7 9 9 7—109	19 14 6 8 2 22 14 7 4 17—113
Randall.		
	7 18 27 10 2 10 3 12 27 17—128	27 8 5 5 6 6 13 5 8 7—90
	11 12 13 17 9 13 12 4 12 18—120	

* Military rifle.

Calumet Heights Rifle Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6.—In to-day's shoot Paterson won the class A medal and Miss S. L. Ervin the class B medal. The scores were:

Class A, 200yds., standard target, any caliber:

Paterson	3444434443—36	Spaulding	3433230233—26

Class B, 100yds., Creedmoor target, .32cal., rest:

S L Ervin	3445434335—38	H E Skinner	2343354434—36
C W Spaulding	4444433344—37	L R Ervin	3000354434—26

A team match was also shot under the following conditions: 100yds., .32cal rifles, ladies allowed rest:

Mrs R B Carson	0000000000— 0	G C Lamphere	3440232334—28
A C Paterson	5444433332—35	Mrs H Carson	0400423063—19
Mrs Lamphere	5444444343—38	H Carson	3000434044—22
Mrs Chamb'rl'n	3443345344—37—110	Miss Ervin	3344432333—33—102

A. C. Paterson.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 23-24.—Atlanta, Ga.—Tournament of the Fulton Gun Club. Targets and live birds; $300 added money.

Sept. 25.—Windsor Locks, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Windsor Locks Gun Club.

Sept. 26.—Hackensack, N. J.—Fourth tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club. Sweepstakes at 10 A. M.; League team race in the afternoon. C. O. Gardiner, Sec'y.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—Harrisburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct 6-8.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

Oct. 14-15.—Greensburg, Ind.—Second annual tournament of the Greensburg Gun Club. Targets only. Web. Woodfill, Sec'y.

1897.

Jan. 4-5.—Prescott, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

January.—San Antonio, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz, etc.

March 23-26.—New York City.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 15-17.—San Antonio, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex Com.

June (third week).—Cleveland, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, seems to have been singled out by the fire demon from all the other clubs in this vicinity for special marks of his approval or disapproval—whichever way you look at it. One Saturday early in the season, while a club shoot was in progress, the trap house, four or five traps, and several barrels of targets went up in smoke in spite of the efforts of those present to save them. All that happened on their target grounds at Dyker Meadow, away down in South Brooklyn. On Thursday, Sept. 10, this city and the vicinity were visited by a terrific thunderstorm, the display of lightning being such as is very seldom witnessed outside the limits of the tropics. In the height of the storm a bolt struck the club house at Woodlawn, L. I., the live-bird grounds of the club. The house was hit fairly in the center and took fire, the yellow pine with which it was finished affording good material for the flames to feed on. There is now nothing left of the house, platform or puller's house, all having been consumed. The club was fully insured, we understand; but just now it is without any shelter at the Woodlawn grounds, hence its live-bird contests are at a standstill. There will be no live-bird shooting for the club members until October.

W. J. Price, of Spruce Cabin House, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa., was in the city on Friday, Sept. 11. Mr. Price was in W. Fred Quimby's store looking at several Smith guns with an eye to purchasing same, when we ran across him. He is very sanguine as to the outlook for game the coming season. Speaking with him about the State shoot at Harrisburg, he said that business would prevent him being present, but added that he hoped the next Legislature of the State would make the open season on trout from May 1 to Aug. 1, instead of from April 15 to July 15; he argued that trout at the early date set for the opening of the season were not in condition, and stated that the pot-hunters in his district cleaned up the streams before April 15, so that when the season did open there were no sizeable trout to catch. Mr. Price, and all Pennsylvanians who have the preservation of game and fish in the State at heart, should become members of the State Sportsmen's Association, and strengthen the hands of the executive body in the fight that will come in the spring.

The annual meeting of the Cobweb Gun Club was set for Friday evening, Sept. 11, at the club's new rooms, 2277 Third avenue. Owing to the extremely short notice given, due, we believe, to an error on the part of the printer who had charge of the notices, and also probably owing to the fact that several members of the club are yet out of the city, the secretary, F. A. Kerker; E. P. Miller, one of the proprietors of the grounds at Baychester, N. Y., and the trap editor of Forest and Stream were the sole representatives of the seventy-seven members in good standing that go to form the popular club named above. The election of officers for the ensuing twelve months was part of the business put down for the evening's work. President George A. Barker will doubtless instruct the secretary to call another meeting at an early date.

Harry Thurman had a good deal to say about the coming State shoot at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 29-Oct. 2. The prospects are good for a capital tournament, Harrisburg being centrally located and boasting of several good shots who are members of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. Gun clubs that are members of the State organization, and others who are contemplating becoming members, should see to it that they are represented at the annual meeting. The State Legislature sits next year and special concerted efforts will be made to obtain much-needed legislation in behalf of the game and fish of the State.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., one of the new clubs organized this season, has been spending a good deal of money putting its grounds in shape. It has built a capital club house and has all the conveniences of a well appointed gun club. The grounds are only a couple of minutes' walk from the depot of the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R. at Hackensack. The secretary of the club, Mr. C. O. Gardiner, writes us that the club will hold its first handicap target shoot for the silver cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company on Saturday next, Sept. 19.

J. S. Hildreth, one of the Southern representatives of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was a new face at the traps in New Jersey during the three days' shoot at Marion last week. Hildreth shot right along and showed considerable improvement toward the end, when one takes into consideration the strong wind that blew almost all day on Tuesday and Wednesday. He was in warm company too, and, as he put it, "They didn't do a thing to me, did they?"

In remembrance of a long and pleasant friendship of twenty years' standing and of his —— year on earth, Lieut. Gibson on Sept. 12 presented to Mr. Ed. Taylor, the well-known W-A powder man, a handsome cane of Congo wood, with a handle of a genuine Japanese War Turk. The occasion was made a very happy one among those who were present, J. A. R. Elliott, J. Hildreth, Jr., Lieut. Gibson and others joining in wishing him as many more years as he has already so happily spent, and wishing him prosperity and success in his new field of labor.

The Patten cup, shot for on Saturday last, Sept. 12, on the Hollywood grounds, was won by Edgar Murphy. The conditions were 50 live birds, $50 entrance, handicap rise. Murphy on the 30yds. mark, and Albert Loening on the 26yds. mark, tied with 46 out of 50. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Murphy won in the 4th round, Loening's bird in that round falling out of bounds. L. B. Hooper (26) scored 45, and G. S. McAlpin (30) 44; Fred Hoey (29) 40 out of 49, and Al Ivins (30) 25 out of 30, were the other contestants.

Lieut. Peter Gibson, who has been East for a couple of weeks or so, found time to put in a few days in this city. While in New York he met Ed Taylor and at once tried to bring off their long-talked of rifle match. Mr. Taylor was willing to shoot on Friday (his best day), but the Lieutenant held out for Saturday (his lucky day). Neither party being willing to give in, the match will hardly come off in the near future.

The State Association of New Jersey, that has been slumbering for several years, will very shortly be aroused from that long slumber and become a factor in the shooting world once more. Al. Heritage, the president, will call a meeting at which such action will be taken as will put the State organization on an equal footing with other associations of a similar nature.

A. W. Adams, a brother of Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, has been East on a visit. While here he has found time to do a little target-shooting, a sport to which he is no stranger, being a prominent member of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago. At Marion, on Monday, Sept. 7, he had to take a back seat, Mr. Platt Adams leading him by 30 targets out of 200 shot at.

The date for the next team race of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League has been changed, Sept. 26 being the date now set, in order that the shoot may not clash with the 100 target handicap event at the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on Saturday, Sept. 19.

The Arizona State Sportsmen's Association will hold its fourth annual tournament at Prescott Jan. 4-5, the shoot being given under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. The secretary of the State organization is Ray Hill, of Prescott.

Elmer E. Shaner, who will manage the Pennsylvania State shoot at Harrisburg, says that the city of Pittsburg will be well represented at that shoot or else there are a good many shooters in the Smoky City that are not given to speaking the truth.

Five members of the Joplin (Mo.) Gun Club shot a 100 target race one day last week. The targets were thrown at unknown angles. The scores made were: W. G. Sergeant 92, Huffman 91, Kinmouth 90, Cox 86, Lerman 84.

On Monday of this week, Sept. 14, Jack Winston shot a race at Elkwood Park, N. J., with Dr. Gagnon. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, $100 a side. Winston won the match by scoring 22 to 20.

The experts will find the handicap imposed on them at the Pennsylvania State shoot rather severe. It is similar in every respect to that in force at the New York State shoot at Buffalo.

The local gun club at Windsor Locks, Conn., will hold an all-day shoot on Sept. 25. The club will make every effort to give its guests a good shoot and an enjoyable time.

The Quanah, Tex., Gun Club's second annual shoot will take place at the Quanah fair grounds, Sept. 24 and 25. First day's shoot will be at live birds, second day at bluerocks. B. F. Williams.

It is not at all unlikely that T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., may try another bout with Edgar Murphy on the Hollywood grounds and at the same number of birds, 200 per man.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold an invitation 100-target handicap on its grounds on Saturday, Sept. 19. The race will be started at 1 P. M. sharp.

The programme for the traps at the Hollywood, N. J., traps for Saturday, Sept. 19, is the Epilogue handicap, 100 birds per man, $100 entrance.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., will hold a tournament Sept. 23-24. The club will add $300 to the purses. Both targets and live birds will be used.

A synopsis of the programme for the Pennsylvania State shoot appears in another column of this issue.

The programme for the Newburgh (N. Y.) shoot, Oct. 7-9, will be ready for distribution very shortly.

The Greensburg (Ind.) Gun Club will hold a tournament Oct. 14-15. All events will be at targets.

Sept. 15. Edward Banks.

The Interstate at Marion, N. J.

The Interstate Association's series of tournaments for 1896 was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, Sept. 9, after three consecutive days of target-shooting on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City. The first day, Sept. 7, Labor Day, was not, properly speaking, a part of the Interstate's tournament; it was the regular annual Labor Day shoot given by the Endeavor Gun Club. For years past it has been the custom of this club to hold an all-day shoot on the above holiday, and as a rule these annual affairs have been well attended.

This year's shoot was no exception to the general rule. The attendance of club members was very satisfactory, and most of them shot along in the sweeps, either for "birds" or cash, it being optional whether one put up the regular entrance fee or only paid for the targets at 2 cents each. As practice work for the tournament of the next two days the Labor Day shoot fell in just right, and several of those who intended to shoot through the Interstate's programme took advantage of the "sweeps at popular prices" to get their eyes on the targets.

The preparations for handling the shooters and the arrangements made for their comfort were all right. Those who attended the Marion grounds on either of the three days of the shoot found everything just as it should be. Two sets of traps were placed in position, although practically only one set was used on Labor Day. The second set was required to run off the extra expert events on the two days of the Interstate shoot. Both sets of traps were bluerocks, and bluerock targets were thrown during the entire shoot. The No. 2 set, the set on which the expert events were shot off, were traps of which Elmer Shaner was very proud. He has thrown very nearly 300,000 targets from them since they were first placed in the kit of the Association, and they are throwing as well now as they did the first day he used them.

Of course the shoot was run by Elmer Shaner, the annual Labor Day shoot taking the place of the usual "preparation day." On that day the secretary of the club, J. A. Creveling, acted as entry clerk, his place being ably filled on the two succeeding days by W. A. Richards. The cashier was Edward Bock, a gentleman who has often acted in the same capacity at Marion when "Uncle Al" Heritage was the moving spirit of the shoots at these grounds. The puller, Frank Post, and the blackboard man both did their work well. The greater portion of the referee's work was done by the club's president, A. R. Strader, while Carl von Lengerke denied himself the pleasure of shooting right along, devoting himself to taking a hand at anything to help out his club. The Rose system of dividing purses was adhered to on all three days, and no fault was or could be found with the division of moneys under that system.

Among the trade representatives present on Labor Day were: J. A. R. Elliott and J. S. Hildreth, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; U. M. C. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Company; Justus von Lengerke, senior partner of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, the U. S. agents for Schultze powder; Noel E. Money, secretary of the American E. C. Powder Company; Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; E. D. Fulford, shooting Schultze powder in U. M. C. Company's factory-loaded shells; Jack Winston (147), shooting Austin powder and looking out for a match or two while here in the East.

The neighboring clubs were fairly well represented on Labor Day, the fact that nearly every club holds a shoot on holidays militating against large entries on such days at any one tournament.

Platt Adams, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, was accompanied by his brother, A. W. Adams, of the Eureka Gun Club, Chicago. The Passaic City Gun Club sent "Count" Lenone and Bennie Abbott, the latter shooting under his old *nom de fusil* of Bluerock; Hackettstown was represented by J. L. Smith; F. A. Thompson, of the Vernon Gun Club, of Brooklyn; J. S. Duston and E. A. Geoffroy came from Newark; Uncle Billy Sigler, one of the oldest and most reliable shots in New Jersey, made his appearance at the traps for the first time in many months; T. Christy came from Paterson; Jack Brewer also took a hand at target breaking, but did not strike his old gait. The home club was well represented, the following upholding the credit of the Endeavor Gun Club: G. H. Piercy, captain of the club; E. Ingram, C. W. McPeek (Jersey), L. H. Schortemeier, Edwards, Eddie Collins, etc.

Among the lady visitors was one who came all the way from Cincinnati, Ohio, to meet old friends and to tell us that work on King's Smokeless kept an old member of the Endeavor Gun Club, Milt F. Lindsley, from being present at the shoot. We refer, of course, to Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, so well known to shooters under the name of Wanda. Mrs. Lindsley does not shoot now as well as she always did; the loss of her pet gun, which was stolen from the special car *en route* for the Joplin, Mo., shoot last spring, has affected her shooting seriously. Pending the arrival of a new gun that is being made for her, she picks up any light gun and pluckily tries to break targets, but the result is by no means satisfactory to her.

On Labor Day a total of over 5,000 targets were thrown. Our table of scores shows the results in 15 events; as a matter of fact two other events, a 25 and a 15-target event, were also shot, but the number of entries was not large, so no record of the scores was kept. Jim Elliott led the band with a total of 123 breaks out of 135 shot at; Fulford was second with 212 out of 235 shot at. Justus von Lengerke and E. A. Geoffroy were close together with totals of 215 and 212 respectively out of 240 shot at. Platt Adams had his eye with him and landed with 174 out of 200; his brother, A. W. Adams, of the Eureka Gun Club of Chicago, was decidedly off in his shooting, breaking only 72 per cent. of the 200 he shot at. Louis Shortemeier shot well at times, breaking 23 straight in No. 6, and landing with 84.5 per cent. for 200 shot at. The "old reliable," Ed. Taylor, found time between greetings from old friends to shoot at 130 targets, breaking 108 of them. George Piercy, the Endeavor Gun Club's captain, shot in every event, but the cares of his position were against a good average; his percentage of 78.8 would be materially increased if the 25 straight he made in event No. 16 was taken into account.

LABOR DAY SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot at.	Broke	Av.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	10	20	20	15	20	15	20			
Elliott	..	..	18	12	..	24	15	17	..	18	19	..	..	..	..	185	123	91.1
Fulford	..	..	16	14	18	23	14	17	8	18	19	15	16	14	20	235	212	90.2
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	7	19	15	15	19	14	16	155	139	89.6
J von Lengerke	10	13	18	13	18	21	13	19	10	19	16	13	18	14	..	240	215	89.5
Geoffroy	8	13	18	15	17	21	14	19	7	19	18	13	16	14	..	240	212	88.3
P Adams	..	..	17	14	16	20	13	19	9	19	17	14	16	..	..	200	174	87
Schorty	..	..	..	..	16	15	11	15	9	16	18	12	17	13	19	200	169	84.5
Sigler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	15	13	..	19	95	79	83.1
Taylor	..	..	14	12	17	..	13	18	10	..	..	12	..	12	..	130	108	83
J L Smith	8	10	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	12	17	..	18	135	112	82.9
147	..	..	17	12	16	21	11	18	9	17	15	..	..	..	..	165	136	82.4
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	6	19	14	19	90	74	82.2
Ingram	8	12	19	12	16	22	..	..	6	..	14	..	16	14	..	170	139	81.7
Piercy	8	10	15	11	16	17	13	17	7	17	19	11	14	13	17	260	205	78.8
Duston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	18	12	16	90	71	78.8
De Wolff	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	17	18	11	15	..	..	90	71	78.8
Brewer	..	..	18	13	16	23	13	14	8	16	12	8	..	..	..	180	141	78.3
Christy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	12	14	8	16	110	86	78.1
Jersey	7	..	..	..	19	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	35	77.8
U M C	..	..	16	11	15	..	10	13	7	..	16	11	..	14	..	150	113	75.3
Thompson	..	..	..	..	13	20	14	17	4	14	12	14	13	10	18	200	149	74.5
W Adams	..	..	12	8	14	19	14	15	7	17	15	12	11	..	..	200	144	72
C von Lengerke	7	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	31	68.8
N Money	6	11	14	12	13	12	10	14	10	15	11	8	..	..	..	205	136	66.3
Hildreth	..	..	11	7	13	17	12	14	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	145	93	64.1
Herkimer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	6	10	11	16	90	57	63.3
Hoffman	..	6	..	5	14	..	8	..	7	..	..	..	13	..	12	115	65	56.5
Blue Rock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	8	9	70	38	54.2
Count	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	8	11	70	37	52.8
Howell	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	40	17	42.5
Strader	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	40
Matsen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	11	..	1	4	6	85	25	29.4
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	35	10	28.5

TUESDAY, SEPT. 8.

To-day was the first day of the Interstate Association's tournament. The boys were slow in putting in an appearance, it being about 10:30 before the programme was commenced. The attendance was by no means what it should have been, the vast majority of the local clubs being conspicuous by reason of non-representation. Why this should have been so we are at a loss to surmise. The programme was a good one; there was a good amount of added money; the adoption of the Rose system favored the less expert shooter, and the Endeavor Gun Club and its members have always done their share to make local shoots a success. The club is a member of two local leagues—the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League and the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League. There are eight other clubs in the first and four other clubs in the second. Under the circumstances it is hard to account for the non-appearance of many of the faces usually seen at such gatherings in New Jersey.

Among the new faces to-day were: Capt. Money, of the E. C. Powder Co., and his younger son, Harold B. Money; L. D. Thomas, of Baltimore, a representative of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder; Ferd Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, and president of the U. M. C. Co.; J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, one of the youngest and best target shots in this section of the United States; J. F. Paddelford, of Sherburne, N. Y.; Harry Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, who claims to be a "has-been," but adds that that's better than being a "never-was-a;" Slide, Dr. Fletcher, etc.

The weather, though bright and sunny, was by no means in favor of high scores. In the morning the wind blew very strongly from the northeast, and the targets, as a natural consequence, took all sorts of erratic flights, breaking up the hopes of many a shooter for a straight score just when the latter was right within his grasp. The force and effect of the wind may best be noted by looking at the scores in event No. 1, a 20-target event with four moneys, 14 breaks coming in for part of fourth money!

Justus von Lengerke was high average for the day with 89.4, an excellent percentage when the conditions are considered. Brewer lost 7 targets out of his first 15 and 3 out of his next 20; he then finished by breaking 125 out of his last 135, being second average with 88.2. Fulford and Van Dyke were third and fourth with 87.8 and 87.5 respectively. Remsen, whom we have referred to above, was fifth with 85.8, a fraction better than Schorty, who finished sixth.

In addition to the scores given in the table below, Ingram shot in event No. 6, breaking 10 out of 15; Wanda broke 11 out of 15 in No. 8, and Dr. Fletcher scored 14 in No. 10.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	20			
J von Lengerke	14	14	19	14	20	13	19	14	24	19	190	170	89.4
Brewer	..	8	17	15	24	13	18	14	22	19	170	150	88.2
Fulford	16	12	18	11	20	14	20	14	24	18	190	167	87.8
Van Dyke	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	21	20	80	70	87.5
Remsen	16	13	18	14	21	14	15	15	20	..	170	146	85.8
Schorty	16	14	20	9	22	13	17	13	21	17	190	162	85.2
147	10	10	16	13	24	15	19	13	23	17	190	159	83.6
J. F.	13	13	16	13	21	12	11	12	24	15	190	156	82.1
Geoffroy	16	9	18	12	17	13	17	13	20	16	190	155	81.5
Edwards	16	12	15	11	21	13	17	13	21	16	190	153	80.5
Elliott	15	13	16	11	17	13	9	11	20	17	190	152	80
Thurman	15	10	16	10	21	13	15	11	21	20	190	152	80
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	19	17	75	60	80
Hildreth	14	10	12	11	19	9	14	..	19	14	175	132	75.4
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	14	9	17	12	21	17	120	90	75
C von Lengerke	15	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	17	55	41	74.5
Piercy	15	6	15	10	18	11	13	13	19	15	190	140	73.6
Duston	13	11	14	9	19	8	16	7	..	16	165	120	72.7
H Money	..	12	12	11	..	11	..	8	..	..	80	54	67.5
Jersey	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	8	..	..	50	33	66
U M C	16	10	15	10	18	7	9	..	..	..	130	85	65.3
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	11	35	22	62.8
Slide	14	6	12	11	17	7	13	10	..	..	145	90	62
N E Money	16	7	9	7	15	7	12	14	..	..	150	87	58
L D Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	..	..	35	15	42.8

The scores made in the four expert events shot on No. 2 set of traps were as follows:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
J von Lengerke	9	10	12	12	Elliott	15	11	14	13
Piercy	9	11	8	10	Geoffroy	11	13	14	14
Duston	..	9	..	..	Thurman	13	11	11	11
Fulford	10	14	13	12	H Money	7	..	..	..
J F	5	..	..	..	Capt Money	8	..	..	..
Edwards	11	8	10	..	Collins	14	12	12	12
Schorty	12	12	15	13	Taylor	8	..	..	..
U M C	12	..	..	..	L D Thomas	..	..	..	10
147	12	12	..	..	Van Dyke	11	12	11	14

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9.

This was another windy day, scores again being affected by the wind that blew directly in the face of the shooters. The shoot ran as smoothly as possible, everything moving off with the precision of clockwork. Elmer Shaner's face began to look more cheerful as the day wore on; to-day's shoot was the last of the Interstate's work for 1896 Those who have managed shoots will realize readily what his work has been this year. Elmer's Japanese hat, that has been a feature at the Interstate shoots this season, was sent into retirement to-day. During the shooting of an extra after the programme was finished, one of the traps needed Elmer's attention; while at the traps he was asked to throw up his hat. This he did, but took all the squad by surprise except Capt. Money, who promptly placed a charge of shot through it. Before Elmer could again rescue his hat one of the trapper boys sent it flying into the air, and this time it received attention and a load of No. 7¼ from Edwards's gun. The hat has gone back to Pittsburg, and will be given to Old Hoss as a sample of the work of Jersey mosquitoes, and will be placed with the balance of Old Hoss's trophies of trap work adorning the walls of the "woodpecker's nest."

Among the newcomers to-day was M. Herrington, of the W-A powder, the president of the Arlington, N. J., Shooting Association; Secretary J. L. Lequin, of the Hazard Powder Company; Holberton, of the Oritani Field Club of Hackensack, N. J.; and Thos. G. Bell, secretary of the New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League.

Jim Elliott was on top to-day with a percentage of 88.9, Ferd Van Dyke coming next with 88.4. Remsen showed up remarkably well with 87.7 per cent., and was high man with 24 out of 25 in event No. 5. Van Dyke was handicapped during the greater part of this tournament by having to shoot his live-bird gun; to-day when partly through the programme he took up a repeater of Noel Money's and tried it, with the result that he shot it the balance of the day, making a splendid average for the last few events, and sweeping the decks in the extras shot after the completion of the programme.

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	20			
Elliott	16	13	19	12	21	14	19	12	23	19	190	169	88.9
Van Dyke	16	13	16	12	21	15	18	14	24	19	190	168	88.4
Remsen	..	12	17	14	24	13	19	14	20	16	170	149	87.7
Brewer	15	12	19	14	20	13	20	15	21	18	190	166	87.3
Holberton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	21	18	60	52	86.6
Edwards	15	13	15	15	23	11	16	13	24	17	190	164	86.3
J von Lengerke	19	12	18	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	95	82	86.3
Fulford	11	11	18	13	19	12	20	15	23	17	190	158	83.1
Schorty	20	13	15	9	23	13	15	10	21	18	190	157	82.6
J F	17	13	16	10	..	..	..	..	20	17	115	93	80.8
Piercy	14	13	16	12	21	11	15	14	19	17	190	152	80
Capt Money	17	11	18	9	18	12	17	11	22	17	190	152	80
Geoffroy	..	..	..	10	16	13	16	13	23	..	115	91	79.1
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	22	15	80	63	78.7
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	35	27	77.1
Christy	..	..	..	11	18	8	17	13	..	..	90	67	74.4
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	35	26	74.2
U M C	13	11	17	13	..	13	13	8	..	..	120	88	73.3
Herrington	13	10	..	11	19	13	13	..	..	..	110	79	71.8
Thurman	17	8	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	49	70
Frye	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	21	12	60	41	68.3
N Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	40	27	67.5
Hildreth	..	11	16	11	11	8	14	9	19	13	170	112	65.8
Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	35	23	65.7
L D Thomas	12	13	..	8	..	8	16	8	..	..	100	65	65

The scores made in the four expert events were as below:

EXPERT EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Piercy	15	12	13	11	U M C	..	..	7	..
Van Dyke	10	10	11	8	Schorty	11	10	13	11
Capt Money	..	..	8	..	Christy	8	11	10	..
Fulford	11	13	13	10	Geoffroy	12	11	12	..
Elliott	14	13	15	13	Taylor	8	..	10	10
Herrington	..	11	11	..	Collins	..	13	12	11
L D Thomas	7	..	..	8	H Frye	..	..	..	12

EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., Sept 10.—Regular shoot of the club held to-day. In the fourth event Dornin and Cleland tied for the Silverthorn badge, Cleland winning the tie. Conditions: Unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	20	10	25	15	Targets:	20	20	10	25	15
Nelson	18	18	7	14	14	Scott	18	15	8	14	20
Terry	13	15	8	20	18	Moorman	17	15	7	19	18
Dornin	18	18	8	23	19	Cleland	10	12	5	23	..

F. M. D.

Independent Gun Club, of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 8.—The Independent Gun Club, of this city, recently opened its fall season. The scores made by members of the club at the opening shoot were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Du Bray	8	9	9	7				..	Luther			4	..	5	3	6	5
Jack	6	7	7	9				5	Trimble	..	..	10	8	8	7	..	..
Waddell	2	1	4	..			..	..	Goodman	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3

Boston Shooting Association.

Wellington, Mass., Labor Day, Sept. 7.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	10	15	15	5
Jones	7	8	7	4	8	6	6	8	7	2	6	8	9	9	10	14	8	17	10	19	9	7	12	9	5
Howe	7	6	9	5	8	8	9	10	6	7	6	7	6	9	8	17	10	16	8	14	5	7	11	10	4
Henderson	9	8	10	9	7	10	8	9	10	9	8	9	8	7	10	18	8	15	9	15	..	..	9	..	..
Le Roy	9	8	6	9	10	8	5	8	10	9	6	8	8	10	8	20	10	18	9	16	7	6	12	13	5
W L Davis	5	7	7	5	8	7	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	7	8	18	10	18	8	16	7	..	13	..	..
Mason	2	4	8	7	7	8	9	9	5	6	8	9	8	8	8	15	8	11	7	17	4	10	11	9	3
Hastings	9	8	9	8	7	5	9	9	2	6	7	8	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	9	9	9	7	4	10	6	7	8	10	5	7	9	7	8	14	5	15	9	14	8	9	13	11	5
Rule	10	8	6	8	7	7	7	10	8	4	9	10	..	..	7	13	9	18	8	17	9	..	11	..	..
Bond	6	4	5	8	8	9	9	4	5	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	10	7	10	8	9	8	8	9	9	9	9	8	10	8	7	17	5	18	8	19	9	8	10	12	4
R C Walls	8	7	6	5	5	7	2	7	3	5	8	7	7	6	7	..	8	..	6	..	8	..	12	..	..
Snow	8	8	4	7	7	4	8	6	7	6	6	6	6	8	6	10	7	12	4	..	..	..	..	..	3
C B Sanborn	7	6	6	6	8	7	10	5	8	5	6	6	8	9	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Burton	3	4	1	4	5	5	6	3	5	7	4	4	6	6	8	17	4	13	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Kinney	6	8	6	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Puck	7	8	7	9	5	9	9	9	8	8	8	9	6	10	8	14	8	14	6	18	8	6	13	10	4
Mascroft	6	7	9	9	5	7	9	10	8	7	8	8	..	..	10	15	9	17	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
T H Davis	..	5	8	..	..	..	6	6	8	7	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	6	9	..	..
G B Davis	..	5	5	..	..	..	8	7	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	2	10	..	..
Clason	..	4	7	..	..	..	4	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	9	..	..
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	7	7	7	8	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	..	..
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	6	6	3	4	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	5	2	..	..	..	9	4	11	5	..	9	..	..
Leighton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	3	2	..	..	..	9	4	9	3	..	7	..	..

Wausau Gun Club.

Wausau, Wis., Sept. 4.—Your correspondent happened to strike Wausau just in time for one of the gun club's local tournaments. Although an entire stranger to all of the club members, he was given a cordial welcome and spent a very enjoyable afternoon with them. Most of them are new hands at the trap, but there is some good trap-shooting timber among them, and all the energy and love of the sport that is needed to develop their latent powers. If they keep at it some of their names will become familiar in trap-shooting circles.

The weather was very unfavorable for good scores, and rain put a stop to the sport before the programme was shot out.

Below are the scores, all events at known angles; No. 2 was at 2 pairs and 6 singles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Targets:	10	10	14	15			
Coney	10	10	11	14	49	45	91.8
Hampton	9	10	9	13	49	41	83.6
Pierce	7	8	11	12	49	38	77.5
Lyons	7	8	10	13	49	38	77.5
Bardeen	8	6	10	11	49	35	71.4
Brown	8	5	8	14	49	35	71.4
C Winton	7	6	8	11	49	32	65.3
Weeks	8	6	9	8	49	31	63.2
La Motte	7	..	..	9	25	16	64
Manson	7	5	9	9	49	30	61.2
De Voe	6	..	..	..	10	6	60
Pardee	8	5	..	8	35	21	60
Crosby	..	..	..	9	15	9	60
Hudson	7	4	..	8	35	20	57.1
Turner	..	3	..	..	10	3	30

O. H. Hampton.

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 5.—Below I hand you scores made to-day by members of the Haverhill Gun Club at their weekly shoot. This is our tenth practice shoot since our club was organized, and the result shows a marked improvement in the shooting of the members, all but three or four of whom had never fired a shot at the clay birds until the afternoon of July 4 last.

Events 4, 5, 6, 8 and 9 were at unknown angles; event 12 at 5 pairs doubles, and the remainder of the events at regular angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
F J Blake	2	8	7	..	..	5	5	..	..	8	7	6	5	..	..
Leighton	7	6	..	5	7	5	8	..	6	5	4	9	5	8	5
D S Short	8	7	5	6	7	6	8	..	7	6	10	8	4	10	5
E P Blake	6	6	7	4	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holden	6	7	7	3	3	3	8	6	..	..	6	..	7	..	..
Ingham	8	..	9	..	..	..	3	..	5	6	7	..	..	..	..
Huntington	..	2	6	4	5	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crepeau	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	2	6	7	7	7	..	7	5
Dr Sherman	..	..	3	..	..	4	3	..	4	3	6	4	2	..	..
Dr Stansfield	..	..	6	..	3	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eaton	..	..	8	..	..	4	6	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	4	..	..	5	4	..	..	8	4	..	1	..	..
Putnam	..	..	4	..	..	4	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	5	..	8	7	7	6	6	6
Vining	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	2	..	..	7	6	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	4	..	7	7	..	3	3	..	..	..	..
Miner	..	..	..	..	3	2	3	4	5	..	5	..	..	7	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	9	..	..	7	10	..	..	..
Hines	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webster	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	7	..	8	6	1	..	6
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	7	4	7	6	..	..
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	2	6	..	1	..	..	..	..
Dodge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tuck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	9	5	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	3	5

George F. Stevens, Sec'y.

Galena Defeated Joplin.

Joplin, Mo., Sept. 4.—A six-men team race was shot to-day on the grounds of the Joplin Gun Club by teams representing the home club and the gun club of Galena, Kans. The conditions were: 100 targets per man, unknown angles, for a purse of $100. Below are the scores, which tell a sad story:

*Joplin.		Galena.	
Kinmouth	17 17 18 17 18—84	Sumner	18 18 16 17 16—85
Sergeant	20 20 18 19 19—96	Leeman	15 18 18 17 16—84
Stevenson	17 18 16 16 17—84	Carney	18 17 14 18 17—84
Dixon	16 16 15 14 15—76	Horn	19 16 18 20 15—88
Malloy	13 13 16 18 19—82—406	Hoffman	14 19 15 18 17—83
		Rambo	18 16 18 17 17—86—510

* The Joplin team's score shows only five men on the team. The figures given above for that team's total are only 406, a score of 88 having been left out.

W. G. Sergeant.

Valley City Gun Club.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 4.—Below are the scores made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Valley City Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
Karsten	23	8	6	7	9	10	10	Coleman	23	9	8	8	8	8	9
Morse	17	9	9	..	..	5	..	Kelsey	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
De Roo	13	10	9	5	8	7	6	Gould	..	..	..	8	8	..	7

C. F. Roos.

On Long Island.

MUTUAL ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The members of the Mutual Rod and Gun Club, the successor of the old Mutual Fishing Club, held a live-bird shoot to-day at the grounds at North Beach. The club event was at 7 birds, and Frank Dexter and J. B. Knowles were high with 6 out of their 7. The scores were:

Frank Dexter 6, J. B. Knowles 6, C. C. Treadwell 5, H. C. Stanton 5, James P. Smith 5, W. S. Massey 4, Charles Snyder 4, P. Wambold 4, Aaron Whitney 3, G. A. Tracy 3, Thomas Hudson 2.

WOODSIDE GUN CLUB.

The Woodside Gun Club held its first shoot since June on its grounds at Woodside, L. I., this afternoon. Seventeen members were present and took part in the sport, R. J. Henderson winning the club shoot, which was at 15 targets. Scores:

R. J. Henderson 13, T. W. Richardson 12, James Colgan 12, T. W. Murphy 11, Dr. Behrens 11, J. W. Heany, 10, U. V. O'Connor 9, T. J. Heany 9, Frank Williams 8, E. S. Morris 8, E. T. Kent 7, W. H. Hunt 6, Jacob Bernstein 5, Charles Thurston 5, S. P. Schleucter 5, J. J. O'Brien 5, H. P. Smith 4.

BERGEN GUN CLUB.

Sept. 7.—At the shoot of the Bergen Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held at the club's grounds at Flatlands, L. I., to-day, R. J. Valentine successfully defended his title to the President's trophy by scoring 14 out of 15 live birds in that contest. The scores in the first event, which was a sort of pipe-opener for the shooters prior to commencing the main event, were as follows:

Nelson Ellery (25) 4, T. M. Murphy (26) 3, D. G. Murray (28) 2, J. G. Kane (27) 4, R. J. Valentine (26) 3, T. H. Hardy (26) 2, L. G. Jenkins (27) 3, C. A. Richardson (26) 1.

The second event was the race for the President's trophy, 15 live birds per man, handicap rise; the scores in this event were as below:

R. J. Valentine (30) 14, T. M. Murphy (26) 12, P. H. Myles (29) 12, A. Moray (26) 12, D. G. Murray (27) 10, C. A. Richardson (26) 9, R. J. Frazier (26) 10, N. T. Ellery (27) 8, F. G. Hennessey (26) 7, T. T. Williamson (27) 9, G. O'Brien (27) 11, L. G. Jenkins (27) 5, H. J. Kane (27) 4 (withdrew on 5th round), T. T. Hardy (27) 8, W. H. Gregory (27) 5.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of New York city, held its first shoot this season on the grounds at Bay Side. The club event is at 7 live birds per man. R. V. Bolton won the shoot after tieing with H. L. McTammany and Daniel G. Longman on scores of 6 out of 7. In the shoot-off of the tie Bolton ran 4 straight, McTammany losing his fourth bird and Longman his second. The scores in the main event were:

R. V. Bolton (26) 6, H. L. McTammany (29) 6, D. G. Longman (26) 6, G. H. Samuels (26) 5, Dr. Lewis H. Jennings (guest) (26) 5, T. H. Foster (26) 5, T. F. Dillon (27) 4, C. H. Nelson (26) 3, L. G. Harper (26) 2, S. H. Hennessey (26) 3, L. G. Schwartz (26) 2, F. K. Schroed (guest) (26) 3, J. H. Brierly (26) 2, M. J. Murphy (guest) (26) 3, P. H. Myles (guest) (29) 5, P. G. Henderson (26) 3, T. M. Schottler (26) 2, D. G. Murray (27) 3.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon. The wind blew strongly and made the birds hard ones to gather within bounds. The attendance was small, but there was some good shooting. In the club event, 7 live birds per man, the following scores were made:

Class A: Elias Heigans (30) 7, Anthony Botty (28) 7, H. Bookman (28) 4. Class B: Henry Bramwell (28) 6.

MONTAUK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Sept. 9.—The regular monthly shoot of the Montauk Rod and Gun Club took place at North Beach this afternoon, seventeen members taking part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds per man. The scores were:

W. H. Wheeler (30) 9, F. E. Pettingill (28) 8, G. F. Murray (30) 8, W. J. Anderson (28) 8, J. J. McGuire (25) 7, P. J. Haines (28) 7, C. F. Bradley (30) 7, H. C. Williams (25) 7, J. Chris. Reinhardt (28) 6, H. S. Gardner (30) 6, W. J. Chapman (25) 5, D. F. Healey (28) 5, J. C. Buckley (25) 5, Sylvester Palmer (25) 5, F. S. Pomeroy (28) 4, G. H. Finnegan (25) 3, M. J. Wall (25) 2.

CRESCENT GUN CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

Sept. 9.—Only three members of the Crescent Gun Club, of Brooklyn, put in an appearance at Dexter Park this afternoon; the occasion was the club's regular monthly shoot at live birds. The three present were President Walter D. Gilman, Secretary L. C. Hopkins and G. E. Loebia. The latter shot well and captured the Beaufort diamond badge by scoring his 7 birds in the club shoot. Mr. Gilman scored 5 and Mr. Hopkins 3.

RIDGEWOOD GUN CLUB.

Sept. 11.—The Ridgewood Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at Wissell's Ridgewood Park this afternoon. Of the 15 members who took part in the club event at 7 live birds, only one, John Weis, scored all his birds. Lee Heigans, J. J. Young and Charles Wissell scored 6 birds. Under the rules of the club, all of the above named shooters except Young were not entitled to the medal, as each has scored a win already this season. This left the medal to Young. The scores were:

John Weis (30) 7, J. J. Young (28) 6, E. Heigans (30) 6, C. C. Wissel (30) 6, C. Zerwick (28) 5, Peter Eppig (30) 5, J. Bermel (28) 5, Jos. Eppig, Jr. (28) 5, C. Deckelman (30) 4, A. J. Newburger (28) 4, Martin Schottler (30) 4, P. Kunzweiler (28) 4, Frank Ibart (30) 4, H. J. Wiemann (28) 2, Gus Diem (28) 0.

In New Jersey.

Sept. 5.—The scores made to-day in the monthly club shoot were as below, a handicap allowance of extra birds being allowed the weaker shooters:

Lancom 11110110001101010111111111111101110101011101111111—36
James 10111100101111110010110111111111111101101011111111 10111111—46
Marvin 11010111111101010100001010111101101110011110011000 1111111110000.001011—42
Frank 01111001111110110111111010111101011101111111111111—40
Lenone 11111100111111101011000101111001111111001111111 11100—41
Huck 01111011111111111111111111111110111011111111110111101—44
Black 01110111110010111100111010111101110111111111011010 0110101100010111011—46
Broshart 01011001101111010110011110111000110111100110110000 011011010101110—36

Sweeps were also shot as follows:
No. 1, 10 targets: James 10, Huck 9, Marvin 7, Frank and Lancom 5.
No. 2, same: Huck 10, James and Frank 9, Marvin 7, Black 6, Peck 5.
No. 3, same: Frank 10, Huck and Marvin 9, James and Lancom 7.
No. 4, same: Huck 10, Lenone 9, Cropsey 5.
No. 5 same: Huck 9 Black 8, Peck 5. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB, OF HACKENSACK.

Sept. 7.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Bergen County Gun Club, at the club's grounds, Hackensack, N. J.:

No. 1, 30 targets per man: Capt. A. W. Money 29, Lefferts 26, Bell 23, Harold B. Money 23, Linson 21, Van Keuren 21, Jackson 20, Chaffee 19, Fleischman 17, Ryan 16.

No. 2, same conditions: Lefferts 28, Bell 26, Linson 23, H. B. Money 23, Capt. Money 22, Ryan 14.

No. 3, same conditions: Bell 26, H. B. Money 25, Chaffee 24, Capt. Money 24, Jackson 18, Ryan 14.

LABOR DAY HANDICAP AT HOLLYWOOD.

Sept. 7.—The main event at the Hollywood traps to-day was the Labor Day Handicap, 25 live birds per man, handicap allowance in yards and misses as kills. Albert Loening, of New York, was the winner, his allowance of two misses as kills making his score of 22 out of 25 equal to 24. Edgar Murphy and Phil Daly, Jr., both of whom killed 23 birds, divided second money. In a 15-bird race, $15 entrance, Al Ivins and Edgar Murphy killed straight and divided the pot. The scores in the Labor Day Handicap were as follows:

Loening (30) 2222022222122222121221222—24
Daly (30) 1221220122211022222222222—23
Murphy (30) 2220222222212222022222—23
Count (28) 22121221020122221102211e—20
Hoey (29) 2400222222211222222220e—20
Ballard (29) 2022221212222021220—18

THE HOLLYWOOD CUP AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Sept. 8.—The Hollywood cup, donated by Fred Hoey, was shot for to-day on the Elkwood Park grounds. A strong wind was blowing all the time, but the shooters did some good work, four out of the seven entries scoring 15 straight. Gustave Langen, on the 28yds. mark, outshot all his competitors, scoring 26 straight to win the cup. Al Ivins ran 25 straight before he dropped a qird, and his mark was the 30yds. line. Daly dropped out on the 4th round of the ties, McAlpin losing his first tie bird. The scores were:

G Langen (28) 21121222111222222222222112—26
A L Ivins (30) 22222212111212222222122222220—25
P Daly, Jr (30) 221222222221222220—18
G S McAlpin (29) 2222222222222220—15
Fred Hoey (29) 222222222220 w
E G Murphy (30) 2201222212 w
B Ballard (29) 222211201 w

A Definition of what Constitutes an Amateur.

The New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League, an organization of comparatively recent date, has, as a direct consequence of its title, been forced to take up the question of what constitutes a professional or amateur. The protests made by the president of the League, C. F. Lenone, at the last shoot of the organization against certain members on teams taking part in the team race brought matters to a head.

A meeting was called to consider the protests, but no action was taken on account of the small attendance, action being postponed until a meeting to be held on Friday, Sept. 11. On that date only three clubs out of the five forming the League were represented: G. H. Piercy, Endeavor Gun Club; Carl von Lengerke, Endeavor Gun Club, and (by proxy) Oritani Field Club; Thomas G. Bell, Bergen County Field Club. Neither Boiling Springs Gun Club nor Passaic City Gun Club were represented, Mr. Lenone, a member of the latter club, and also president of the League, being unable to be present. Noel E. Money, as a member of the Bergen County Gun Club, took part in the proceedings.

Mr. Piercy, as vice-president, took the chair in the absence of the president. After a general discussion as to the best course to pursue, the chairman left the chair and seconded Mr. Bell's motion that the protests be not sustained. Motion carried.

The secretary of the League, Mr. Bell, read a long letter from the Endeavor Gun Club putting forth its views on the question of what makes a man a professional trap-shooter, and urging the League to take prompt action to settle the question so far as the League was concerned. In the above communication it set forth also certain definitions on amateurism and professionalism, offering the same for consideration by the League. The discussion of these rules and definitions covered a great deal of ground, and before adoption the rules themselves were subjected to a fair amount of pruning. Mr. Bell made a motion that the League appoint a committee of three men, not necessarily members of the organization, who should draw up definitions on the above points and present them to the League with a view to their being adopted. Mr. Bell's motion was not seconded, the opinion of the other members present being that the time to act had come.

The following definition of amateur and professional was finally adopted and will, we suppose, be accepted by the League:

"A shooter ceases to be an amateur by engaging in shooting either as a means of obtaining a livelihood or for gate receipts; the dropping of birds for place, or the arranging of divisions of moneys other than those allotted to him by his position in any event; accepting directly or indirectly for shooting any remuneration or compensation or expenses whatever. A shooter does not forfeit his amateur status by teaching or pursuing the art of shooting solely for the purpose of making a sale of guns or ammunition, but shooters in the employ of gun, powder, shot or ammunition manufacturers may be transferred to the professional class if in the opinion of this Association they are employed for this purpose only. Any shooter who refuses to answer any questions touching his amateur status to the satisfaction of this Association shall be declared to have forfeited his amateur status."

The handicaps for the ensuing three monthly team competitions were awarded as follows: Endeavor Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club, scratch, each man on the team shooting at 30 targets; Passaic City Gun Club and Bergen County Gun Club, three extra targets per man; Oritani Field Club, five extra targets per man.

Under the constitution and by-laws of the League, no man who has once shot on a team is allowed to shoot on another team during the season. The score of Gus Greiff was, under that rule, ordered to be stricken from the score of the Endeavor Gun Club's team made on the Passaic City Gun Club's grounds, Aug. 29. The remainder of the team's total stands, and will be counted in the team averages at the end of the season.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5.—The scores given below were made to-day on the grounds of the Douglas Gun Club, the occasion being the sixth monthly contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League:

CLASS A.

Eureka.

Patterson 1011111111011111111111111—23
Glover 1111111110011111111101111—24
Steck 1111111111111101111111111—24
F P Stannard 1111011111111011111111111—23
W D Stannard 1101111111011111110110111—21
Morgan 1111111111111011101011011—21—134

Garfield.

Skinner 1101000011011110110111011—16
Cop 1100011111100111111111111—20
Hicks 1101111111111111111010100—20
Von Lengerke 1010011111101101000111111—17
J M Young 1010111111101101000111111—18
Palmer 1010111001011011101001011—15—106

CLASS B.

Garfield

Shaw 1111111011111111101111111—23
Richards 1111110101111111110101011—21
Kuss 1111111111011111111101111—22
Liddy 0110110111111110111111111—21
Adams 1111101110110110101101111—20
Fehrman 1111101110111100111011111—20—126

Garden City.

Ruhl 1101110111111111111111111—23
Amberg 1011010110101101110111001—16
Rexford 0011011111111110011111111—20
Kemp 0111011111011110010111111—19
Wilcox 1011110010101110111111111—19
Antoine 1111011100111110011100111—18—115

Douglas.

Eich 1111011111011100101001110—17
Barto 1111100110101111011111111—20
Petrie 1111000100111100101010010—13
Johnston 1111111001110111010111010—18
Church 1101101001110011011111111—18
Carter 1111111010111111001011111—20—106

Calumet Heights.

Harlan 1101110000100001010111001—12
Lamphere 1111111111101111111111111—24
Hodson 0111101110111111000111111—19
S E Young 1101110101111111101101111—20
Black 0010110001111111000111101—15
Booth 1110010101000010101001000—10—100

Eureka (2 men short).

Carson 1000111111110011011111101—18
De Wolf 1010011100010101000011110—12
Goodrich 0001001001010010100001010— 8
Ferguson 1011111011000111101111110—18— 56

Cicero (4 men short).

Knott 1111011101111111011111110—21
Lowrey 0011101011110001110110101—15— 36

CLASS C.

Calumet Heights.

Norcom 0001110000100100011101011—11
Houston 0111101110101110011101011—17
Metcalfe 0111111011111111111100101—20
Greeley 0101100101100011111011101—15
Whitman 1110111001111101111111111—21
Marshall 1001011110111111101111011—18—102

In addition to the above, Maloney, of the Douglas "C" team, scored 15; Hilliard, of the Ridge "C" team, scored 15, and Levy, of the Garden City "C" team, scored 14.

The winner of the ¼ keg of Du Pont powder, to be shot for by the lowest scorer on each team, was Lowrey, of the Cicero "B" team.

Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 8.—Below are the scores made in the club event at our regular weekly shoot held to-day:

Hall 1111111011101111111100101—20
Hutchinson 0111110101011001100011011—15
Angler 1100101000111111111111111—19
Bourne 0000001100111000110000100— 8
Crabb 0111010111111111111111111—21
Brittan 0111101101101010101110011—16
Arnold 0000001010001101011110101—11
Clarke 1101110001001100110111111—16
Everett 1111101110111111111111111—23
Richards 1101011111101111101010111—19
Morrison 1111110110110111111100101—19
Rawson 1110110001111110001111001—16
Holland 10011 0110011001000010011—11
McRae 0111011110011111001110000—15
Hammond 1111000101010000110111011—14
Alston 1111111110111111110101111—22
Hook 1001000101111010000011010—11
Frazier 1100111001001111111001010—15
C. H. Richards.

St. Paul's Nineteenth Annual.

Owing to an error the second day's scores of the St. Paul shoot did not appear in the report of that shoot in our issue of Sept. 12. Below are the scores referred to, and also the scores of the diamond badge match:

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Harris	9	19	10	6	8	14	18	15
Bennett	15	19	18	22	17	20	18	18
Robinhood	18	23	17	20	16	23	15	23
Thomas	17	21	14	21	15	21	12	..
Bird	18	19	12	20	14	18	18	20
Wilson	18	21	16	19	18	18	14	20
Hopkins	10	22	11	21	14	18	..	..
Hub	20	24	15	22	18	18	16	20
Stone	18	16	15	19	18	20	14	16
North	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	20	24	16	25	19	20	19	23
Heikes	18	22	20	23	14	24	20	24
Budd	18	25	18	23	19	23	19	24
Dodge	16	21	19	19	18	18	18	21
Spell	15	15	17	19	11	21	13	19
Goldberg	17	16	17	21	13	18	13	16
Burke	16	22	15	21	19	19	15	19
Jones	14	15	15	..	..	..	15	..
Ensign	15	18	16	16	10	..	..	..
Pat	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	..

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Bold	10	17	17	18	15	17	14	..
Wood	15	20	17	19	12	20	12	18
Main	13	18	17	..	..	..	..	..
Duchess	15	..	12	..	8	..	4	11
Wold	11	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baldwin, Sr	13	12	11	21	13	17	10	17
Woodbury	7	..	11	..	..	9	..	..
Brown	15	20	17	14	17	..	..	..
Palmer	16	17	11	19	15	20	16	18
Redfern	17	22	17	17	16	17	..	..
Daley	16	..	19	..	15	..	15	..
Taylor	19	24	20	25	17	21	16	..
Rose	15	22	18	19	14	19	18	25
M'Andrews	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dahl	..	..	10	..	16	..	..	..
M'Andrews	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Peterson	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Baldwin, Jr	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Markham	..	..	..	..	12	18	..	..
Graham	..	..	..	..	13	24	15	22

The diamond badge contest, open to all shooters of the State of Minnesota only, was the main event on the second day. This match was at 26 singles and 12 pairs. W. M. Tabor won the trophy with a total of 38, J. P. Burkhard being second with 36. Scores:

	Singles.	Pairs.	T'l.
Geo E Trent	19	15	34
W M Tabor	22	16	38
F M Markham	16	13	29
Chas Thompson	21	13	34
H W Jones	21	14	35
E S Hill	19	15	34
H C Hirschy	20	12	32
L S Dahl	21	12	33
J P Burkhardt	18	18	36
F H Stoltz	14	11	25
H A Richter	18	13	31
J W Nelson	17	12	29
J Dodge	20	13	33
G W Baldwin	15	11	26
James Jackson	18	13	31
R H Baldwin	15	10	25
Mrs Day	17	[illegible] 8	25

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6.—Below are the scores made in to-day's shoot by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club. Paterson won in Class A without a contest; Houston won in Class B and Wilde in Class C. Scores:

Class A.

Patty 1011011101111111111111101—21

Class B.

Norcom 0110111010111001111110011—17
Houston 1111011111111011111111111—23
Metcalf 1101101101011101111101101—18
Greeley 1011101111110101110000110—16

Class C.

Wilde 0000001001011101011001101—11
R B Carson 0000111000110000001010101— 9
Neta 1101111100101011001000000—12
Jacob 1000100001001101000110111—11

Eight sweeps were also shot. No. 1 was at known traps, unknown angles; No. 2 at 3 pairs, unknown traps and angles; No. 3 at unknown angles; No. 5, "snipe" shooting; No. 6, expert rule; Nos. 4, 7 and 8 at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	25	10	10	25	25	25
Patty	10	6	..	8	9	..	..	18
Norcom	10	4	21	7	7	16	18	18
Houston	8	2	22	8	6	25	19	18
Metcalf	10	4	13	10	6	15	15	..
Greeley	..	..	3	..	4	..	..	..
R B Carson	..	..	18	..	..	6	..	..
Neta	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Jack	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..

Paterson.

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 29.—Below are the scores made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club:

Raymond 1111111111111111111111011—24
Parmelee 1111110111111111111111111—24
Whitener 1101111111011111111111111—23
Loomis 1111011111111111111011110—22
Smead 1101111110111101111111111—22
Randlett 1101111111111111110111110—22
Nason 1111001110110111111111111—21
McFarlane 1111111111111111111111111—20
Salisbury 1111111100110111111011101—20
Johannes 1111111111001101111101101—20
Ekalb 0111111111011111101101101—20
Brucker 1110111101110011101111111—20
Dickey 1111111001101111101110010—18
Carmichael 0000110111011111111101111—18
Bates 1111111010110111100011101—18
Marsh 0011110111001111110111011—18
Hughes 1011111011110001100111011—17
Townsend 1100100111011101110000101—14
W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 5.—Below are the scores made to-day by members of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot held this afternoon. The recent tournament of the Interstate Association, held on our grounds, put new life in our members, and they anxiously waited for to-day's shoot, at which they were going to find out why "this one" or "that one" got away from them when they were holding as true as possible. I do not think they were satisfied, but will try again at our next shoot. You will see that there are a few new names among the shooters present, and that shows new life in our club—thanks to the Interstate Association. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	15	15	20	25	10
Dr Colvin	9	9	8	12	..	..
Prof Tupper	6	5	5	3	..	..
E E Morgan	12	..	..	..	15	4
H E Spear	14	..	..	11	13	8
W S Phelps	12	10	6	11	15	..
W L Stone	9	6	8	11	12	..
E A Worthen	12	13	12	17	..	..

No. 6 was at 5 pairs. J. S. Denning, Sec'y.

Blue Rock Gun Club, of Tucson.

Tucson, Arizona, Sept. 6.—The medal shoot of the Blue Rock Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day, the contest being won by C. Meyer. The conditions were 30 singles and 10 pairs, handicap rise. Scores:

C Meyer 111111111001111011111111111111—27
11 11 10 10 11 01 01 11 10 10—14—41
C Weber (16) 111111111011011010110111110111—24
10 01 00 00 11 01 11 10 11 01 —21—35
J J Hallowell (18) 101101101001101111011110111011—11
11 10 10 10 01 11 00 10 11 11 —13—34
F Wilding (16) 010101110011101111100110111111—21
11 10 00 01 01 10 10 10 11 10 —11—32
J Jennings (14) 010111111001011010000011110111—18
00 10 00 01 11 11 11 10 00 00 — 9—27

Two Hundred Dollars Added Money.—The Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta, Ga., will hold a two-days' shoot at targets and live birds on Sept. 23-24. The club will add $200 to the purses.—*Adv.*

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri River, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that State.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock and the products of the dairy are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful Western States.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or to the local agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.—*Adv.*